THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number

Henry Watterson — Nina Wilcox Putnam
Joseph Hergesheimer — Josephine Daskam Bacon — Meyer Bloomfield — Nalbro Bartley

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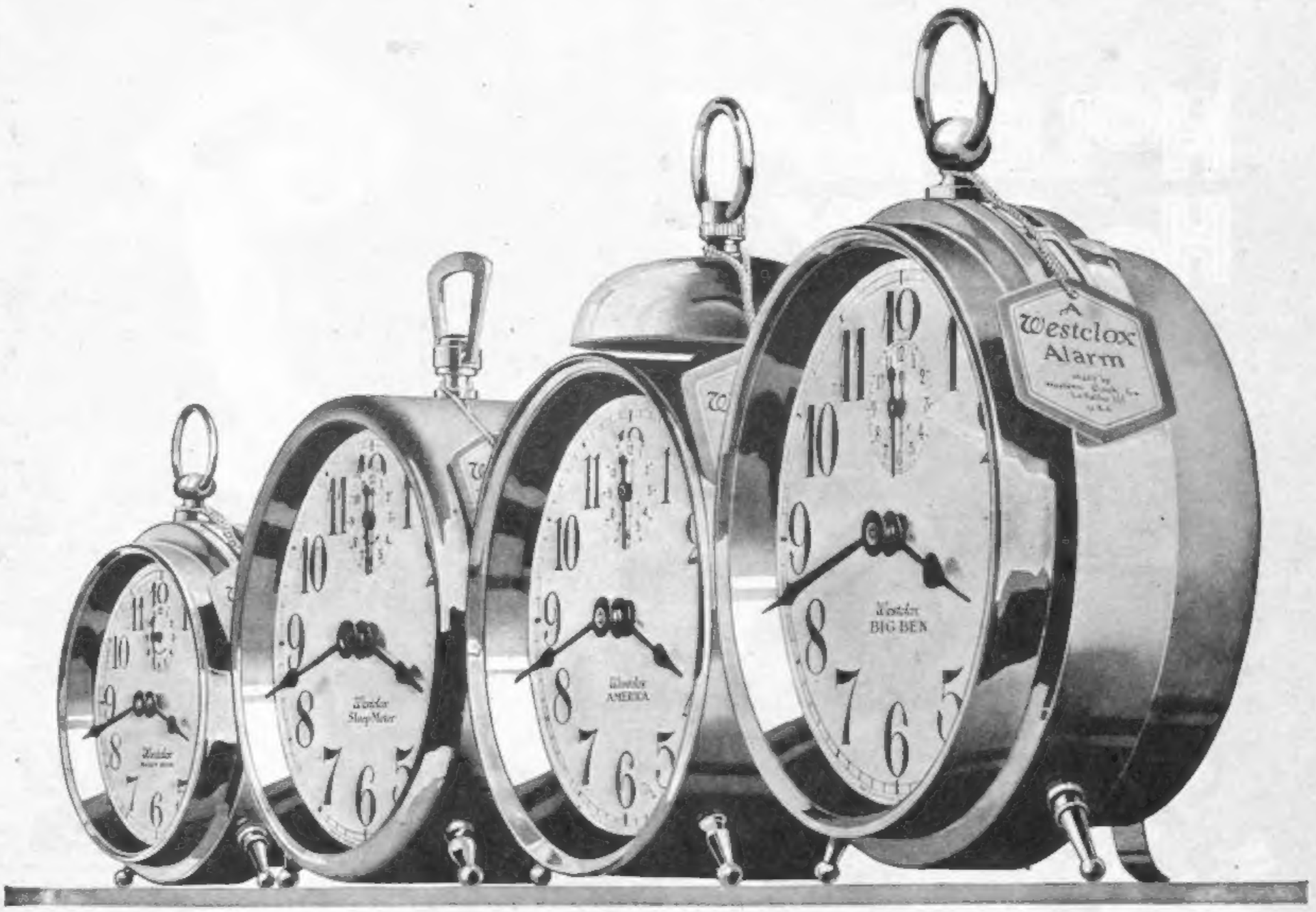

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THE BLOOMING ANGEL

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

AS THIS is but a reporter's record of that hard-contested case The Immortal Gods vs. The Red Tam-o'-Shanter it might be simplest to begin near the point of contact between Olympus and a headpiece more disturbing than fair Helen's hank of hair.

In the easy-going babyhood of the twentieth century—I then being an unkempt sophomore—there stood upon the museum of Dyak University four tall, stark ancients, sixteen-footers by actual measurement; and these figures, like many another unattainable ideal, repelled the average imagination and cast a frost upon the youthful passer-by. In the last sunset rays of one lovely California evening this pompous four presided abstractedly over the huddled human scene and, for all I know, focused their blind marble gaze upon a small building in the outskirts of Dyak, a poor little house loudly labeled Bon Ton Laundry.

The ancient four were, as you have by now guessed, statues; but he who was at that moment putting a finishing touch on his shave somewhere behind the Bon Ton sign was quiveringly human. The statues were supposed to be of Carrara marble, though the smallest freshman in the world who had risked his foolish neck to decorate their togaed chests with the numerals 1900 testified unofficially that they were nothing but cast iron enameled white and treated with a coat of waterproof varnish. As you counted them, left to right, they were intended likenesses of Phidias, Æschylus, Demosthenes and Homer. The cigarette-whiffing multitude who passed below, daily flowing toward History 5-B, learned long since to address them rather familiarly as Hideous, Erysipelas, Gazabo and Jeff. The average boy is a realist; but Chester A. Framm, during his three and a fraction years of college life, had been too self-supporting and self-sufficient to catch the spirit of the crowd. He and his mother had come all the way from Napa County to this second-rate but thriving institution. Being a few years older than the average student had helped him to finance his mother from a washerwoman into a laundry. Life had been real, earnest and unsocial with him, as it is apt to be with the young man who gains his college degree by the sweat of his brow.

"You've Lost Your Notes, Mr. Cicero," Came a Naive Treble

Chester was rubbing that brow with a damp towel as, on the eve of great possibilities, he came out of the washroom and confronted his mother in the neat sitting room, which despite its detachment from business always reeked of hot irons upon starchy muslin. He was a tall young man with rather a magnificent head; a size too magnificent, perhaps, for his destiny. Some remote Scandinavian ancestor who had given him his name had substituted a sense of sublimity for a sense of humor—or possibly this is unfair.

"Ches," said the square, red-elbowed woman, who sat near the oilclothed table and raised her steel-framed spectacles, "are you going to be the principal speaker in this dee-bate at Adelphi Hall?"

"No, ma," he confessed, blushing a northern blush. "I was only admitted to the debating society last week. Carlotta says that I ought to begin in a small way."

"Oh!" Mrs. Framm was plainly disappointed. Then her rock-bound old face wrinkled to a grim smile as she soliloquized: "So you're calling her Carlotta now!"

"There's no crime in that," he grunted, well aware that the blush was encroaching upon his shoulder blades. "I've known her over a month."

"So you have, dear." Her large face softened to a look of maternal pride. "Ches, it's high time you was going with some girls—nice girls, I mean. None o' them highty-tighty fly-away red Tam-o'-Shanters, smoking cigareets on the sly, what with paint and powder and loud behavior with men. But I believe in marrying young; your father and me was married when we was picking hops on a farm up in Napa. But you're educated, Ches. And Carlotta Beam, being a professor's daughter and serious ——"

"I'm not married yet," declared her son as he fussed with the stringy black cravat, which when tied accentuated his parliamentary appearance.

"No, but you must look round. She's got ambitions, that Beam girl. And not only that; she's the sort that'll put ambition into any man."

"I don't know as I want to become a professor, exactly," he demurred.

"You don't need to, Ches. But I don't intend you shall go into the laundry business. And you shan't be one of them society sports, what with giggling yellow-haired chits and dancing all night ——"

"Where's my coat?" interrupted her heart's treasure.

Mrs. Framm brought the greenish thing out of a closet. They called them Prince Alberts in those days, and this example had belonged to the late Mr. Framm. It hung loosely over Chester's rangy form, but combined with his halo of blond hair and his senatorial countenance the ensemble was imposing.

"Oh, Chester!" cried his mother, "if you could become a great orator I'd die happy. I would indeed. Are you going to take Miss Carlotta to the dee-bate?"

"Why—ah"—he had slipped on his shabby brown hat and stood wincing to be off—"I promised to escort her to the hall. She's the principal for the negative."

"What's it all about—this dee-bate?"

"Resolved: That Application is more useful than Genius."

"It is," decreed his Spartan mother. "And good night, dearie. And make a good speech. And just follow Miss Carlotta's advice in everything—she's the sort of girl that ——"

She encircled his neck with the strong arms which for as long as he could remember had been bare up to the elbow.

After a dutiful kiss he was speeding into the dusk when she called after him: "Ches-ter!"

He came back into the light of the doorway and saw she was holding out to him two small objects—a brown book and a disk of tin.

"Here's your Platform Elegance," she told him. "You might need it to look something up in."

"Thank you, ma."

"And you'd better take this can of Ajax Hay Fever Balm. You know your hay fever—excuse me. I forgot you never liked to have it mentioned. But this time of year when everything's gone to seed and it's sort of dry and the greasewood begins blowing—I thought you looked sort o' red round the nostrils this morning."

"I won't need it, thank you."

And Chester A. Framm stalked away toward higher things.

A great orange-colored moon was rising in the east, gilding the dry tattered stalks of eucalyptus trees along the walk toward Faculty Row; occasionally the conical nuts would fall among dry leaves, giving forth the crackle of fairy artillery. In the moony distance Chester could see the white façade of the museum and its four top-heavy brethren guarding the roof. Fame, immortality, disdain of compromise! Why had Carlotta Beam sought him out from the mass and chosen him for the high peaks of destiny?

Chester A. Framm had just turned twenty-five. He was now early in his senior year at Dyak, and though the college could not rank with Leland Stanford or the University of California, three years of constant application at his principal study, economics, had convinced him that he had sufficient ability to lead a class of several hundred in a race for honors.

Always shy of young women he had carefully avoided the more or less alluring glances of the coeducational half, clustered in lecture halls or round the Quad.

His mother had been ambitious for him in a general way; but her dreams had never gone beyond the state which she called educated. Chester had started college life late; yet his aspirations had been as fluid and nebulous as any cherished by the lightest-minded Gamma Gamma on the campus—until crystallization had come through contact with Carlotta Beam.

Professor Cyrus Beam, who conducted the English Department, had asked him with the rest of the senior class to a reception on Faculty Row. That was early in the semester. On that occasion Chester had been all feet and hands, treading on toes, knocking over bric-a-brac in the crush of distinguished educators at the Beam cottage. Mrs. Beam—popularly known as Hissing Hattie—had shaken hands clammily and all but scared him to death. He had been wondering, as bashful men do, if he could escape without attracting too much attention, when Carlotta herself, a vision in flowing white, had come swimming toward him out of the intellectual mob.

It had been tremendously confusing, uplifting, inspiring. Carlotta, who was stately and rather tall, had fixed him with a tragic look of interest on her serious face; she was handsome in a Slavic way, though somewhat inclined to sallowness. Chester's first thought had been that here was an anchor to which he could tie his seasick craft; every piece of furniture in the room contained a plaster cast and he had already knocked down two. Carlotta had seemed as anxious to learn about him as though he had been some vaulting celebrity already arrived.

"Why don't you try for the William H. Barbour prize?" she had asked him over her lemonade later in the evening of entrancement.

Chester had stuttered something to the effect that he had never made a speech in his life, that he didn't even belong to the debating society.

"Not belong to the debating society!" The fair Carlotta showed just a trace of resemblance to Hissing Hattie in that shocked exclamation. "You must join to-morrow. I owe more to the debating society than to any other one thing."

Then he had remembered that Carlotta's oration had won the prize the year before. Did she think he had even a slight chance? Carlotta was sure of it. Chester had been faint with emotion as he poured forth confessions such as he had never made to any man or woman; aeons of space, chasms of ambitious distance he had leaped in that first revealing conversation.

Walking along to-night in California's winter moonlight, the Mighty Four looming closer in the distance, Chester thrilled again to think of that high purpose to which she had roused him.

"America needs orators," she had said, regarding him with the look of a muse about to burst into a tragic song. "Our statesmen today are little business men quarreling over petty figures. Where are our Websters and Clays and Patrick Henrys?"

Where, oh where?

"Do you think you could make an orator out of me?"

He should have been stricken dead for the impiety, but she had rewarded him with a smile.

"With guidance you could accomplish anything. But you must take a vow never to lower your standards, never to make any cheap concessions to life."

He had vowed it thrice before the close of the evening; and ere he had hunted up the hat which was to cover his whirling intellect she had promised to tutor him in forensics, to teach him the rudiments of the Demosthenean art. And as they shook hands in that exalted first good-by she had presented him with the textbook which was to be his tes'ament.

Its title in full was Platform Elegance; or First Steps in Forensics. It was written about 1873 by a genius of Dyak University who had spent his life classifying all the human emotions and framing them in a series of complicated charts. The emotions, it seems, were seven, but each of the seven had from nine to ninety subemotions. There was a right-hand and left-hand gesture for each emotion, with a set of attitudes and grimaces attached thereto. For instance, if one wished to express hatred one clenched the right fist—Gesture Twelve—and while lifting the elbow to an angle of forty-five degrees, advanced the right foot, slightly bending the knee, at the same time retarding the left shoulder and tightening the facial muscles to the diabolical expression illustrated in Cut Forty-six. Platform Elegance was enriched by numerous steel engravings showing the model orator—a young man with side whiskers, abundant hair, and a face quite pallid with all the emotions and subemotions mentioned in the charts.

He had gone to Carlotta almost daily during this enchanted month; they had sat together in her father's smugly classic library, where under an enlarged photograph of the ruined Parthenon she had gracefully demonstrated her art—the all but forgotten art of public speaking. He learned to handle his "a's" broadly, not to squeak them out as uncultured persons do; he learned that "duty" should be pronounced "dyeuty"; but principally he learned that the very breath of greatness came, well-poised, from those finely turned lips. She sometimes looked at him in such a way—it was as though a marble goddess had leaned from her pedestal and whispered: "Mortal, thou shalt be mine!"

"Wednesday night you must be at the debating society," she had commanded a few sessions ago. He had been saying good afternoon in the little hallway and there had been something lingeringly significant about it. Chester knew next to nothing about these girl things. Sometimes she made him quite nervous. "I am to lead in the negative. After the regular debate there will be fifteen minutes of informal discussion for beginners."

"I—I've got to have something to talk about, haven't I?" he had asked falteringly.

"Not necessarily. It's the drill you need—thinking on your feet."

"Of course."

"Surely it will not be hard for you to formulate deductions from the ideas you will hear."

"Surely it will not," had parroted the candidate for rostrum honors.

His thumb had brushed her fingers as she was reaching out for the doorknob.

"Could I have the honor of escorting you there to the—oh, you know—Adelphi Hall on Wednesday?"

"I should be delighted, I am sure."

And here it was, Wednesday.

His moonlit walk toward Faculty Row had now taken him as far as the broad concrete walk facing the sawed-off Doric beauties of the museum. Above him the four tall statues loomed in the elf light. Chester A. Framm paused and permitted his fame-aspiring eyes to linger upon the bearded, metallic, thin-robed gentleman whom history called Demosthenes and whom the student body miscalled Gazabo. Demosthenes! How the white hero shimmered under the glimpses of the moon, fingering a sculptured scroll—doubtless the notes from which he spoke—the while his long, spare forearm forever extended itself into an imitation of Gesture Eighteen, Platform Elegance.

"Immortality!"

Chester A. Framm said this aloud, and blushed at the sound of his own voice. Little clouds were flying across the moon; flying souls, they seemed, hymning together the greatness of the spirit. Starkly stood Demosthenes upon his dizzy roof edge, poised as though just about to make a few choice remarks in behalf of the people of Megalopolis; which would have benefited little an undergraduate who had barely struggled through that paragraph in Xenophon which confesses that of Darius and Parysatis *gignontai paides duo.*

"Speak!" whispered Chester A. Framm.

But the father of all spellbinders responded not to the invitation. The divine lips were stony, the divine throat was never cleared. Possibly the lofty Demosthenes was waiting to be introduced by Homer, who stood at his right in an attitude which was distinctly presidential. Still the immortals held their peace.

Under the electric lamp which spot-lighted the walk leading from Syle's Dormitory for Ladies a distinctly feminine giggle insulted the rich silence. Three figures sauntered into the radiance. Two of them were swaggeringly male, but the center one, which was slight, short and female, was topped by a red tam-o'-shanter from under which many light sounds like thrush notes and parrot calls rippled, squawked, annoyed.

"Regular candy pig!" she trilled; and her hand was seen to snatch, catlike, at a confectionery box which her right-side escort held. "Old sugar gobbler!"

"Haw, Floss!" bawled a large booby, whom Chester, disgustedly huddled among the foliage, recognized as an athlete of no account. "Wait till I send you a real box from San Francisco."

"It would nev-er, nev-er be the same," she was drawling in her baby voice.

Birdlike she perked her small head from side to side, and under the artificial light her eyes sparkled like mischievous jewels.

"Nev-er, nev-er the same. Would it, Spig?"

He whom she addressed as Spig proved to be one Ramon de Silva, a Californian of Spanish ancestry, who idled and frivoled with the Gamma Gammas and sometimes wrote athletic notes for the papers. Undergraduate usage had tagged him The Spiggoty. The Spiggoty seemed far less cheerful than the candy pig, for as the group swung closer to Chester's leafy ambush the Spaniard's somber eyes with the lampblack fringes and single line of hairy brow revealed themselves as melancholy in the extreme.

"Would it ev-er be the same?" she persisted, turning her red tam toward The Spiggoty's total eclipse.

"Candy's never quite the same after you've eaten it."

"I believe he's mad at me," chirped she whom they called Floss.

By now the three were passing so close that Chester was obliged to step into the damp weeds to permit their transit. He could not disregard the pompon on her red tam-o'-shanter, that trifle being level with his nose.

"Oh!" Red Tam-o'-Shanter had caught a glimpse of his pallid face among the leaves. "Did you see what I saw? Somebody's looking at the Iron Men. I hope he doesn't steal anything. If he should walk away with poor old Gazabo ——"

The rest was drowned in booby roars of admiration. Chester's last impression was of clacking French heels that seemed to dance as they went. She was a dancing creature, this interloper.

"Rats!" growled fame's acolyte, and took a roundabout lane toward Faculty Row. Chester A. Framm, dreaming of the gods, had stumbled into a comedy of insect life.

It was seven-thirty when he reached the bleak gentility of Faculty Row and called for Miss Carlotta Beam. He was a little early, it turned out, and Professor Beam as he came out of the dining room was chewing. For the first time it was manifest that the faculty, like mortals, eat food. The professor offered a ceremonious hand and with the

(Continued on Page 85)

He Learned to Handle His "a's" Broadly; But Principally He Learned That the Very Breath of Greatness Came From Those Finely Turned Lips

THE FILM OF FATE

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

FIFI'S name was, I think, Sara. Not that I ever heard it. I suppose the bishop must have, when he baptized her. She wore her father's grandmother's wedding veil made into a christening robe, on that occasion, and when the bishop asked her godparents if they, therefore, renounced in her name the world, the flesh and the devil, Fifi gave a clear, distinct chuckle which rang out through the Gothic arches.

One of her godmothers, her Aunt Popsy—I forget what her real name is, too, one never hears it—looked very shocked and blushed violently at this, but everybody joked her mercilessly about it and said no wonder the child had laughed; the only wonder was, they said, that *she* had blushed!

Fifi's family was very well known, very rich and very fashionable. You will readily conclude, having doubtless read a great many novels and seen a great many plays, that they were stupid and cold-hearted. I cannot blame you for this conclusion, which does you credit, in a way, but I must stop you before you go any further and tell you that you are quite in error. The Amorys were distinctly clever, as a family, and far from cold-hearted. Quite the contrary, in fact, if contemporary records are to be trusted.

Stuyvesant Amory, her father, said so many witty things that people never left the club until he did, for fear of missing one—and perhaps, a little, so as to be sure that the next clever thing wouldn't be about them. Louise Schuyler Crownlander, his wife's sister, would make the dullest dinner party bearable, and his married daughter Patsy not only made the most audaciously laughable remarks imaginable, but was wonderfully pretty and utterly well-dressed into the bargain. It is too bad to have to shatter all the illusions of the really poor people, who certainly ought to have the monopoly of brains and charms so obligingly handed over to them by the magazines, but it isn't so. Some of the nicest, jolliest, most entertaining people I ever met were quite wealthy.

That was the real trouble with Fifi—her family. She would have been easier to manage if she hadn't had so much competition.

Her brother Stuy was the best dancer in New York; her older sister Patsy the wittiest young matron; her younger sister Pips was considered by many people the most beautiful girl—though that was really mostly hair, some other people thought. Fifi had only her undoubted gift for amateur dramatics, and they have been "out," rather, for some time now.

In any other family she would have been a noticeably handsome, clever girl, but the Amorys were too much for her, and in self-defense she made herself a little odd. She bobbed her dark hair, which didn't curl, and wore unusual frocks all in one piece with no waistline, and long, dangly chains. She read strange novels and stranger poetry, and had her room done in purple tapestry with ebony furniture. She walked in the park, very early, with a Russian wolfhound, and had an idea once of learning to play the harp, but found it too hard on the hands. Once she almost created a sensation by insisting that she had become a Mohammedan, and this really bothered her mother for a few days, but the bishop said not to mind at all, that there were many worthy Mohammedans, one in particular, a great friend of his, who repaired Oriental rugs. He would arrange for Fifi to meet him, and then, as the bishop pointed out, she needn't be confined to books in her religious researches. After that, of course, there was no good going on with it.

Patsy had actually, the year before she was married, written some clever little epigrams. They were done for a Halloween party and her friends insisted on their being published. Stuy could pick up any instrument and make a bluff at playing something on it. He once, for a bet, strung some picture wire across a frying pan and sang Annie Laurie to his own accompaniment.

Pips, at fifteen, developed what was apparently a gift for modeling and made a table-fountain that her teacher exhibited "merely as a study." (She took it up in the school infirmary after the measles.)

So that Fifi scorned the Arts, and read, and walked with the wolfhound, and wore crisscross sandals like somebody in Miss Austen's books.

"Of Course, Being a Woman, You Couldn't Understand," Was One of His Most Characteristic Sentences

She did write some poems, but they were discovered, on the eve of publication, she always insisted, and violently suppressed. Even the bishop was staggered by the poems. He suggested that as he had baptized her and confirmed her he would appreciate the privilege of marrying her, and hinted that it had better be soon, as he was growing old and many more poems like that would certainly prove more than he could stand.

But here again Fifi just missed things. Between Patsy, who gobbled all the young men—she liked her own husband so much, her father said, that she had a sort of claim on everybody else's—and Pips, whom older men adored to the point of extravagance—she was one of those young girls whose mothers are begged by every man to keep her for his son, if he can't have her—Fifi more or less faded out. She was neither as daring as Patsy nor as magnetic as Pips, and her cleverness began to turn a little sharp, which frightened the men terribly. At twenty-two she looked three years older.

Then the inevitable happened. Having had every opportunity to meet the most eligible young men in the country—and many of other countries—what does Miss Fifi do but fall in love with a man twenty years older than herself, whom nobody had ever heard of. This might have been put up with, but, unfortunately, the man had a perfectly good wife of his own; a wife, moreover, who had no intention of losing him to an "unprincipled society girl of the fast set," as she called Fifi.

It was all very messy and complicated, and poor Mr. Amory had a bad six months of it. Patsy had skated more than once on very thin ice and Stuy had given them a fair amount of anxiety, but their vagaries were more understandable, more normal, so to say. A short-haired martyr, languishing in a purple bedroom, insisting that she must have a middle-aged professor of English literature from some fresh-water college, was a little too much for the Amorys; they had no system to oppose to the conditions.

The professor, however, saw reason, and never meant to let things go as far as they did. He was really attached to his wife and children, and had been momentarily dazzled by a personality and a social type hitherto unknown to him. It was all over before it had got to be too ridiculous and painful, and Mrs. Amory took Fifi abroad, at great inconvenience to herself, and everybody proceeded to forget it.

Everybody, that is, but Fifi. She had enjoyed it very much while it lasted, as it was the first time in her life since her arrival in the family, when for a few weeks she had managed to hold the center of the stage, that she had occupied everybody's attention.

She had been really very fond of the professor, and the hours they had spent at tea time in odd places where there was no probability of anyone's meeting them had been quite the most interesting hours of her life. She loved to think how his horrid, stupid wife misunderstood him—which wasn't entirely accurate; and how immensely happy she could have made him—which is possible, but not, I think, certain. So that the European summer, though it accomplished its purpose, practically speaking, left her dreamy and superior. Events, as she wrote in her diary, didn't interest her; too much was going on in her heart.

The summer of 1914, which sent them scuttling home in a steamer packed like a sardine box, meant to Fifi only the disgustingly crowded decks and the difficulty of getting American money quickly. The Amorys, like most of the rich and fashionable people of New York, got into the war long before the rest of the country. Strangely enough, instead of exercising their Pekinese and inventing new tango steps, they experimented with war breads, encouraged the English men-servants to go home and enlist, and busied themselves with pageants and tableaux and rummage sales and song recitals to send the great stream of American dollars that flowed to Belgian relief.

Patsy became the first secretary for the American Fund for French Wounded and worked all day at it; long before the Lusitania was sunk she had sent her eight hundredth bale of clothes and bandages and comfort across the wickedly dangerous Atlantic. Stuy dashed back into Squadron A and was one of the first workers at the new aviation units. Mrs. Amory was lost in the meshes of the great practical reorganization of the Red Cross. Pips and three of her schoolmates started a cigarette and chocolate fund that soon outgrew their homes and ended in a vacant shop on Madison Avenue with a paid secretary and an auditor; so efficiently did the young ladies manage an experiment which amused their families very much till the published totals of their collections began to rouse attention in the daily papers.

Only Fifi remained on the outside, unswept into the great maelstrom. I don't admire her for her self-centered, thin-skinned little attitude, only you mustn't condemn her for it either. The girl simply hadn't found herself. And the war hadn't done it for her. She walked with the big hound in the park and read a great deal of French verse. She thought the women's new craze for uniforming themselves supremely silly, and pointed it out to her friends so clearly that they did not urge her to join them. She was going, she said, to design a uniform for the few females left who weren't wearing any; her father quoted this at the club.

Well, the war wore along. Fifi hardly noticed that we were in it at last—her family had always been in it. Stuy was a major already; Mr. Amory had given and loaned so much money that heating even one country place became a matter of close consideration. They regretted Fifi's tepid, sarcastic isolation, but had little time or temper to give to it. Only once, when she said in her detached, drawling way that the sight of a woman knitting in a Fifth Avenue bus made her positively ill, her father turned on her.

"Don't you think this comes rather badly from you, my dear?" he said.

I believe this to be the harshest remark Stuyvesant Amory ever addressed to a woman of his own family.

Now we have come to the day when Fifi, sitting wearily through a war-workers' dinner that was to bring ten thousand dollars in signed pledges to Mrs. Amory after the coffee, listened to a chance remark of a clever, discontented woman who suffered a little from her own malady of destructive criticism.

"All this is very well," said the woman, who was divided between satisfaction at actually dining with the Stuy Amorys and dissatisfaction because she knew full well why she had been invited.

"All this is very well, but your precious 'Sammie' is being stuffed with chocolate and fags and musical records and mufflers, while his poor wife is doing his work. It's just like women to pet the men and neglect their wives and children, isn't it?"

"That's a wonderful idea," Mrs. Amory cried enthusiastically, "and you're just the woman to remedy that, my dear! Why don't you take it up?"

Everybody applauded, and the woman found herself a chairman before she left the table. As Fifi had agreed with her first remark, and was notoriously disengaged, she accepted with amused condescension a place on the Executive Committee, and Mr. Amory's airy suggestion of "The Little Sisters of Uncle Sam" was adopted unanimously.

Well, there you have it: On Tuesday, an idea; on Wednesday, a committee; on Thursday, a headquarters; on Friday, stamped letter paper. "The Little Sisters" was booming in a fortnight.

"You must take the Publicity, Miss Amory; you're our only literary light," said the chairman, and Fifi, blushing slightly, deprecating, but really very much pleased, consented.

They had their pictures taken, in the picturesque capes with terra-cotta lining evolved by New York's principal sporting tailor for the occasions of their sisterly visits to Sammie's relatives—Fifi quite forgot her feeling in the matter of superfluous uniforms!—and they were interviewed by the Sunday Times and the Saturday Sun. After that, really novel publicity proved difficult.

"People must take this more seriously," the chairman mused. "If they only knew what practical, vital work we were doing. We must get it across to them somehow. What can we do, Miss Amory? Think of something, you're so clever!"

"Why not," said Fifi sardonically, for the Little Sisters were beginning to bore her—"why not get it into the movies? That will put it across—like the other war pictures."

To her surprise they caught at the suggestion wildly.

"Wonderful!" they cried. "My dear, you are simply too wonderful! Who shall we have do it?"

And then in the next breath:

"Why, you, of course, Miss Amory! You write. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Me? But I never wrote a ——"

"And all your dramatics! Why, you're practically a professional, everybody says! You're just the one! You'll know just how to make it effective and . . . and plenty of go, you know."

"I might try," said Fifi slowly. "You could show the soldier going away, and the house running down, and the mother sick and everything; and then the girls could show the home nursing and the first aid and the recreation—there's our junior camp, you know—and all the other stunts."

"Oh, my dear! How perfectly wonderful!" they cried. "What will it cost, do you think?"

The war had caught Fifi at last. The next day but one she found herself sitting opposite a keen, polite gentleman at the Little Sisters' headquarters, explaining somewhat nervously her idea of a moving picture. She talked a great deal and very fast.

"Of course I don't know anything about this," she concluded breathlessly, "but I've written out a little plot of—of—a sort of scenario, isn't it?"

"Give it here," said the dark gentleman abruptly. "Got the 'script here? I s'pose you want about two thousand feet? You gotta have two thousand feet. First twenty minutes to get the thing across. Regular rule. All worked out. Gets 'em warmed up. I s'pose you can put your hand on the cast for this?"

"Oh!" Fifi gasped, for he appeared to be reading her manuscript with one hand and talking to her with the other, so to speak.

"Oh! There isn't any cast really, you see—just the Little Sisters themselves."

"Your sisters? I see. Young ladies in the League—amatures. All the better. Can't act, but the public likes it. Good title, very good! We'll get you the soldier and family up at the studio. Not practical, staging indoor stuff, as a rule, outa the studio. Not enough voltage. Can be done, of course—we can run wires anywhere—but costs like thunder in the end. Studio scenes at a hundred a day ——"

"A hundred?" Fifi queried confusedly.

"Dollars. Five hundred a reel, outside. Four hundred, really, but allow one studio day to each. A thousand for the two—cover everything. Transportation mostly. Machine very delicate. Fine effects here for the children in camp, I see."

Fifi perceived that the marvelous man had really read the manuscript and seen what she had intended to convey.

"Then you think you could do something with it—make it over, I mean?" she asked humbly.

"Very good 'script, indeed," he answered briskly, "practically no suggestions, myself. Good captions, too—may have to add to 'em a little, here and there. Average house perfect fools, you know. Minds travel slow."

"You mean it will do as it is?"

"'Course it'll do. Very good 'script. Much better'n I expected," he snapped.

"My goodness gracious!" she breathed, and rushed into the committee room to report. In five minutes she had raised the money required; two of the finance committee agreed to underwrite the film.

Fifi Bobbed Her Dark Hair, Which Didn't Curl, and Wore Unusual Frocks All in One Piece With No Waistline, and Long, Dangly Chains

Now I may have given you a lower idea of Fifi's powers than is quite just to the child; she had done the Little Sisters' film very cleverly. She had a really dramatic mind, you see, and instead of presenting a series of pictures of the activities of her particular organization, she had selected one little girl in a poor soldier's family to be the object of all the direct and indirect advantages flowing from the Little Sisters of Uncle Sam. This made a more or less connected narrative and centered the interest in the child in question, whom she hoped to pick from the vacation camp supported by the Little Sisters, where happy relays of two weeks' guests swam and drilled and cooked and slept in the open. Fifi had instinctively realized that this camp, though only one of their activities, would make the best showing on the screen, and had laid many of her scenes there, building up the pictures from the prospectus of the Committee on Activities and the glowing reports of the camp directress, an experienced social worker.

"I s'pose there's no doubt the kids can do all these stunts?" suggested Mr. Ficken on the occasion of his second visit to headquarters, to arrange for his sleeping and eating accommodations during the camp days ahead of them.

"Oh, I don't believe so," Fifi answered vaguely; "that's what they're there for, isn't it?"

"All right . . . up to you," he said briefly. "Take us five days. Only three really, but allow for bad weather. My assistant and a camera man. And a chauffeur. Your camp-lady says tea house'll do for us, three miles from her outfit. You going up by train?"

"I suppose so," she answered vaguely, wondering if her father would let her have the small car for that length of time, and perhaps the second chauffeur, who was rather stupid and liable to be drafted any day into the bargain.

"We can take you up," he added suddenly; "stick you in, I dare say. If you don't mind cameras. Car's a seven passenger."

So that Miss Fifi Amory found herself battened down on the back seat of a dingy but powerful car, under a pile of blankets and tripods, between Mr. Ficken and his photographer, a mild, shortsighted little man with a pointed beard and an apologetic manner. Beside the chauffeur, a headstrong New York cockney in a flannel shirt, sat the assistant, a taciturn young man with a scornful expression and a tendency to disagree with everybody as to their exact whereabouts at any given time, the likelihood of their arriving at the camp at all and the possibility of getting any pictures that week, as he had read in the only paper he ever perused, a Western publication, that the next seven days would be cloudy. Fifi thought them all immensely amusing; that they thought of her at all is extremely doubtful. For, you see, they had no idea who she was.

Mr. Ficken had been summoned to their first interview by a pompous lady with a rope of pearls too big not to be real. The other ladies in the office called each other by their first names, but they called her Miss Amory. He saw a slender, odd-looking girl with bobbed hair, a queer-looking velvet frock and a jet chain down to her knees. Her shoes were different from other people's; an excited spot of carmine on each cheek bone he mistook for rouge; her coldness when addressed by the lady with the pearls he took for shyness. He placed her somewhere between a newspaper woman and an actress and gave the matter no further thought; the little scenario was a pleasant surprise for him. He usually had to write them over.

Mrs. Amory had no idea that Fifi was to be the only woman of the party. She knew that the directress of the camp was a perfectly capable matron and that Fifi would be in her tent during her stay. There were only girls and young women there, and men were all she feared in her daughter's case, ever since the episode of the professor of English. Naturally, she didn't count the picture-taking persons as men at all. She gave her daughter blankets and bed boots and a trench mirror she had bought at a bazaar for a soldier, and told her maid to see that Miss Fifi's maid put in a pair of high boots and plenty of woolen sport stockings. Then she went back to the Red Cross.

If she had seen her daughter eating lunch at a Yonkers tea house with a taciturn young man who smoked cigarettes steadily through the meal, she might have been considerably more disturbed than she was that day.

"I guess you and the young lady better grab a table, Loot, and the boss and I'll eat out here and keep an eye on the car. Henry has to chase out for some distilled water—or so he *says*," the little photographer remarked, and the young man answered indifferently:

"All right. Anything suits me."

"This is great fun, isn't it, Mr. Loote," Fifi gurgled, stuffing tea-house chicken pie with gusto.

"Anything's fun, if you think so, I suppose," he answered absently, pulling out an old envelope and jotting down figures on it while he ate.

She flushed a little, but decided to take it humorously.

"What do you think is fun?" she said good-naturedly.

"Oh, well," he replied vaguely, and drank a great cup of coffee in two gulps, his eye on his figures.

She bit her lip and ate in silence, which evidently impressed him as little as her speech. He was no more a ladies' man than his boss.

Once at the camp events moved fast. A lot of excitable little girls of uneven sizes and dispositions were lined up before Fifi and Director Ficken, from which wriggling mass they were to select a heroine for their melodrama.

"I'll pick 'em out for screen types, and you find out if they're good for the stunts," he said hastily. "Get all this camp stuff out of the way first, then take 'em to the village for street scenes. How about your young society-girl stuff? Forgot to bring one, didn't we? Wasn't she to come in the village part?"

He looked annoyed. An able man, considering all things in their proper place and order, he had been neglectful.

"Oh, I'll do that," said Fifi easily; "she doesn't come in much, you know."

He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Um, yes, I guess we'll have to let it go at that," he agreed. "Too bad we didn't think of it, though. You couldn't have got one of the regular members—a real Astorbilt or something? We must try to for the studio scenes. Make a note of it, both of us. Public likes it."

Fifi was honestly puzzled. Why wouldn't she do? She had been one of the principal features of the Débutantes' League film and much in demand for it. Did he think her too old, perhaps, or not enough of a novelty? She decided that he feared she couldn't act and manage at the same time.

"That tall girl with the big blue eyes would be awfully good, I think," she suggested, but he shook a decided head.

"Looks sixteen. Nineteen in the picture. No point in it—might be an actress. Want to be convincing. How about the dark, wavy-haired one, three from the end? Always laughing. Fine eyes."

"And that clever-looking short one just behind—she's very graceful."

They collected five promising young ladies and reported to the directress, but Mrs. Compton shook her neat-braided head with fatal displeasure.

"Oh, dear me, Miss Amory, that will never do. You can't pick out the pretty ones like that very well. They're jealous enough already. Two girls left last night because I told them they couldn't be in the drill scenes."

"But we must have them good-looking, Mrs. Compton; they're to be the principal ones!"

"All the more reason for picking them out for some good reason," said Mrs. Compton firmly. "Now all those girls you have selected would be the very worst ones possible. Beatrice is regularly late for reveille each morning. Helen Priestley gets a bad mark for her tent every night, laughing and talking. Alma is self-conscious and affected enough without having her head turned by this sort of thing."

Fifi gazed at her in dumb despair. Her plump and placid bulk, her sweet reasonableness, her firm, matronly readiness for every juvenile emergency put her beyond the reach of argument.

"Who—which ones can we have then?" the impresario asked meekly.

"Well," said Mrs. Compton judicially, "there is a fine girl here who's made a lot of progress. I'm much interested in her, Miss Amory, and I'm sure that all the young ladies who have done so much to make the camp possible will be too. She swims well and does excellent First Aid and really understands camp cooking. That sandy-haired girl, the second from the right on the third row—Sadie Rautenkind. She's not pretty, of course, but she has a fine, serious face, when you study it."

"I'll ask Mr. Ficken," Fifi murmured, after a hasty glance at Sadie.

Mr. Ficken threw up his hands and yelped nervously.

"Good God!" he cried. "What's the matter with the woman anyway? What'd we come up here for? To make a picture or give rewards of merit? That's not up to us, tell her; tell her we're here to get something over! How about that fat little blond one in back there? She'd screen first-rate."

Fifi inquired and came back sadly.

"No? What's her trouble?" he queried sourly.

"She only came last night. She hasn't got the real atmosphere of the camp yet."

"She's got atmosphere enough for me," he answered obstinately. "Tell her to can that Sadie stuff anyhow. Start 'em on some games and marching, to begin. We'll never get anywhere this way."

Fifi was to remember those four days in camp as the strangest of her life.

From half past six, when the uncertain notes of Sadie Rautenkind's somewhat amateurish reveille waked her to a sketchy toilet in an agate basin, and a variable cup of coffee in the mess tent, to nine at night, when the last giggling infant had been sternly suppressed by Mrs. Compton's awful visit in a mackintosh over her nightgown, Fifi bustled and hustled those protesting little girls from drill ground to lakeside, from the manufacture of flapjacks to the splints and bandages of theatrical casualties.

In one ear rang the matron's perpetual plaint:

"This is going to be very bad for these girls, Miss Amory. All my discipline is being steadily undone!"

In the other, Mr. Ficken grumbled in a nerve-racked tenor:

"Look here! Tell her this is a motion-picture act, will you? Not a Y. W. C. A.! We gotta get some pep into this!"

And poor Fifi would explain pacifically to him:

"I know, but you see, after all, that's what the children are here for really, and she's so good to them!"

While to the outraged educator of youth she would murmur deprecatingly: "You see, all he thinks of is the effect—and after all, that's what we're here for, isn't it?"

Both of them found her decidedly weak and inefficient.

"The only one that gets a thing out of these kids is me," said Mr. Loote. He answered to that name as well as Hunt, Kansas or Bill.

"Because you stuff them with those dreadful, sticky lollipops," Fifi answered severely. "I do wish, Mr. Loote, you wouldn't do it. Mrs. Compton is furious about it. If you'd only give them to the good ones, she says."

"I wouldn't spend much in that case," he vouchsafed. "She earns her money, if you ask me, that lady. She surely does!"

Fifi could not make him out. He was like no one she had ever seen before. Far less clever than Mr. Ficken, he was, in his odd way, more of a gentleman. He knew less about the motion-picture technic than the shy little assistant, who nevertheless treated him with marked respect. A solitary young man, he ate mostly alone or took a sandwich with the chauffeur, with whom he held interminable arguments as to the conduct and condition of the big, dusty car.

"Oh, all right, gen'ral, all right," the chauffeur would reply disgustedly; "any way you say, of course!"

"Why does he call you general?" Fifi asked abruptly on the third day as they sat eating cold baked beans on the bank of the lake, out of sight and sound of the children, who were recovering their various tempers after a trying morning of touching picnic poses.

In Any Other Family She Would Have Been a Noticeably Handsome, Clever Girl, But the Amorys Were Too Much for Her, and in Self-Defense She Made Herself a Little Odd

"Same reason as you call me Loot, I suppose," he answered. "I'm a lieutenant in the Army."

"Oh, my goodness! I thought it was your name," she said. "What are you doing here? Then your name is Hunt? I suppose Kansas is another nickname?"

"Yes'm. Hunt—Bill Hunt," he replied. "I—I was gassed. The doctors said I must keep out in the air. If I get indoors much I cough. And I wanted to understand this motion-picture stuff—there's nobody in the business like old Ficken."

"Gassed? You mean in France?"

"No, ma'am. I never saw France. That's what seems so silly. They were trying it out in the camp where I was, and some of us offered for the experiment, and I happened to get it bad, that's all. I went South for the winter and spring, and I'm supposed to keep outdoors till this winter, and then they say I'll be all right."

"What a shame!" she murmured. He was a fine, manly sort of fellow, very vital and active, if not really good-looking, and his sulkiness seemed quite understandable when one knew what he had gone through.

"Oh, well," he said in his characteristic, drawling way and fell to figuring again on his eternal old envelope.

That morning had been a gray one, and soon a sudden shower blew up and spoiled the afternoon. Carryalls were summoned for the damp and protesting children and the hospitable Mrs. Compton offered supper for all and bunks for the men in the big hay barn, for the sheets of rain poured furiously down and Lieutenant Hunt promised the same distressing conditions for the next day. Fifi was bored, blue and suddenly hopeless. The pictures appeared all at once banal to a degree; the Little Sisters ridiculous and meddling. Even the children were tired of the endless posing, the countless lectures from Mrs. Compton, the nervous heckling of Director Ficken. Fifi herself, unconscious of the fact that they all believed her to be an actress, grew weary of their fevered questions as to life on the stage and "the road" and resented their plain incredulity when she explained her ignorance of these things.

"I wish that Priestley girl would stop asking me if I ever knew Belasco," she complained bitterly to Lieutenant Hunt; "and oh, I wish that disgusting little Alma would stop trying to look like Mary Pickford!"

"Well, you can't blame 'em," he said, lighting the pipe Mrs. Compton allowed him. "All girls get stage-struck, I guess, and having you here, and Ficken, and all ——"

"But, good heavens, I never saw Belasco in my life!" she complained.

"No? Didn't you?" he returned. "Well, there's lots you have seen, I guess."

"Oh, yes," she agreed listlessly.

She was very tired, and the days before them in the studio in town were not so interesting, somehow, as they had promised before the monotonous round of posing and practice began.

In the first place, Hunt would not be there, and she knew that she was going to miss his quaint, unconscious rudeness. Nobody had ever treated her so brusquely, so flatly. He assumed with perfect simplicity that she was necessarily ignorant of most of the important things of life.

"Of course, being a woman, you couldn't understand," was one of his most characteristic sentences.

"Ladies, of course, don't care for that sort of thing," was another.

When sometimes in desperation she had treated him to one or two of the cynical epigrams that had so amused and amazed her professor, his pained and averted silence had left her as embarrassed as he. The give-and-take of the girls and boys of her own set was absolutely unthinkable to him, clearly. His crudeness exasperated yet fascinated her, and she insisted upon engaging him in conversations, which ended in long monologues by him on the essential proprieties as misunderstood by young women of the Eastern States.

"Thank God, our girls out home are raised differently," he would end. "I wouldn't marry a girl from the East if she was the last one on earth!"

"Do you find us so pressing, here?" she would query satirically.

"Oh, well, nobody wants to die an old maid," he would answer placidly, stuffing his pipe.

(Continued on Page 60)

Raising Money by the Billion for Charity—By Albert W. Atwood

ONE lesson which the American people have learned from the war is how to raise money from each other on a scale so staggering that if we really stopped to think about the size of the job we should sit down and weep in discouragement. Selling Liberty Bonds to one another and persuading each other to give up painlessly for the Red Cross, the Y and countless other good works has almost supplanted baseball as the great American national sport. A year or two before the war people gaped in open-mouthed wonder at the so-called whirlwind campaigns by which three or four million dollars were occasionally obtained for some good cause. Now a single church denomination sets out to collect eighty million dollars for its missionary endeavors, and the announcement in the papers does not cause the flicker of an eyelash.

If anyone supposed that the peculiar methods employed during the war to raise money stopped automatically when the armistice was signed he is doomed to a delightful disappointment. I say delightful because the vast body of knowledge gained in the last few years on the subject of how to separate other people from their money for good causes was not lost when the fighting ceased. It is being applied at this moment to all manner of laudable purposes, and the possibilities in the way of getting money, both for philanthrophy and business, are almost dizzying in their extent.

"Why, we haven't scratched the surface yet," said a man who is perhaps the best-known professional money raiser in the country, in discussing the subject the other day. He has been connected with drives and campaigns which have raised five hundred million dollars for charity, and he says he is just beginning. "The real test," he went on, "is that practically no one has yet given enough really to hurt. Ask yourself whom you know that has injured himself giving. There are only a few here and there who have even approached the limit. A few rich men exceeded their incomes last year and cut into their capital, but most of them will make it up this year. There is ——, who gave away more than his income, but he told me that he expected to make five million dollars this year, and that would more than make up for his 1918 gifts.

"But even if it doesn't quite make up the deficit, what of it? Mr. —— is a very generous man but we all know that even if he has given away more than his income he will not be in want. Very few people give as much as would be good for them."

Tidy Sums

MOST of us, millions of us anyway, are astonished at how little we formerly gave. A tidy little sum, variously estimated at three to five hundred million dollars, was given away each year before the war. It may look small in comparison with what was raised during the war, but the smallest thing about it was not so much the amount as the fewness of the contributors. Formerly only a few people gave money in sums that amounted to anything. We left it to the rich and well-to-do. By "we" I mean not only the wage earners but practically all of the so-called middle classes, financially speaking—everybody who would not be considered actually rich or well off. Our policy as a people was to let George do it—meaning by George an insignificant fraction of us.

"I am ashamed of myself when I think how little I used to give away," said the manager of one of the largest money-raising campaigns in the last few years, "and I believe the American people as a whole feel the same way."

Do not suppose for a moment that this new attitude of generosity on the part of the American people will be allowed to remain neglected and uncultivated just because there is a Peace Conference at Versailles. Plans without end are now being hatched to raise vast sums for churches, educational institutions, hospitals and all manner of charitable, relief, welfare, municipal and social objects. The intensive, coöperative, organized methods which gathered in the money during the war can be applied with some modifications to all manner of objects of public interest.

If a town needs money for a new hotel much the same machinery and organization that put it over the top for the Liberty Loan and Red Cross, with slight change in arguments, will do the trick for the much-desired hotel. Even private business run for a profit may learn some exceedingly valuable lessons in advertising and salesmanship from these recent gigantic money-raising activities. Perhaps as much has been learned about publicity campaigns since 1917 as in all the years of business enterprise that went before, or even more.

Already two of the largest of the universities are getting ready to launch drives for funds upon the scale and manner of the war drives. Far larger and more significant enterprises, however, are looming up. A national grouping together of the federations of charities in sixteen of the largest cities, another grouping together of the more than three hundred war chests, and a union of all the churches to raise funds to extend their work—these are some of the possibilities that may make permanent the important gains of the war and substitute coöperation for competition among causes that should not be thrown into conflict.

That steadily increasing sums will be gathered in seems impossible but it is almost certainly true. The successful money-raising campaign has always been an accomplishment of the so-called impossible. "It is too big an undertaking," people always said. "Times are bad and we cannot possibly win out." So it was with the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and so it will be with the Fifth Liberty Loan. So it has always been with the Y and Red Cross drives.

As methods and organizations are perfected an ever-widening circle of givers or subscribers is reached and the impossible becomes the commonplace with a steady breaking of records.

Reaping in Whirlwinds

IN ONE of the largest cities in the South the first really large-scale drive for money was greeted with dismal predictions of failure. "This city was ruined by the Civil War; you can't get any money here," the campaign managers were told. But they got the money, and then the same crowd of business men that had volunteered for the work, realizing for the first time the possibilities of their city, conducted drive after drive, raising money for many different purposes.

The remarkable, the truly significant point is that one successful drive seems to make the next one easier. Not only does each successive organization have the benefit of the experience, methods and technic of all previous campaigns, but the people of the community or country are aroused, stirred, stimulated, educated and united. They are taught to give. They learn the advantages of giving.

Marvelous progress in civic matters often follows a big money-raising campaign. One city had two hospital, two general church and a local university campaign in quite rapid succession. It was the first drive that made the others possible. It was the impulse, the new spirit of the first effort, that carried all the others through.

Moreover, the very size, the apparent difficulty or even impossibility of raising a given sum of money, appeals to the fighting blood, the sporting instinct it really is, of the biggest men in the country.

"This amount must be one hundred million dollars or it is not worth our time at all," said Henry P. Davison when he called his associates about him to organize for the first relief campaign in history that ever undertook to raise such a sum.

The war developed almost beyond recognition two great existing ideas or methods of money raising—the charity federation and the whirlwind campaign. And it evolved largely from these two

(Continued on Page 65)

The Return of the Salesman

Somehow, as Tom McGuire Sat There Talking to Her About the Winter Garden Show, I Began to Feel Curiously Upset

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

NOW that the war is over—at least by inference—it is certainly to be hoped that people's minds will take a turn in some more vital and important direction; *par exemple*, obtaining permission to go abroad and to bring back things. I mean not only proper clothing though *le bon Dieu* knows no decent silk socks or handkerchiefs have been procurable here in an age—but antiques! When I think of the present depleted condition of my shop, owing to the enormous influx of new connoisseurs, whom the munition plants have coined and who have positively swept us clean, and then dwell upon the enormous number of antiques, *objets d'art*, and so forth, which must now be available in France and Belgium at most satisfactorily low prices; and of the things which were at the beginning of the war new, or comparatively so, but which have been in point of fact antiqued by the German Army—I confess I become positively cross with our Government.

For why should such dull things as army supplies and machinery and soldiers, in which we have now, of course, lost any real vital interest, be given the preferment on those gorgeous new ships of ours, when the antique business is positively going to rack and ruin for lack of the space they occupy?

In point of fact were it not for a certain lack of understanding which arose between myself and a perfect brute of a man on our local draft board some months ago, and my inherent dislike of renewing any unpleasant relationships with officials of such low intellectual caliber, I would myself communicate with the Government at Washington and see if something could not be done about at once opening up this important branch of American industry. But my position being rather a peculiar one owing to my having insisted upon acting on my positive knowledge of my own delicate physique against the bull-headed judgment of that nasty government doctor, and consequently being obliged to remain in seclusion for a considerable period in order to preserve myself for the continuance of my art work, I feel a sort of hesitancy about bringing myself into any public agitation at this time. Later, when peace is definitely established, we shall see what we shall see! Art is the backbone of any country, and art dealers cannot indefinitely be kept from the pursuance of the industry—or dear knows what will become of America!

Then such shocking and nerve-racking incidents as that of the Benjamin West portrait can be avoided—indeed must be avoided! *Ça va sans dire!* In point of fact I for one should suffer a complete nervous breakdown should such an occurrence be repeated. Once we can get to France and Belgium and even to those parts of London where the air raids occurred most frequently, the possibility of such calamities will be practically *nil*. For the moment all I can do is to make a record of the West incident in order that at the proper moment, when all questions concerning the draft have been quite, quite forgotten, I can allow the matter to become public; and the record will have been made while it is fresh in my mind.

It is unfortunately true that the pressure of circumstances beyond one's control often leads one into actions that are not really nice. In point of fact one may be pressed by them into doing things that are, to say the least of it, difficult to explain when discovered; and the West picture was one of those. Not that we lied about it, *vous savez*, but I admit the inference was there. Indeed inference is one of the most essential qualities that a man in my profession has to acquire; and it was the power of inferring the genuineness of a thing which made Tom McGuire so inestimably valuable to me; indeed made him the most valuable salesman—or curator, as we call them—that the Kentt Galleries ever had. This quality of his was doubtless due in part to his Celtic ancestry, though it had probably been developed by the work he did as a salesman for his father's patent-medicine factory in Oleo, Illinois, before he came to me. But *ça ne fait rien!* He had the gift and had it strongly.

I met him in a curious manner; indeed one usually does meet the people one goes on with in a curious manner.

I had made an excursion into Bohemia. In point of fact I had gone downtown to a famous French café in the neighborhood of Washington Square—a portion of the Quartier that I occasionally visit by reason of its being so accessible by the Fifth Avenue bus, which runs there directly from my door. I had with me a client—Mrs. Cartiea, as she was then called, a charming young widow to whom I was just about to sell a tiny Blakelock. At least, we had almost agreed it was a Blakelock, and I felt confident that after a good dinner she would be entirely of my mind about it. Mrs. Cartiea was a curiously independent woman, even then, but, I confess, utterly charming to me, though she spoke but little and had a curiously aloof manner—*très piquant, vous savez!*

Well, at any rate, we were at the end of our meal and Mrs. Cartiea had decided to buy, and so I ordered a liqueur while I made out an informal memorandum of the sale. She did not take the liqueur, but she did sign the agreement, when to my surprise she asked for a witness to it. This request struck me with amazement, for in point of fact my own conviction about the Blakelock being a Blakelock was—well, I had bought it of a lodging-house keeper in Seventeenth Street, and I had steeled myself against possible questioning. But, of course, when Mrs. Cartiea showed willingness to make the bargain legally binding, and even took out a small check book from her little bag, I at once looked round for an acquaintance to act in the desired capacity.

Now as a rule this particular café is filled, simply filled, with acquaintances who would have answered the purpose; though for the most part they are not the sort of persons one would wish to encounter elsewhere or encourage to frequent the galleries, *vous savez!*

But this night there was no one I knew; absolutely not a soul! However, at a table across the room a most attractive young man was seated. I should have thought him a successful portrait painter, slumming like myself. He had been watching us all evening not directly, but by way of the mirrored wall; and I had been noticing him, for he was of a type that is hard indeed to find.

He was tall, and if exposed to a rough out-of-door environment might have developed into a crude strength and health which would of course have utterly destroyed his charm. As it was, his slim pallor was most artistic, engaging! His clothes were a dream—so unusual yet so smart; well cut in at the waist, narrow shouldered, elegant and extreme, yet exceedingly quiet, except for his tie, which was a dull burnt orange—a most subtly chosen note of color. At once I with my unerring instinct for getting effects pictured him in my gallery. He would make an asset of inestimable value to Kentt's. In point of fact not a woman customer could resist such a salesman! And here at my hand was the opportunity of at least making his acquaintance.

Excusing myself to my guest I approached this young Greek god and addressed him. "Would you awfully mind doing a little favor for me?" I asked.

His shining blond head, so impeccably groomed, turned from me to Mrs. Cartiea.

"That depends on what it is," he replied in a well-modulated voice.

I explained about the contract.

"I know it is a bit unusual," I added in apology, "but Mrs. Cartiea is a new customer and I am anxious to close—though I suppose that sort of thing is unfamiliar to you!"

"A customer!" he exclaimed, instantly alert. "Of course I understand! I'm a traveling salesman myself. Glad to oblige you!"

He rose and accompanied me without further ado. On the way I saw his wonderful smile for the first time. It was one of those smiles that dazzle and confuse. One would buy anything from a man with a smile like that!

"I was hoping somebody would speak to me!" he said. "I had heard of this place even in Oleo, Illinois, and up to now it didn't seem any more Bohemian than the American House, at home!"

Oleo, Illinois! This exquisite beau! He looked the perfection of good—or rather of ultra-good form. And he was a hick! I could scarcely believe it!

He had a little drink with us, and then another, and then confined his conversation almost exclusively to Mrs. Cartiea. I will confess that up to this point, though I had recognized her cold quiet beauty, I had regarded her primarily as a customer. But somehow, as Tom McGuire sat there talking to her about the Winter Garden show and smoking gold-tipped cigarettes in a thin ivory holder, I began to feel curiously upset. In point of fact I began to realize that she was more than a mere customer to me—an attitude which I have, in the course of the hateful events that followed, quite recovered from, *Dieu remercié!* In point of fact when I look back upon that meeting I can scarcely realize that I actually thought the whole situation charming. The snakes! *Eh bien*, that was Tom McGuire's introduction to me and to Mrs. Cartiea. A week later he was the head curator of my establishment.

Of course I had a serious talk with him first, and found out many things concerning him. It seems that his father, out in that unspeakable little town, was engaged in the manufacturing of a substance called Oleoil, which had a great vogue among the lower classes, purporting as it did to cure, as I believe the term is, both man and beast. Mr. McGuire insisted upon my inhaling its odor, and I must confess its strength was stupendous. I positively refused to taste it. Mr. McGuire, Senior, was making a pretty good thing of it, but had refused to let his son depart from the parental footsteps. In point of fact he had sent him on the road with this abominable stuff, supplemented the boy's commissions with a handsome allowance, and had threatened to cut him off without a penny if Tom should diverge one inch from the path set for him. In other words, unless he did exactly as he was told his allowance would be stopped, and the same would hold good if he abandoned Oleoil for any other profession.

"It's rotten, but what could I do?" said Tom in telling it. "I haven't been trained in anything except lying pleasingly to prospective customers; and until I met you I didn't know what I wanted to do anyhow! I have always wanted something—something corking and fine and picturesque out of life; but somehow, though I could feel a whole lot, I couldn't express it in any way—like painting or writing, you know. And the Old Boy would have thrown a royal fit if I'd suggested such a thing. And now you come along and give me fifty a week to stand round and talk up beautiful stuff and sell it to lovely ladies—well, it seems too good to be true. So the Old Boy can take back his sample cases and I'll show him I can stand on my own—to say nothing of doing it in New York!"

Eh bien, it was not quite the spirit or the language in which to approach the handling of rare paintings and antiques! At least that sort of talk was all right enough between ourselves but I saw at once that he would need very little training. In point of fact he had been with me only one week after the receipt of an angry and disowning letter from that bourgeois parent of his when I had practically transformed him. His elegance of voice and manner needed no correcting, and his beautiful wardrobe seemed inexhaustible. But his name! Of course in our profession such a name was impossible. After long and careful consideration I offered Lionel LaFarge, which he finally accepted with some reluctance. The Lionel was what he principally objected to, but I think in the end, *sans doute*, the alliteration won him.

No one with the most elementary knowledge of the arts needs a description of my little place—yet its elegant ordered confusion is a thing I love to dwell upon. It might seem a mere shop to some people; yet to me and to others of discernment it is—well, what shall I say—a symbol of the finer things?

At first Lionel could not entirely comprehend its rare objects. One set of candlesticks in ormolu and marble with a pair of Indians shaking hands with Daniel Boone, and the crystals in perfect condition, particularly offended him, though they were exquisite specimens of the late Victorian period, now so much in vogue. He called them hideous.

"Late Victorian or early Pullman, I think they are the limit!" he exclaimed.

"There is no such period as early Pullman, *mon ami!*" I replied. "But the colonial market having been exhausted and it being impossible to obtain anything from abroad we have created a vogue for the Victorian era; the horsehair and the majolica and the worsted work of that time, if presented to a client with the proper air of reverence—if the correct atmosphere of assumed understanding is created—why, at once we have a new field! I assure you I cannot find enough wax flowers under glass to meet the demand! We may even have to secure reproductions!"

"Well, mushrooms under glass have been more in my line up to date!" the newly christened curator responded cheerfully. "And as for the Victorian error, I suppose they couldn't help making it! But I'll get the dope on selling it, never fear! Just give me a week or two to work up the proper line of talk. After three years of Oleoil I ought to be able to sell hair restorer to a Mexican dog!"

And he was correct. This was the last of his crudities. A calla lily could not have been more delicately graceful, perfumed and intriguing than Lionel. In point of fact only a week later I overheard him displaying a set of crewelwork chair seats in magenta and black to Mrs. Whitely Wentworth.

"About 1840, don't you think them?" he was cooing. "And do look at the way the cross-stitches are put in, my dear!"

I was truly proud of him. As proud almost as when I found that complete set of Sheraton chairs which Morgenthawl gave the museum. In a way Lionel was as perfect and as rare; and Wescott, who has been with me for years, was a trifle jealous. Indeed he was rather nasty and refused to divulge the name of his tailor to Lionel when the latter admired a remarkably good-looking small-waisted overcoat he had just acquired.

Then came what I may term the breaking into the purchasing end of the game. *Il etait bien compris* that in the antique business a certain amount of padding to the stock is absolutely necessary. If everything in every dealer's shop or gallery were real the supposition that our ancestors ran enormously productive factories would be necessary. So it is of course occasionally necessary to—well not to fake—nobody but the lowest branch of the trade would do that—but to secure something—say, a chair, a table, a mirror or an *objet de vertu*—and with a few deft touches create, as I may express it, a new atmosphere about it. Sometimes this can be done purely psychologically, as with the Victorian stuff. Sometimes a little cabinetwork is necessary. But in the end atmosphere is what one sells—*n'est-ce-pas?* Of course a first-class gallery like my own never does quite the latter. When in need of replenishment we occasionally visit one or two well-known districts downtown, where secondhand articles are handled, and make a careful selection. It is a perfect alibi, you see.

And really Lionel was quite wonderful on his first visit to Smith Brothers' junk and secondhand furniture place. He made two wonderful discoveries—a quite splendid tool chest in oak, which polished beautifully and looked like and indeed may very likely have been an early English piece; and a set of carved corals. Such a talent! Such exquisite taste!

"Rather Amusing Little Thing. Isn't It? Not in Blakelock's Best Manner; but Not Bad, Not Bad!"

The chest, for which we paid three dollars, brought ninety; and as for the corals—modesty forbids my bragging of what he did with them! But it was *magnifique!*

There was an old painting offered for our consideration at the time, which we rejected, though it was delightfully dirty and vague and might have been almost anything from a Rembrandt down. It was only two dollars and seventy-five cents. Lionel wouldn't let me buy it. "It's so damn ugly nobody but a nut would take it from us!" was the verdict to which I agreed. And it was not the last time that I accepted his judgment by any means.

For the dear lad began to build up our clientele in the most amazing manner. Things had been a trifle slack owing to the war, for at this time we had not as yet entered it, and, though munitions connoisseurs had not as yet developed, things began going so well that we were seriously talking of taking the old Van Lippe house across the avenue from us, a stately mansion which had been vacant for some months.

Of course it would be a serious step, involving as it did a definite transformation from an antique shop to a real gallery where only one or two objects of art could be displayed at a time—where sales would be in terms of many thousands instead of mere hundreds, and where a sale or two a year would mean a fortune and a consequently greater risk. But with Lionel's genius, I was at length determined to chance it.

We made our decision one morning after a particularly good bit of work, and Lionel had gone out to lunch, looking utterly charming and pale. I was cogitating the situation when he returned, flushed and breathless—quite upset, *pauvre enfant!*

"I just met Mrs. Cartiea outside!" he said. "And I rushed back to tell you that she's taken the Van Lippe house!"

"The devil she has!" I exclaimed. "Then that cans our little plan for the moment! It's absolutely the only decent place vacant on the avenue."

"Well, I suppose we can furnish it for her at least!" he said, delicately touching his heated face with a lavender silk handkerchief.

"Did she say so?" I asked, brightening. "She has never bought anything here except that supposed Blakelock'"

"No, she didn't say so, but she asked me to come in soon and see the place," he answered. "She said she thought we'd be interested in what she was going to do with it."

"Sounds promising!" I remarked. "I had been just a trifle uneasy about that little picture."

"And she's such a charming woman!" we remarked simultaneously.

"Well, we'll be interested *sans doute!*" remarked Lionel.

And we were.

We watched that house faithfully from afar, and the first thing that met our incredulous observation was the appearance of a name on the cornerstone. Two workmen came one day and spent the afternoon at it. When they left, the words Cartiea, Inc. in bronze were imbedded in the granite. Cartiea, Inc.! *Figurez vous* our amazement!

And even as we watched, all unnerved, from behind the screen of our own window display, there appeared in the lowest and largest window of the Van Lippe house black velvet hangings, against which presently was placed a single small painting heavily framed in gold. Nothing else. A truly beautiful arrangement in the most conservative and exclusive manner.

Lionel and I exchanged glances and gasped.

"What is it?" I said, nearly stunned.

"Let's go and see!" said he, all a-tremor.

And so, scarcely able to veil our haste and give our errand the appearance of accident, we took our hats and canes, walked round the corner in the opposite direction, crossed the avenue a block above, and came down on the opposite side, pausing as casually as might be in front of our new neighbor's. And then we saw what was in the heavy gold frame.

It was the Blakelock!

Eh bien, that was only the beginning! The deceitfulness of women! Here I had supposed that Mrs. Cartiea, being the widow of the well-known banker, was wealthy and the possible source of a steady customer. Nay more, I had toward her a most kindly, warm feeling, which was in no way traceable to her supposed riches, though the five hundred she had paid without protest for that wretched little painting was enough to warrant me in supposing her a woman of means. But her clear blond beauty and slender figure, charmingly accentuated by her weeds, were in itself quite enough to—enough to—well, enough!

And here she was setting up as a dealer under my very nose in the very house I had desired

and with my own fake picture as her *piece de resistance!* And not a word of any partnership! Well, all I can say is that men in my line are seldom so deceived.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, my dear boy?" said Lionel. "You can't very well throw aspersions on that picture; you sold it to her!"

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu*, find out what she's asking for it, at any rate!" I snapped.

"You ask her!" suggested Lionel.

"Ask her—I wouldn't speak to her!" I replied. "What she has done is positively unethical."

"Well, rather!" he agreed.

But he took her to luncheon the next day and returned with the interesting news that the Blakelock family authenticated the picture and that Morgenthawl had offered four thousand for it! And to think I had not had the courage to bring it to their attention myself!

"You ought to see her place!" Lionel went on. "It's a wonder. Do you know she has invested her last cent in it? And that picture, with the reputation the sale will bring her, is going to put the proposition over!"

"And I suppose she'll be hiring you next!" I said, almost unable to control my vexation.

"Not a chance—*jamais de la vie!*" said Lionel. "But I do think I ought to sort of keep in touch with her—an occasional lunch, and all that—for purely business reasons."

He patted the white carnation in his buttonhole and smirked at himself in one of the Chinese mirrors in the most irritating manner.

"Do as you please!" I said. "I'm sure it's nothing to me!"

"Now don't be cross!" said Lionel. "You upset me so when you cry!"

"Well, don't torment me, then," said I.

"Oh, come on out and have a swissess," said he. And so we were friends once more.

But he continued to see a lot of Mrs. Cartier—or, as she now called herself, Madame Cartier—and I could not, could not bring myself to lunch with them. She affected me still, in spite of the way she had treated me. Indeed, it isn't too much to say that I would have married her under other circumstances. And even if she had dropped Lionel I might have settled down into a mere friendly rivalry. But when one day he came back from lunch two hours late and told me he had proposed to her a bitter feeling toward the woman sprang up in me.

"But she wouldn't have me!" Lionel continued. "She said there was something all wrong with me—that I was a good salesman, but what she wanted was a husband; and she wasn't so sure she even wanted that."

Eh bien, it would be difficult to say whether this more pleased or embittered me. Of course I was immensely relieved that they had quarreled, or at least come to straitened terms, for without Lionel my place would have suffered both in trade and prestige. And at the same time I was furiously indignant that she should so little appreciate him. However, it was not impossible that what she needed was a master—a superior intellect; and I hoped in time to show her that I—well, that my mind well, to show her. *Comprenez-sous?* And should I fail to win her in the end, at least I would find some method of revenging us both.

Fortunately, and yet unfortunately, the spectacle of Lionel's unhappiness was not long before me. I shall dwell as lightly as possible on that cause of his removal, for it was painful as it was welcome—a curious state of feelings for a situation to engender, *n'est-ce pas?* But if one considers, life is full of them. At any rate the draft was the cause of his going.

Knowing that we were both delicate by nature and that our frailty had been enormously increased by the late hours our work necessitated through entertaining clients, and so forth, and never getting any exercise, I had felt it wise for us both to take a little trip at the time the first draft was announced; for, of course, I was convinced neither of us could possibly pass the physical examination, so what earthly need was there for us to stay in town? Wescott was a married man with three children, though perfectly healthy, so we left him in charge of the gallery while we took a trip to South America to pick up a few Spanish things and restore our health. Unfortunately, it restored Lionel's to such an extent that, business obliging me to send him back to New York, he was at once seized upon by the local board and thrust into a most unbecoming, ill-fitting uniform.

The dear boy immediately cabled me to stay where I was, and I did so until it seemed reasonably safe, when I returned unobtrusively and invited Aunt Jane to visit me. Aunt Jane being seventy and having hitherto made her home in a sort of institution especially arranged for such persons as she is, I was able, once having removed her from it, to claim her as a dependent in case of emergency.

Eh bien, let us pass over the painful situation as briefly as possible. Lionel was gone,

For a Long Time Nobody Spoke, and Then at Last Old Man McGuire Gave a Low Whistle. "It's a Wonder!" He Said. "But What is It?"

and the place was *désolé* without him. The very candelabra and Venetian mirrors seemed to miss him, and the old laces and embroideries in the buhl cabinet appeared to droop more sadly because of his absence. The best salesman in the art world was gone, perhaps never to return; or to return with something missing—who could know?

And then the difficulty of filling his place! Not that it could ever be actually filled. But the plain difficulty of finding anyone who could even approximate his work—anyone to just stand round in the shop and show things! Talk about the labor shortage, it is nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to our difficulties! However, this did not seem to affect our neighbor, Cartier, Inc., who apparently succeeded in hiring all the presentable young married men in the city. But as for me, it ended in my actually having to engage a female—a young woman who had studied art and so could talk fairly intelligently; though, of course, she was nothing so valuable with the women clients as Lionel had been. *Eh bien! C'est la guerre!* I will say, though, that in time she learned to do rather well; and she was so pretty that when the munitions connoisseurs began to pour in she was possibly even more valuable than Lionel would have been. She was very smart-looking in a quiet way, and her name was Eloise Dubois. She came from my own home town of Dallas, Texas, and in point of fact we had been at school together. This had its advantages, of course—but it had disadvantages too.

Par example—her respect for me when we were alone was not quite what a stranger's would have been, and she really had too much humor for the work she was doing. I didn't care much for her myself—she knew me so well. Still, as I say, her smooth black hair and a crooked little way she had of smiling did something to the men clients; nor did it fail when old man McGuire came in for the first time.

Comme il etait dróle, cet homme! Funny! And not the least bit ashamed of his absurdity. He was very red in the face and his accent still bore a trace of his native Emerald land. He was a great big fellow—over six feet, I should say—and as heavy and thick, in a hard crimson way, as an uncooked roast of beef. His clothes were evidently his fancy and must have been his tailor's despair, and he wore a fur overcoat, which made him look like a sort of Hibernian bear, if there be such a species.

"Is this the store where ye buy art?" he bellowed, letting in an icy blast of air.

"If you have the money!" said Eloise. "Come in!"

He gave her one look, closed the door behind him and strode toward her with a grin.

"I have that!" he said. "Only I want to be sure it's classy art ye sell. None of the cheap department-store stuff."

"The very swellest people buy from us," replied Eloise, perfectly seriously, while Wescott and I remained in the background, convulsed with silent mirth. "What would you like to see—some sixteenth-century tapestry, furniture or *objets de vertu?*"

"Objects of virtue is more in my line," said the bear. "None of your naked paintings for me, young lady! I'm an honest man working on a big contract for the Government and getting big money for it, and willing to pay the same for the furnishing of me big new house on Fifth. So virtuous is right!"

"You make munitions, perhaps?" said Eloise in her golden voice.

"Well, in a way, yes!" said he. "It may be you heard of me—Thomas P. McGuire, makes Oleoil, best for man and beast! Oils machinery both human and mechanical; or did until the Government found a few changes in the receipt would make elegant poison gas and took over the plant at me own price. And now I'm feedin' the damn thing to the Dutchmen and buyin' objects of virtue and grace for me Fifth Avenue home!"

Eh bien, you can well figure to yourself how this announcement sounded to me! Here was Lionel's father in the shop without the remotest suspicion of where he was—do you see? In point of fact Lionel had never told his father of his employment by me; nor in any way communicated with the Old Boy, as he used to call him, since the quarrel over Lionel's leaving the Oleoil business. And now the dear boy was at the Front and his father was a munitions connoisseur. Dear, dear, how the world moves! *C'est vraiment mysterieux!*

Of course when I realized the situation I hurried out at once and myself took charge of the sale, merely keeping Eloise hovering for the moral effect of her echoing sentiments and the fact that Mr. McGuire's attention could not be kept on any antique after she moved away from it. I said nothing to him of Lionel, though I was simply dying to discuss the dear boy with someone who knew him well. Still, business is business, eh?

And how he bought! Never, no, never had I had such a client! He balked at absolutely nothing that first time; not even at two really rather terrible vases and a beaded bag in bad condition. Later, during the ensuing months, he became more—well, not discriminating exactly—but fond of giving the impression of discrimination. But at first he took everything, and always to the very end he paid anything! Indeed, he had thinned down our stock to the point where it consisted exclusively of his few rejections.

He liked to breeze into the shop wearing an expensive and amazing new suit, and, flinging at us the critical or laudatory phrases we had tactfully taught him, fuss over our things, and seriously discuss Lely and Frans Hals and French-Chinese cabinets with me. Of course I went to his house, where he lived alone—for he was a widower—and it was the most amazing affair I have ever beheld outside of Pittsburgh. Apparently every one of the dealers in the country had been treated as we had, and the huge place was crammed to overflowing. I was interested to observe the Blakelock from Madame Cartier's among his treasures.

"I bought it of a widow woman," he explained. "Damn smart girl!" Then he recollected himself. "Rather amusing little thing, isn't it?" he added. "Not in Blakelock's best manner; but not bad, not bad!"

Incroyble, n'est-ce pas? But this was after nearly a year of education. Still, that Cartier woman was a genius in a way,

(Continued on Page 53)

CONTROL OF THE JOB

By Meyer Bloomfield

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHAT will British industry look like, now that the war is over? Does the war mean a slump in British initiative?" You hear questions like this wherever you go, and wherever British business men or manufacturers forgather. What they have in mind is not the volume of their future trade.

Trade will no doubt be good, given the tonnage. American competition is something to think about, but it isn't that which gives much concern just at present.

Reconstruction is what men are thinking of, and by this they mean the kind of team play and sense of common interest that may or may not obtain in the relation of employer and employed, and in the task of restoring the economic life of the nation to a sound peace footing. Industrial policy is the topic of chief interest. An early understanding of what it is to be is urgently sought. Whatever else may be put off, an agreement on this question and policy cannot.

And it is not to Parliament or any other public body that men are looking for a solution. The answer, all agree, lies with industry itself, with each trade and business embraced under this general head. In the hands of the men who carry on the industrial life of the country—owners, managers and the rank and file—rests the fate finally of any industrial policy adopted. If they reach a working basis for the forwarding of their common business, with due regard for interests other than their own, all will be well. If they do not, reconstruction will halt and stagger, and well-being, prosperity, opportunity—call it what you please—will take wings.

In these circumstances the wrecker alone has his innings; his ax is ready to hand. There is no occasion for any panic of course. For all the strain of four years' nightmare neither workmen nor managers show any signs of having lost their heads. Quite the other way; they are amazingly sound in their headwork, and their zeal is far from winded.

The spirit and the unshaken common sense of the nation were expressed exactly the other day by the Minister of Labor, who in a talk on this very live topic of new industrial policy told a group of manufacturers and labor representatives:

"It is your duty to see to it that we go about this business in a sane and British way. Our people are not easily lured away by the fanaticism whose dreary and blood-stained doings have so often led simple men to disaster and disillusionment, as in the case of unhappy Russia. We must find something firm—to guide us against corrupting doctrines. Our new problems are much more intricate and difficult than were those we had to face during the war. No state department can do things so well as those who are engaged in a particular trade can do for themselves. I am supposed to be a bureaucrat, being a minister of the Crown. I realize the limitations of office. Greater efficiency lies with those employers and employed who work out together the problems of their common business. There must be good, all-round organization in every trade. We need a representative industrial council in every business, which can speak with an authoritative voice for the whole industry. The government will refer to such councils for the purpose of guidance."

The Whitley Reports

"THE keystone of our country's industrial future is in the getting together of employer and employes. For the period we have ahead we need the most active and the closest cooperation between them. We have recommended to both sides the scheme of the Whitley report, which scheme is now in successful operation in a number of industries. We do not ask you to swallow this plan or use it if you have something as good or better which does the work in your own particular trade. Only we point out the need of some such basic principle and organization for every industry: a body which can speak for it in a representative way. Such a plan is typically British. It does not make for revolution. Ready-made Utopia is the will-o'-the-wisp which has lured men in all ages. We possess intelligence enough to distinguish what is possible and practicable from the glamour of magic vistas."

So industrial Britain is going in for a tryout, a fair experimenting with the suggestions and the proposals outlined in the famous Whitley reports. The campaign has been sufficiently promising to wring this acknowledgment from the Munchner Neuesten Nachrichten: "The attempts made by the English to reform industry deserve consideration by us, also, since in the great struggle after the war that nation will certainly come off best which carries over unimpaired from the war period into peace the ideal of work for the common good, and which takes due account, not only in politics but in the organization of industry, of the self-consciousness of the people which has grown so immensely during the war. Without losing sight of our own special circumstances we have every reason to follow with the greatest attention the development of the situation in England."

"Whitley" has become a sort of slogan in the British industrial world to-day. The Right Honorable J. H. Whitley, deputy speaker of the House of Commons, is a member of a large firm of Yorkshire cotton spinners. In 1916 the Cabinet Reconstruction Committee set up by Mr. Asquith appointed him chairman of a special committee charged with going into the whole question of the future relations between employer and employed. This committee was made up of twelve members, and included trade-union officials like J. R. Clynes, who later became Food Controller; economists like J. A. Hobson and Prof. S. J. Chapman; employers like Sir Gilbert Claughton, general manager of the London and North Western Railway; two women, and other well-known specialists. The appointment of this committee was most opportune, and it was obviously necessary. Considering the industrial situation at the time, the committee appeared if anything somewhat belated. For more than two years before the Whitley group started its work unrest had been rife and threatened to spread, how far no one could guess. Industry was in a ferment; what showed on the surface of things was only less disconcerting than what could be surmised from the undercurrent. Only the declaration of war averted the imminent total paralysis of the country's transportation system, with the coal miners and the building-trades workmen ready to join in.

In London the building industry was completely tied up by both strike and lockout. To bring matters to a head the national body of building-trades employers had decided on a nation-wide lockout in support of the London employers. Only the outbreak of war put a stop to such a suicidal move. With local civil wars threatening in all directions, with irresponsible groups of men possessed of the power to bring about all sorts of industrial dislocation and inflicting untold misery upon the public—the situation was about as bad as it could be. All through the early stages of war bitter passions were smoldering; mutual distrust and ill will agitated employer and employed.

Whatever the outward unity which Britain manifested in going to the rescue of France and Belgium, at home and in the daily intimate contacts of men in industry there was little sign of it. The curious thing is that everybody stoutly maintained his unswerving loyalty to the nation in her peril, and resented all and sundry imputations as to his particular brand of patriotism.

Disquieting Episodes at Home

IT WAS a case of the double life, inconsistent to a tragic degree. The very men who were so keenly anxious to ward off the danger that threatened from without, who were sending out their own sons or kinsmen to the trenches—these same men were making a vain attempt to carry on at home, with a shattered morale, along the industrial front. War considerations suppressed the news of certain disquieting episodes of this home struggle. In the Clyde Valley, for example, the men, going over the heads of their constituted officials, and led by a small group of shop stewards, began a movement which attained no little momentum before it was headed off, and which was known as the Withdrawal of Labor Committee. No word of it got abroad. This committee represented the very negation of the ideas and method of collective bargaining. It made for anarchy in the industrial world, and was naturally exposed to destruction by the same method it sought to use against the orderly course of negotiation and binding agreement.

Obviously the war could not be won while such a situation continued, nor could industry readily recover even after victory on the battlefield, were it ever so glorious. Recrimination was useless; both sides could play that game, and did with zest. Nor could a resort to force avail. Conflagrations are not quenched by violent emotions, nor states of mind corrected by the use of the bobby's truncheon. The public at large was clamoring for a truce, if not a healing, in this dark situation. Bales of printed matter show how much public interest was agitated, what fears were felt for the boys across the Channel. Letters to the Times are the normal safety valve in ordinary emergencies, but at this particular juncture that institution failed to work.

So the Whitley Committee set out in troubled waters to find a binding principle and program; a program which, whatever modifications might be imposed by local conditions, should at least point a way to industrial peace.

Among her other familiar abhorrences Nature abhors an industrial vacuum. *Laissez faire* is impossible. The committee wisely spent no time on causes of unrest; it was not an investigating body set up to probe into the past; it took unrest for granted and proceeded to find out what could be done about it.

(Continued on Page 134)

LONELY VALLEYS

"Hannah Was Dog Poor When She Died, That's Certain. Like Everything Else I Can Lay Mind on She Came to a Bad End"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE maid, smartly capped in starched ruffled muslin and black, who admitted them to the somber luxury of the rectory, hesitated in unconcealed sulky disfavor.

"Doctor Goodlowe has hardly started dinner," she asserted.

"Just ask him to come out for a little," the man repeated.

He was past middle age, with a gaunt, high-boned countenance and clear blue eyes, awkward in harsh, ill-fitting and formal clothes.

His companion, a wistfully pale girl under an absurd and expensive hat, laid her hand in an embroidered white silk glove on his arm and said in a low tone: "We won't bother him, Calvin. There are plenty of ministers in Washington; or we could come back later."

"There are, and we could," he agreed; "but we won't. I'm not going to wait a minute more for you, Lucy. Not now that you are willing. Why, I have been waiting half my life already."

I

A GAUNT young man with clear blue eyes sat on the bank of a mountain road and gazed at the newly built house opposite. It was the only dwelling visible. Behind, the range rose in a dark wall against the evening sky; on either hand the small green valley was lost in a blue haze of serried peaks. The house was not imposing; in reality small, but a story and a half, it had a length of three rooms, with a kitchen forming an angle, invisible from where Calvin Stammark sat; an outside chimney at each end, and a narrow covered portico over the front door.

An expiring clatter of hoofs marked the departure of the neighbor who had helped Calvin set the last flanged course. It seemed incredible that it was finished, ready—when the furniture and bright rag carpet had been placed—for Hannah. "The truck patch will go in there on the right," he told himself; "and gradually I'll get the slope cleared out, corn and buckwheat planted."

He twisted about, facing the valley. It was deep in grass, watered with streams like twisting shining ribbons, and held a sleek, slow-grazing herd of cattle.

The care of the latter, a part of Senator Alderwith's wide possessions, was to form Calvin's main occupation—for the present anyhow. Calvin Stammark had larger plans for his future with Hannah. Some day he would own the Alderwith pastures at his back and he'd be grazing his own steers.

His thoughts returned to Hannah, and he rose and proceeded to where a saddled horse was tied beside the road. He ought to go back to Greenstream and fix up before seeing her; but with their home all built his impatience to be with her was greater than his sense of propriety, and he put his horse at a sharp canter to the left.

Calvin continued down the valley until the road turned into an opening through the range, which he followed into a steeper and narrower rift beyond. Here there were no clearings in the rocky underbrush until he reached Richmond Braley's land. A long upturning sweep ended at the house, directly against the base of the mountain; and without decreasing his gait he passed over the faintly traced way, by the triangular sheep washing and shearing pen, to the stabling shed.

Hannah's mother was bending fretfully over the kitchen stove, and Richmond, her father, was drawing off sodden leather boots. He was a man tall and bowed, stiff but still powerful, with a face masked in an unkempt tangle of beard.

"H'y, Calvin," he cried; "you're just here for spoon licking! Lucy was looking for company." Mrs. Braley's comment was below her breath, but it was plainly no corroboration of her husband's reassurance. "You'll find Hannah in the front of the house," Richmond added.

She was sitting on the stone steps at the side entrance to the parlor. As usual Hannah had a bright bow in the hair streaming over her back, and her feet were graceful in slippers with thin black stockings. She kissed him willingly and studied him with wide-opened hazel-brown eyes. There wasn't another girl in Greenstream, in Virginia, with Hannah's fetching appearance, he thought with a glow of adoration. She had a—a sort of beauty entirely her own; it was not exactly prettiness, but a quality far more disturbing, something a man could never forget.

"She's done," he told her abruptly.

"What?" Hannah gazed up at him with a dim sweetness in the gathering dusk.

"What!" he mocked her. "You ought to be ashamed to ask. Why, the house—our home. We could move in by a week if we were called to. We can get married any time."

She now looked away from him, her face still and dreaming.

"You don't seem overly anxious," Calvin declared.

"It's just the idea," she replied. "I never thought of it like this before—right on a person." She sighed. "Of course it will be nice, Calvin."

He sat below her with an arm across her slim knees. "I'm going to dig right into the truck patch; there's a parcel of poles cut for the beans. It won't be much the first year; but wait and we'll show people how to live." He repeated his vision in connection with the present Alderwith holdings.

"I wonder will we ever be rich like the senator?"

"Certainly," he answered with calm conviction. "A man couldn't be shiftless with you to do for, Hannah. He'd be obliged to have everything the best."

"It'll take a long while though," she continued.

"We will have to put in some hard licks," he admitted. "But we are young; we've got a life to do it in."

"A man has, but I don't know about girls. It seems like they get old faster; and then things—silk dresses don't do them any good. How would ma look in fashionable clothes?"

"You won't have to wait that long," he assured her. "Your father has never hurt himself about the place, there's no money in sheep; and as for Hosmer—you know well as me that he is nothing outside of the bank and his own comfort. Store clothes is Hosmer all through."

"I wish you were a little like him there," Hannah returned.

He admitted that this evening he was more untidy than need be. "I just couldn't wait to see you," he declared; "with our place and—and all so safe and happy."

II

THE Braley table, spread in the Greenstream custom in the kitchen, was surrounded by Richmond and Calvin—Hosmer had stayed late at the bank—Hannah and Susan, the eldest of the children, prematurely aged and wasted by a perpetual cough, while Lucy Braley moved carelessly between the stove and table. At rare intervals she was assisted by Hannah, who bore the heavy dishes in a silent but perceptible air of protest.

Calvin Stammark liked this; it was a part of her superiority to the other girls of the locality. He made up his mind that she should never lose her present gentility. Whenever he could afford it Hannah must have help in the house. No greater elegance was imaginable. Senator Alderwith at his dwelling with its broad porch in Greenstream had two servants—two servants and a bathtub with hot water running right out of a tap. And he, Calvin Stammark, would have the same, before Hannah and he were too old to enjoy it.

He had eleven hundred dollars now, after buying the land about his house. When the right time came he would invest it in more property—grazing, a few head of cattle and maybe in timber. Calvin had innumerable schemes for their betterment and success. To all this the sheer fact of Hannah was like the haunting refrain of a song. She was never really out of his thoughts. He might be sitting on his rooftree squaring the shingling; bargaining with Eli Goss, the stonecutter; renewing the rock salt for Alderwith's steers; but running through every occupation was the memory of Hannah's pale distracting face, the scarlet thread of the lips she was continually biting, her slender, solid body.

He had heard that her mother had been like that when she was young; but looking at Mrs. Braley's spent being, hearing her thin complaining voice, it seemed impossible. People who had known her youth asserted that it was so. Phebe, too, they said, was the same—Phebe who had left Greenstream nine years ago, when she was seventeen, to become an actress in the great cities beyond the mountains. This might or might not be a fact. Calvin always doubted that anyone else could have Hannah's charm.

However, he had never seen Phebe; he had moved from a distant part of the county to the principal Greenstream settlement after she had gone. But a legend of Phebe's beauty and talent was a part of the Braley household. Mrs. Braley told it as a distinguished trait that Phebe would never set her hand in hot dishwater. Calvin noted that Hannah was often blamed for domestic negligence, but such and far more advanced conduct in Phebe was surrounded by a halo of elegance.

After supper in view of the fact of their courtship Calvin and Hannah were permitted to sit undisturbed in the formality of the parlor. The rest of the family congregated with complete normality in the kitchen. The parlor was an uncomfortable chamber with uncomfortable elaborate chairs in orange plush upholstery, a narrow sofa, an organ of highly varnished light wood ornamented with scrolled fretwork, and a cannon stove with polished brass spires.

Calvin sat with an arm about Hannah's waist on the sofa, while she twisted round her finger the ring he had given her, a ring of warranted gold clasping a large red stone. Her throat was circled by a silver chain supporting a mounted polished Scotch pebble, his gift as well. Their position was conventional; Calvin's arm was cramped from its unusual position, he had to brace his feet to keep place on the slippery plush, but he was dazed with delight. His heart throbs were perceptible in his wrists and throat, while a tenderness of pity actually wet his eyes.

At times he spoke in a hushed voice, phrases meaningless in word but charged with inarticulate emotion; Hannah replied more coherently; but for the most they were silent. She accepted the situation with evident calm as an inevitable part of life. Drawn against him she rested her head lightly on his shoulder, her gaze speculative and undisturbed.

Once he exclaimed: "I don't believe you love me! I don't believe you're interested in the things for the kitchen, or the bedroom suite I saw in a catalogue at Priest's store!"

"Don't be silly!" she murmured. "Why shouldn't I be when it's my own, when it's all I'm going to have?"

He cried bravely: "It's only the beginning! Wait till you see our cattle herded over the mountain to the railroad; wait till you see a spur come up the Sugarloaf and haul away our hardwood. Just you wait ——"

There was the clip-clip of a horse outside and the creaking of wheels.

"I believe that's Hosmer." Hannah rose. "It's funny, too, because he said he'd have to stay at the hotel to-night, there was so much settling up at the bank."

It was, however, Hosmer Braley. He paused at the parlor door, a man in the vicinity of thirty, fat in body and carefully clad with a white starched collar and figured satin tie.

"I didn't want to drive out," he said, at once bland and aggrieved, "but it couldn't be helped. Here's a piece of news for all of you—Phebe is coming home to visit. She wrote me to say so, and the letter came on this evening's stage. Whatever do you suppose took her?"

Hannah at once flushed with excitement—like, Calvin Stammark thought, the parlor lamp with the pink shade, turned up suddenly. An instant vague depression settled over him; Hannah, only the minute before in his arms, seemed to draw away from him, remote and unconcerned by anything but Phebe's extraordinary return. Hosmer made it clear that the event promised nothing but annoyance for himself.

"She's coming by to-morrow's stage," he went on, untouched by the sensation his information had wrought in the kitchen; "and it's certain I can't meet her. The bank's sending me into West Virginia."

Richmond Braley, it developed further, was bound to a day's work on the public roads. They turned to Calvin.

"Take my buggy," Hosmer offered; "I'll have to go from Durban by rail."

There was no reason why he shouldn't meet Phebe Braley, Calvin realized. He lingered, gazing with silent longing at Hannah, but it was evident that she had no intention of returning to the parlor.

III

WAITING in Hosmer's buggy for the arrival of the Greenstream stage and Phebe Braley, Calvin was conscious of the persistence of the depression that had invaded him at the announcement of her visit. He resented, too, the new element thrust into the Braley household and disrupting the familiar course of his love. Hannah had been unreasonably distracted by the thought of seeing Phebe—the Phebe who had gone away from the mountains and become an actress.

The buggy was drawn to one side of the principal Greenstream road, at the post office. Before him the way crossed the valley and lifted abruptly to the slope of the eastern range. At his back the village—the brick Methodist church and the white painted Presbyterian church, the courthouse with its dignified columns, the stores and varied dwellings—was settling into the illusive May twilight. The highest peaks in the east were capped with dissolving rose by the lowering sun, and the sky was a dusty blue.

Calvin Stammark heard the approaching stage before he saw it; then the long rigid surrey with its spare horses rapidly rolled up over the open road to the post office. He got down and moved diffidently forward, seeing and recognizing Phebe immediately. This was made possible by her resemblance to Hannah; and yet, Calvin added, no two women could be more utterly different.

Phebe Braley had a full figure—she was almost stout—a body of the frankest emphasized curves in a long purple coat with a collar of soiled white fur. A straw hat with the brim caught by a short purple-dyed ostrich feather was pinned to a dead-looking crinkled mass of greenish-gold hair, and her face—the memorable features of Hannah—was loaded with pink powder.

Calvin said: "You must be Phebe Braley. Well, I'm Calvin Stammark. Your father or Hosmer couldn't meet the stage and so they had to let me get you. Where's your bag?"

She adopted at once an air of comfortable familiarity. "I don't remember your name," she said, settling beside him in the buggy.

He told her that he had come to this vicinity after she had gone and that he was about to marry her sister.

"The hell you say!" she replied with cheerful surprise. "Who'd thought Hannah was old enough to have a fellow'"

They were out of the village now and she produced a paper pack of cigarettes from a leather hand bag with a florid gilt top. Flooding her being with smoke she gazed at the mountain wall on either hand, the unbroken greenery sweeping to the sky, with a shudder.

"It's worse than I remembered," she confided, resting against him. "A person with any life to them would go dippy here. Say, it's fierce! And yet, inside of me, I'm kind of glad to see it. I used to dream about the mountains, and this is like riding in the dream. I'm glad you came for me and let me down easy into things. I suppose they live in the kitchen home and pa'd lose a currycomb in his beard. Does Hosmer still beller if he gets the chicken neck?

"Do you sit in the holy parlor for your courting, and ain't that plush sofa a God-forsaken perch for two little love birds? It's funny how I remember this and that. I reckon ma's temper don't improve with age. They kid me something dreadful about saying 'reckon,' in the talent. But it's as good and a damn sight better than 'I guess.' That's all they get off me."

"That's No Way to Answer a Decent Man. Lucy and I Want to be Married. There's Nothing Wrong With That"

Calvin Stammark's vague uneasiness changed to an acute dislike, even a fear of Phebe. Her freedom of discourse and person, the powdered hard face close to his, the reek of scent—all rasped the delicacy of his love for Hannah. The sisters were utterly different, and yet he would have instantly recognized their relationship. Phebe, too, had the disturbing quality that made Hannah so appealing. In the former it was coarsened, almost lost; almost but not quite.

"I'll bet," she continued, "that I'm the only female prodigal on the bills. Not that I've been feeding on husks. Not me. Milwaukee lager and raw beef sandwiches. I have a passion for them after the show. We do two a day and I want solid refreshment. I wonder if you ever saw me. Of course you didn't, but you might have. Ned Higmann's Parisian Dainties. Rose Rayner's what I go by. That's French, but spelled different, and means brightness. And I'm bright, Casper.

"My, what are you so glum about—the dump you live in or matrimony? There was a gentleman in an orchestra in Harrisburg wanted to marry me—he played the oboe—but I declined. Too Bohemian. . . . This is where we turn," she cried in a different voice, and they swung into the valley where the Braleys had their clearing.

Phebe crushed the cigarette in her fingers. Suddenly she was nervous.

"It's natural I have changed a lot," she said. "If you hear me saying anything rough pinch me."

Richmond Braley was standing beside his house in the muddy clothes in which he had labored on the roads, and Mrs. Braley and Hannah came eagerly forward. Behind them sounded Susan's racking cough. Sentimental tears rolled dustily over Phebe's cheeks as she kissed and embraced her mother and sisters.

"H'y," Richmond Braley awkwardly saluted her; and "H'y" she answered in the local manner.

"Well," he commented, "you hain't forgotten that, anyway."

Calvin was asked to stay for the supper that had been delayed for Phebe's return, but when he declined uncertainly he wasn't pressed.

Putting up Hosmer's rig and saddling his own horse he rode slowly and dejectedly on.

Instead of going directly back to Greenstream he followed the way that led to his new house. The evening was silvery with a full brilliant moon, and the fresh paint and bright woodwork were striking against a dark elevated background of trees. The truck patch would be dug on the right, the clearing widen rod by rod. From Alderwith's meadows came the soft blowing of a steer's nostrils, while the persistent piping of the frogs in the hollows fluctuated in his depressed consciousness.

Calvin had drawn rein and sat his horse on the road. He was trying to picture Hannah standing in the door waiting for him, to hear her calling him from work; but always Phebe intervened with her travesty of Hannah's clear loveliness.

IV

AGAIN at the Braleys' he found the family—in the kitchen—listening with absorbed interest to Phebe's stories of life and the stage. Richmond Braley sat with an undisguised wonderment and frequent exclamations; there was a faint flush in Mrs. Braley's dun cheeks; Susan tried without success to strangle her coughing. Only Hosmer was unmoved; at times he nodded in recognition of the realities of Phebe's narratives; his attitude was one of complacent understanding.

Calvin at last succeeding in catching Hannah's attention made a suggestive gesture toward the front of the house, but she ignored his desire. She, more than any of the others, was intent upon Phebe. And he realized Phebe paid her a special attention.

"My," she exclaimed, "the healthy life has put you in the front row. Ned Higmann would rave about your shape and airs. It's too bad to bury them here in the mountains. I reckon you love me for that"—she turned cheerfully to Calvin—"but it's the truth. If you could do anything at all, Hannah, you'd lead a chorus and go in the olio. And you would draw at the stage door better than you would on the front. Young and fresh as a daisy spells champagne and diamond garters. I don't believe they'd let you stay in burlesque but sign you for comic opera."

The blood beat angrily in Calvin Stammark's head. Whatever did Phebe mean by talking like that to Hannah just when she was to marry him! He cursed silently at Richmond Braley's fatuous face, at Mrs. Braley's indorsement of all that her adventurous daughter related, at Hosmer's assumption of worldly experience. But Hannah's manner filled him with apprehension.

"It's according to how you feel," Phebe continued; "some like to get up of a black winter morning and fight the kitchen fire. I don't. Some women are happy handing plates to their husband while he puts down a square feed. Not in mine."

"The loneliness is what I hate," Hannah added.

"It's hell," the other agreed. "Excuse me, ma."

Hannah went on: "And you get old without ever seeing things. There is all that you tell about going on—those crowds and the jewels and dresses, the parties and elegant times; but there is never a whisper of it in Greenstream; nothing but the frogs that I could fairly scream at—and maybe a church social." As she talked Hannah avoided Calvin Stammark's gaze.

"Me and you'll have a conversation," Phebe promised her recklessly.

Choking with rage Calvin rose. "I might as well move along," he asserted.

"Don't get heated," Phebe advised him. "I wouldn't break up your happy home, only I want Hannah to have an idea of what's what. I don't doubt you'll get her for a wife."

"There's nothing but slaving for a woman round here," Mrs. Braley put in. "I'm right glad Phebe had so much spirit."

Richmond Braley evidently thought it was time for certain reservations. "You mustn't come down so hard on Calvin and me," he said practically. "We're both likely young fellows."

"I'll be here evening after to-morrow," Calvin told Hannah in a low voice.

She nodded without interest. They must be married at once, he decided, his wise horse unerringly following the rocky road, stepping through splashing dark fords. If there was a repetition of the past visit he would have something to say. Hannah was his, she was promised to him. He felt the coolness of her cheeks, her bright mouth

against his. A tyranny of misery and desire flooded him at the sudden danger—it was as much as that—threatening his happiness and life.

It was a danger founded on his entire ignorance of what he must combat. He couldn't visualize it, but it never occurred to him that Hannah would actually go away leave him and Greenstream. No, it was a quality in Hannah herself, a thing that had always lurked below the surface, beyond his knowledge until now. Yet he realized that it formed a part of her appeal, a part of her difference from the other girls of the county.

Maybe it was because he was never in his heart absolutely certain of her—even when she was closest to him she seemed to slip away beyond his power to follow. His love, he realized for the first time, had never been easy or contented or happy. It had been dark, like the night about him now; it resembled a fire that he held in his bare hands. Hannah's particularity, too, was allied to this strange, newly awaked peril. It was that, in a manner, which had carried Phebe out of the mountains. Now the resemblance between them was far stronger than their difference.

There was more than a touch of all this in the girls' mother, in her bitterness and discontent. He felt that he hated the elder as much as he did Phebe. If Phebe were a man——

He dressed with the greatest care for his next evening with Hannah. Hosmer wore no stiffer or whiter collar, and Calvin's necktie was a pure gay silk. He arrived just as the moon detached itself from the fringe of mountain peaks and the frogs started insistently. His heart was heavy but his manner calm, determined; as he entered the Braley kitchen. No one was there but Susan; soon, however, Phebe entered in an amazing slovenly wrapper with a lace edge turned back from her ample throat; and Hannah followed.

Phebe made a mocking reference to the sofa in the parlor, and Hannah's expression was distasteful; but she slowly followed Calvin into the conventional chamber.

He made no attempt to embrace her, but said instead: "I came to fix the day for our wedding."

"Phebe wants me to go with her for a little first," she replied indirectly. "She says I can come back whenever I like."

"Your Phebe has no say in it." He spoke harshly. "We're honestly promised to each other and don't need outside advice or interference."

"Don't you go to call Phebe 'outside,'" she retorted. "She's my sister. Perhaps it's a good thing she came when she did, and saved me from being buried. Perhaps I'm not aiming to be married right off."

■

HANNAH was standing, a hand on the table that held the pink-shaded lamp, and the light showed her petulant and antagonistic. A flare of anger threatened to shut all else from Calvin's thoughts; but suddenly he was conscious of the necessity for care—care and patience. He forced back his justified sense of wrong.

"I wasn't referring direct to Phebe," he told her. "I meant that between us nobody else matters, no one in the world is of any importance to me but you. It's all I think about. When I was building the house—our house—I hammered you into it with every nail. It is sort of made out of you," he floundered; "like—like I am."

He could see her relenting in the loss of the rigidity of her pose. Hannah's head drooped and her fingers tapped faintly on the table. He moved closer, urging his advantage.

"We're all but married, Hannah; our carpet is being wove and that suite of furniture ordered through Priest. You've been upset by this talk of theaters and such. You'd get tired of them and that fly-by-night life in a month."

"Phebe hasn't," she retorted.

"What suits one doesn't suit all," he said concisely.

"I Hate to Cook! And it Makes Me Sick to Put My Hands in Dishwater! I Suppose That's Wicked, But I Can't Help It"

"It would suit more girls than you know for," she informed him. "Take it round here, there's nothing to do but get married, and all the change is from one kitchen to another. You don't even have a way to match up fellows. Soon as you're out of short skirts one of them visits with you and the rest stay away like you had the smallpox. Our courting lasted a week and you were here four times."

"We haven't much time, Hannah," he reminded her. "It was right hard for me to see you that often. There was a smart of things you were doing too."

"The more fool!" she exclaimed.

Again his resentment threatened to leap beyond control. He clenched his hands and stared with contracted eyes at the floor.

"Well," he articulated finally, "we're promised anyhow; that can't be denied. I have your word."

"Yes," she admitted; "but chance that I went with Phebe doesn't mean I'd never come back."

"It would mean that you'd never come back," he paraphrased her.

"Maybe I would know better," she answered quickly. "I'm sorry, Calvin. I didn't go to be so sharp. Only I don't know what's right," she went on unhappily.

"It isn't what's right," he corrected her, "but what you want. I wish Phebe had stayed away a little longer."

"There you go again at Phebe!" she protested

He replied grimly: "Not half what I feel."

In a dangerously calm voice she inquired. "What's the rest, then?"

"She's a trouble maker," he asserted in a shaking voice over which he seemed to have no command; "she came back to Greenstream and for no reason but her own slinked into our happiness. Your whole family—even Hosmer, pretending to be so wise—are blind as bats. You can't even see that Phebe's hair is as dyed as her stories. She says she is on the stage, but it's a pretty stage! I've been to Stanwick and seen those Parisian Dainties and burlesque shows. They're nothing but a lot of half-naked women cavorting and singing fast songs. And the show only begins—with most of them when the curtain drops. If I even try to think of you in that I get sick."

"Go on," Hannah said, scarcely above her breath.

"It's bad," Calvin Stammark went on. "The women are bad; and a bad woman is something awful. I know about that too. I've been to the city as well as Phebe. Oh, Hannah," he cried, "can't you see, can't you!" With a violent effort he regained the greater part of his composure. "But it won't touch you," he added; "we're going to be married right away."

"We are?" Hannah echoed him thinly, in bitter mockery. "I wouldn't have you now if you were the last man on earth, with the way you talked about Phebe! I don't see how you can stand there and look at me. If I told pa or Hosmer they would shoot you. You might as well know this as well—I'm going back with her; it'll be some gayer than these lonely old valleys or your house stuck away all by itself with nothing to see but Senator Alderwith's steers."

There flashed into Calvin Stammark's mind the memory of how he had planned to possess just such cattle for Hannah and himself; he saw in the illusive lamplight the house he had built for Hannah. His feeling, that a second before had been so acute, was numb. This, he thought, was strange; a voice within echoed that he was going to lose her, to lose Hannah; but he had no faculty capable of understanding such a calamity.

"Why, Hannah," he said impotently—"Hannah ——" His vision blurred so that he couldn't see her clearly; it was as if, indistinct before him, she were already fading from his life. "I never went to hurt you," he continued in a curious detachment from his suffering. "You were everything I had."

Calvin grew awkward, confused in his thoughts and gestures. At the same time Hannah's desirability increased immeasurably. No other girl in Greenstream, or that he had ever seen, was like her; and he was about to lose her—lose Hannah. Automatically he repeated: "If Phebe had been a man ——"

He was powerless not only against exterior circumstance but to combat what lay with Hannah. Phebe would never set her hands in hot dishwater. He shook his head as if to free his mind from so many useless thoughts. She stood hard and unrelenting.

He tried to mutter a phrase about being here if she should return, but it perished in the conviction of its

(Continued on Page 41)

THE SOLDIER IN POLITICS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

The Men Who Returned to Philadelphia on the Haverford

ONE morning a year and a half ago a young man I know left his home in an eight-thousand-dollar automobile, dressed in clothes that cost five hundred dollars, with a couple of pounds of gem-incrusted gold fashioned into cigarette cases, and so on, disposed about his person, a black pearl in his tie that set his adoring wife back a large sum at the preceding Christmas, wrapped in a two-thousand-dollar fur-lined overcoat, and having enough hundred-dollar bills in his pocket to fill his imported bowler hat.

When he hopped into that automobile, which had been brought by a liveried servant under the porte-cochère of the palace where he lived, in the vicinity of New York City, he was a rising, indeed quite an elevated millionaire, heavily upholstered with money, holding a place in the Street and married into a family that has it by the ton—a gilded and golden youth to whom Fortune was opulently kind. When he returned to that palace a few hours later, still wearing all his sumptuous scenery, he was a private in the American Army; salary, thirty dollars a month. He had enlisted. "In heaven's name," came a protesting chorus when he told the folks what he had done, "what did you do that for? If you wanted to go into the Army why didn't you let us try to get a commission for you?"

The young man lighted a personally imported cigarette, took a reflective puff or two and answered:

"Well, you see, I just thought I'd do something myself."

So he went off to camp and learned many things, including the vast difference between being awakened by a pussyfooted valet bringing in his coffee at ten-thirty in the morning, and the raucous bugle that hoisted him out of his blankets at five-forty-five A. M.; the contrast between dining at a Fifth Avenue restaurant and going-and-getting-it in an aluminum mess kit, which later he had to wash, himself; the change from telling a herd of servants what he wanted to having everybody in the camp, except his buddie, telling him what he wanted, and doing that same at once—and many other things. He was liberally educated, that chap, in doing what other people told him to, and doing it at the drop of the hat.

A Long Look From the Under Side

PRESENTLY he went to France with his regiment. I came across him one day last October. At that time he was chauffeur for an officer, who, before the war, used to run an automobile-accessory place near where he lived and was a humble suppliant for his business.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Fine!" he said. "Don't I look it?"

He did. He was lean and brown and hard. The little paunch he had had was gone, and so was the excess of chin. His eye was clear, his body erect, his overseas cap stuck jauntily on the side of his head, and his every aspect was that of health and virility. We talked.

"This war," he said, lighting a cigarette of a brand he wouldn't have allowed the third assistant garage man to smoke in the old days, "has done a lot of things for a lot of people, including me. I'm a Socialist now."

"Socialist?" I looked at him curiously. "You're an odd sort of a bird to be a Socialist," I said.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps I ain't, at that; but that is the only way I can define it. I mean that is the only comprehensive term which fits in with my changed views. I reckon I'll be able to define myself better later on; but whatever it is I am, I am not what I used to be, either in viewpoint or in practice. I've had a look at this game from the under side; and, believe me, it is the under side that I am going to string along with from now on!"

I saw he had something to tell, but I did not press him. Instead, I gave him such news as I had that might interest him and produced some less noisome cigarettes.

"Say," he began finally, "you know me, and you know how soft everything has been for me since I was born. Well, as I said, I've had a slant at the other side of it, and from now on I'm with the underdog."

He stopped and looked out toward the place where the big guns were thundering.

"Were you ever hungry?" he asked—irrelevantly, it seemed. "I don't mean just a little, but honest-to-God hungry?"

"Yes."

"Well, so have I been; so hungry I chewed bark off a tree. Listen here: When we made the big push up in the St.-Mihiel salient I was detailed as a stretcher bearer for my regiment. I worked seventy-two hours carrying out the boys who had been hit—seventy-two hours of heart-breaking labor bringing back those chaps that were wounded; and in those seventy-two hours I had only one meal and no sleep to speak about. It was tough, but it had to be done, and we did it. Finally, after the job was over, I was going back to try to get some food and some sleep. I was dirty, so tired I staggered, and so hungry I would have traded everything I owned for a chance at what we used to feed the dogs with back home.

"I came to a place where someone was in a shack frying eggs and making coffee. I asked for something to eat.

"'Who are you?'

"'I'm a private of the ——th Infantry,' I replied; 'and I have been carrying stretchers for three days and have had only one meal. Please give me something to eat.'

"Well, sir, the smell of that coffee and those frying eggs almost made me crazy! I wanted to jump in there and grab that skillet.

"'No,' was the answer; 'I can't do it. I am cooking for the staff officers. There is a place seven kilometers farther along where privates can eat. This is for officers.'

"Well, I had to walk four miles more before I got a bite of food. Now while I was walking that four miles I got a new slant on things. Right there is where I shifted my gears. I knew then, and I know now, and I'll never forget, how the poor devils who slither past our winter house in New York—hungry, cold, miserable—feel when they look in the windows and see one of those big parties going on, with enough spent for flowers to feed a hundred of them; those bums and outcasts, maybe, but men just the same, who stand there on the walk with only a pane of glass between them and enough waste of food and waste of money to feed them and warm and strengthen a company of them.

"I know how they feel. I know why they curse us and hate us, and what causes talk of revolution and protest against the present social order. I've got their viewpoint and understand their thought and their complaint; and when I get this uniform off and get back home I am going to string along with them and see whether I can do anything to give them a fairer shake at life than they have! I know that military discipline is one thing and the alignment of the social order is another; but I know too that when you sum it all up it comes to class distinction, and there ought to be a way to even it up a little here and there.

"I am no revolutionary, but this war has made me a democrat. I couldn't have anything to eat at that place because I was a private and not an officer; and the tramp on the street can't have anything to eat in my house because he is a private in ordinary life and I am an officer. That's the long and the short of it! There must be a middle ground somewhere; but let me tell you that you'll never get it in a militaristic country, and that all we men who are in this war know it.

"The big lesson we have learned is that we don't want militarism in our country; that the rigid class distinctions of a big army must not be clamped on our country; that we have all been ready to go the limit in war, but while we have been going that limit we have learned both sides of it, and know that if our people allow the creation of a great military machine in our country because the professional military men want it we'll stand still instead of going ahead, and lose the very thing for which we have been fighting."

The Big Machine in Khaki

"WE'VE seen militarism from both sides—from the German side and from our own side; and we don't want any of it of either brand. There are two million men in this country in American uniforms, and two million more over home in camps; and I'll bet you what you like that not ten per cent of those who were civilians before the war started have any other idea than to get out of their uniforms as quickly as they can and get back to their jobs. That's what we think of this military business and that's the big thing we have learned, along with an appreciation of the qualities which we never knew existed in the mass of the common men of our country, of the democracy that comes from the association and common cause we have had, and a mighty keen idea of the power we can exert when we do get back to our jobs and have a chance to take part in affairs again."

"What sort of power?" I asked.

"Political power," he answered. "Do you think for a minute that the four million Americans who went into this business intend to forget all the lessons they have learned? Intend to mix back in the old game in the old way? Intend to allow the old stuff to continue as it has continued, when by the simple keeping up of the solidarity the service in the Army has given them they can get things done their own way—the way their experiences and their new viewpoints indicate things should be done? If you do, guess again!"

"You mean the Army is going into politics?"

"Sure thing! Gimme another cigarette."

That talk was but one of a hundred I had with American soldiers when I was in France, ranging in time from the days of Château-Thierry to the occupation of Germany after the armistice was signed. And I was well prepared to find, upon my return to the United States, in January of this year, that initial steps had already been taken toward welding these soldiers into an effective political machine. It was inevitable that this would be the case; for not only was the potential material at hand in these four million or more young American voters who had gone into khaki, but also in their corelated womenhood—most of them, or many of them, already with votes—and also because of the political precedent that exists in America.

The Civil War veterans dominated the politics of the Eastern, Western and Northern United States for a generation. The soldier was the greatest political asset the Republican Party had from the days of Grant to the days of McKinley; and in the South the Confederate veterans exerted the same political strength and demanded and received the same political preferment. There was scarcely a community in this country where the soldier vote was not catered to or where the veteran did not have the call on the offices for many years.

From 1868 to 1904 the Republicans nominated but one man for President who was not a soldier—Blaine, in 1884—and he was beaten; and all of them save Roosevelt, who served in the Spanish War, were soldiers in a war that ended early in 1866. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley were all Civil War veterans. Moreover, the political strength of the soldier was shown in the offices of lesser degree than the Presidency, down through the Senate, the House of Representatives, the governorships, the state offices and the city, county and village candidacies.

The Grand Army of the Republic was not and is not specifically a political organization, but it always had and still has, to the degree of its diminished membership, a voting solidarity that it has been necessary to reckon with in determining both candidacies and elections. The men who fought and won the Civil War stood by one another in a comradeship that was as effective as it was extraordinary, not only in the civil affairs of life but in the political as well. And the roster of the elective offices in the Northern, Eastern and Western sections of this country from 1866 to the days, not so far gone, when the boys in blue became too old for office, if it could be compiled, would show that thousands upon thousands of former soldiers sought and obtained political preferment.

Nonpartisan But Not Nonpolitical

LIKEWISE the Confederate veterans, with a similar organization, exerted their powerful influence on the politics of the South. The political reasons for all these nominations and elections could not be obtained, but there can be no serious dispute of the statement that an essential qualification for the great majority of them was that the candidate had fought in the Civil War on one side or the other.

These soldiers of the present know what has been done and they are quick to appreciate what may be done. Hence, we note the steps taken to organize the United American War Veterans and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the other stirrings in the direction of a company of these soldiers that shall have for its incentive the well-being, rights, interests and ideas of the soldiers of the war now ended in victory for the Allied nations and the associated United States—especially as the soldiers of the United States had the glory of actually winning the war, of finishing it, of putting in the punch that brought it to a successful termination.

It will be some time, no doubt, before an effective organization is under way, because there will be beginnings here and beginnings there, and because the ideas of one set of men and the ideas of another set may not jibe. The first post of the G. A. R., for example, was organized at Decatur, Illinois, in April, 1866, or about a year after the war ended, and the G. A. R. did not get to its full flower as a fraternal organization until some years later. It was not a spontaneous affair, but the well-considered consummation of a big idea, and though it was nonpartisan it was not nonpolitical, and played its great part in the affairs of this country.

However, taking it for granted that there will eventually be a great soldier organization in this country either under the name and style of the United American War Veterans or under some other name and style, it may be interesting to set down here the results of talks I had with the men in France who will be the nucleus of this organization, and analyze their ideas as to purposes, grievances, reforms and incentives, for it is quite probable that some of the ideas I heard in France will be translated into action in this country, and certain that the basis for concerted political endeavor will be found not so much in the conditions that exist in this country as in the new attitude toward those conditions that will be the result of army service, the outcome of changed views, of newer vision, of their experiences and of what they have learned, first hand, in field and in camp.

The phase of it all that is most impressive is that these men, thrown into the great crucible of war, have had a great many ideas burned out of them, and a great many burned into them—that is, they see things from another and broader angle. They have learned the value of concerted effort. They have, in fine, been shown by experience the value of organization and of discipline, and they are realizing that that organization and discipline need not necessarily apply only to military affairs but can be continued and perpetuated in civil affairs as well.

I set down at some length at the beginning of this article a transcription of the new views of a young man who voluntarily changed his status from a millionaire to a doughboy getting thirty dollars a month for the hardest sort of labor. Let me illustrate again: Last September I was driven about France, all the way along the lines from Nieuport, in Belgium, to the Swiss border, through the Belgian, English, French and American Armies, by a private whose name was Jim.

Jim was a quiet, efficient driver. He had little to say. He took orders and executed them intelligently. He was respectful, attentive, and one of the best hands with an automobile I ever had experience of. He never complained, was always on the job, bunked and ate where he could, and he drove that automobile into, across and through places where a goat would hesitate to go. He plugged along as steadily when the Germans were shelling the road as when we were on the Champs Elysées.

One morning we had bad luck. We punctured three tires within the space of an hour. Jim got off, rolled up his sleeves and made the shifts expeditiously. It was heavy work, for we had a big car, and mostly we punctured in mud. As I stood watching him put on the third tire I heard him laughing.

"What's there to laugh at, Jim?" I asked him. "Or who? Let me in on it, for I can't rake up a smile over this rotten luck."

"I'm laughing at myself," he said, straightening up and wiping the sweat off his forehead. "Before I enlisted in this war I owned the biggest garage in my home city, and it was a big one. When anything like this happened to me I used to have the driver do the dirty work, or leave the car along the road if I was driving, and telephone in for another to come out and get me. Now look at me!" And he laughed again and leaned down to his job.

I pried a little into that young man's mind to find out what he thought about it all, and this is what I discovered:

"The reason I enlisted in this war was because I was good and sore about the way the Kaiser was trying to put it all over the rest of the world, and because I thought it was up to the United States to step in and show him where to get off. I didn't try to get a commission or anything like that because I figured that the quickest way to stop it was for a lot of fellows like myself to grab guns and take it on the run for France, and wallop the Heinies back across the Rhine and chase them clear to Berlin. I didn't know much about anything but my automobile business, but I figured that the United States was the biggest and best country in the world, and that, of course, we'd have an army in jig time that would do the trick, because we are the biggest and best country in the world and just naturally would."

War Judged by Business Standards

"WELL, I took my training, and they sent me over here. Then they found out I knew all about cars and they set me driving them instead of letting me fight. That's all right. All these cars have to be driven, and I know how. It's my part, I reckon. But when I got here and began to drive these army officers round, and to get wise to the way this man's army is run I began to do some thinking, and what I thought was this: I'm in the automobile business, and I know enough about it to own the biggest and most successful garage in my city, which is considerable of a city. Now, the reason I have got the biggest and best business of its kind where I am is because after I quit school I learned that business, and all about it, and because I know how to run it a shade better than my competitors. Also, because I get men to help me run it who know about it too; men who have been trained to it.

"Now, I can't help comparing my automobile business to the United States in this war. I run my business with men trained to it, and the reason I succeed is because I handle my men right, know my costs and overhead, watch my organization and utilize the knowledge of my employees. They are chaps who are trained to it. It's their job. Now, take this war! I see that it isn't much different from my business in its general aspects, for the United States is running the war, with the President as the boss, and he is trying to utilize the men trained for war in the business of it.

"Well, I see this war succeeding for us, that we are winning it, not because of the assistance of some of the men trained for it. I see the organization busting down here and busting down there, and bogging round, and machinery not worked to its highest efficiency, and blundering, and old-style stuff, and antique methods, and fool regulations, and red tape, and a lot of stuff like that; and I think naturally that if our country, after training these men to do this job for twenty and thirty and forty years, can't produce a better lot of operators than some of these are, in the one business that they are trained for professionally, our country probably isn't doing any better job in other lines of public service—that is, some of these professional soldiers have busted wide open in a lot of ways that seem inexcusable to me, looking at it in the light of my garage business; and if the professional soldiers are shown to be thus incompetent in a good many ways it is likely that the professional politicians and the officeholders, and the legislators and all the rest of our governmental machinery are doing the same sort of a job that some of these professional soldiers

Continued on Page 79

One of the First Returning Troopships, the Mauretania, in New York Harbor

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

No Lunch for Us. We Got to Our Horses, Rode Away, and That Night I Was at Our Rendezvous to Tell the Tale

IT MAY have been Louis the Fifteenth, or it may have been Madame de Pompadour, who said, "After me the deluge"; but whichever it was, very much that thought was in Mr. Buchanan's mind in 1861 as the time for his exit from the White House approached. At the North there had been a political ground swell; at the South, Secession, half accomplished by the Gulf States, yawned in the Border States. Curiously enough, very few believed that war was imminent.

As a reporter for the States I met Mr. Lincoln immediately on his arrival in Washington. He came in unexpectedly ahead of the hour announced, to escape, as was given out, a well-laid plan to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore. I did not believe at the time, and I do not believe now, that there was any real ground for this apprehension.

All through the winter of 1860-61 there had been a deal of wild talk. One story had it that Mr. Buchanan was to be kidnaped and made off with so that Vice President Breckenridge might succeed and, acting as *de facto* President, throw the country into confusion and revolution, defeating the inauguration of Lincoln and the coming in of the Republicans. It was a figment of drink and fancy. There was never any such scheme. If there had been Breckenridge would not have consented to be party to it. He was a man of unusual mental as well as personal dignity and both temperamentally and intellectually a thorough conservative.

I had been engaged by Mr. L. A. Gobright, the agent of what became later the Associated Press, to help with the report of the inauguration ceremonies the 4th of March, 1861, and in the discharge of this duty I kept as close to Mr. Lincoln as I could get, following after him from the senate chamber to the east portico of the capitol and standing by his side whilst he delivered his inaugural address.

Perhaps I shall not be deemed prolix if I dwell with some particularity upon an occasion so historic. I had first encountered the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had reached Washington. It was a Saturday, I think. He came to the capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and among the rest I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed some others. I was familiar with the Western type, and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the next Monday forenoon in his apartment at Willard's Hotel as he was preparing to start for his inauguration, and was struck by his unaffected kindness, for I came with a matter requiring his attention. This was to get from him a copy of the inauguration speech for the Associated Press. I turned it over to Ben Perley Poore, who, like myself, was assisting Mr. Gobright. The President that was about to be seemed entirely self-possessed; not a sign of nervousness, and very obliging. As I have said, I accompanied the cortège that passed from the senate chamber to the east portico. When Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to take it, but Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood just near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few; and then I began to get a suspicion of the power of the man.

He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man, of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style the gentlemen whom he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to his death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and his official subordinates. The idea that he was overtopped at any time by anybody is contradicted by all that actually happened.

I was a young Democrat and of course not in sympathy with Mr. Lincoln or his opinions. Judge Douglas, however, had taken the edge off my hostility. He had said to me on his return in triumph to Washington after the famous Illinois campaign of 1858: "Lincoln is a good man; in fact, a great man, and by far the ablest debater I have ever met," and now the newcomer began to make good this opinion both in his private conversation and in his public acts.

II

I HAD been an undoubting Union boy. Neither then nor afterward could I be fairly classified a Secessionist. Circumstance rather than conviction or predilection threw me into the Confederate service, and, being in, I was in honor bound to go through with it.

The Secession leaders I held in distrust; especially Yancey, Mason, Slidell, Benjamin and Iverson, Jefferson Davis and Isham G. Harris were not favorites of mine. Later along I came into familiar association with most of them, and relations were established which may be described as confidential and affectionate. Lamar and I were brought together oddly enough in 1869 by Carl Schurz, and thenceforward we were the most devoted of friends. Harris and I fell together in 1862 in the field, first with Forrest and later with Johnston and Hood, and we remained as brothers to the end, when he closed a great career in the upper house of Congress, and by Republican votes, though he was a Democrat, was elected president of the Senate.

Harris continued governor of Tennessee through the war. He at no time lost touch with the Tennessee troops, and though not always at the front, never missed a forward movement. In the early spring of 1864, just before the famous Johnston-Sherman campaign opened, General Johnston asked him to circulate among the boys and "stir 'em up a bit." The governor invited me to ride with him. Together we visited every sector in the army. Threading the woods of North Georgia on this round, if I heard it once I heard it fifty times shouted from a distant clearing: "Here comes Gov'ner Harris, fellows; g'wine to be a fight." His appearance at the front had always preceded and been long ago taken as a signal for battle.

Being a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press and having lived since childhood at Willard's Hotel, where the Camerons also lived, will furnish the key to my becoming an actual and active rebel. A few days after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Colonel Forney came to my quarters and, having passed the time of day, he said: "The Secretary of War wishes you to be at the department to-morrow morning as near to nine o'clock as you can make it."

"What does he want, Colonel Forney?" I asked.

"He is going to offer you the position of private secretary to the Secretary of War, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, and I am very desirous that you accept it."

He went away leaving me rather upset. I did not sleep overmuch that night. "So," I argued to myself, "it has come to this that Forney and Cameron, lifelong enemies, have made friends and are going to rob the Government—one Clerk of the House, the other Secretary of War—and I, a mutual choice, am to be the confidential middle man." I still had a home in Tennessee and I rose from my bed, resolved to go there.

I did not keep the proposed appointment for next day. As soon as I could make my arrangements I quitted Washington and went to Tennessee, still unchanged in my preconceptions. I may add, since they were verified by events, that I have not much modified them from that day to this.

I could not wholly believe with either extreme. I had perpetrated no wrong, but in my small way had done my best for the Union and against Secession. I would go back to my books and my literary ambitions and let the storm blow over. It could not last very long; the odds against the South were too great. Vain hope! As well expect a chip on the surface of the ocean to lie quiet as a lad of twenty-one in those days to keep out of one or the other army. On reaching home I found myself alone. The boys were all gone to the front. The girls were—well, they were all crazy. My native country was about to be invaded. Propinquity. Sympathy. So, casting opinions to the winds, in I went on feeling. And that is how I became a rebel, a case of "first endure and then embrace," because

I soon got to be a pretty good rebel and went the limit, changing my coat as it were, though not my better judgment, for with a gray jacket on my back and ready to do or die I retained my belief that secession was treason, that disunion was the height of folly and that the South was bound to go down in the unequal strife.

I think now, as an academic proposition, that in the doctrine of secession the secession leaders had a debatable, if not a logical, case; but I also think that if the Gulf States had been allowed to go out by tacit consent they would have soon been back again seeking readmission to the Union.

We live in a world of sin, disease and death. The ways of God to man are indeed mysterious and past finding out. Why the long and dreadful struggle of a kindred people, the awful bloodshed and havoc of four long years, leaving us at the close measurably where we were at the beginning, is one of the unsolved problems which should prove to us that there is a world hereafter and beyond, since no great creative principle could produce one with such dire inequalities and contrasts through so short a span of human life.

III

THE change of parties wrought by the presidential election of 1860 and completed by the coming in of the Republicans in 1861 was indeed revolutionary. When Mr. Lincoln had finished his inaugural address and the crowd on the east portico began to disperse, I reëntered the rotunda between Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, and Mr. John Bell, of Tennessee, two old friends of my family, and for a little we sat upon a bench, they discussing the speech we had just heard

Both were sure there would be no war.

All would be well, they thought, each speaking kindly of Mr. Lincoln.

They were among the most eminent men of the time, I a boy of twenty-one; but to me war seemed a certainty. Recalling the episode, I have often realized how the intuitions of youth outwit the wisdom and baffle the experience of age.

I at once resigned my snug sinecure in the Interior Department and, closing my accounts of every sort, was presently ready to turn my back upon Washington and seek adventures elsewhere

They met me halfway and came in plenty. I tried staff duty with General Polk, who was making an expedition into Western Kentucky. In a few weeks illness drove me back to Nashville, where I passed the next winter in desultory newspaper work. Then Nashville fell, and, as I was making my way out of town afoot and trudging wearily the Murfreesboro Pike, Forrest, with his squadron just escaped from Fort Donelson, came thundering by, and I leaped into an empty saddle. A few days later Forrest attached me to his staff, and the next six months it was mainly guerrilla service, very much to my liking. But Fate, if not Nature, had decided that I was a better writer than fighter, and the Bank of Tennessee having bought a newspaper outfit at Chattanooga, I was sent there to edit The Rebel—my own naming—established as the organ of the Tennessee state government. I made it the organ of the army.

It is not the purpose of these pages to retell the well-known story of the war. My life became a series of ups and downs—mainly downs—the word being from day to day to fire and fall back; the Johnston-Sherman campaign, in which I served as chief of scouts; then as an aid to General Hood through the siege of Atlanta, sharing the beginning of the chapter of disasters that befell that gallant soldier and his army I was spared the last and worst of these by a curious piece of special duty, taking me elsewhere, to which I was assigned in the autumn of 1864 by the Confederate government.

This involved a foreign mission. It was no less than to go to England to sell to English buyers some hundred thousand bales of designated cotton to be thus rescued from spoliation, acting under the supervision and indeed the orders of the Confederate fiscal agency at Liverpool.

Of course I was ripe for such an adventure; but it proved a bigger job than I had conceived or dreamed. The initial step was to get out of the country. But how? That was the question. To run the blockade had been easy enough a few months earlier. All our ports were now sealed by Federal battleships and gunboats. There was nothing for it but in disguise to slip through the North and sail on either a New York or a Canadian boat.

In West Tennessee, not far from Memphis, lived an aunt of mine. Thither I repaired. My plan was to get aboard a Mississippi steamer calling at one of the landings for wood. This proved impracticable. I wandered many days and nights, rather ill mounted, in search of some kind—any kind—of exit, when one afternoon, quite worn out, I sat by a log heap in a comfortable farmhouse. It seemed that I was at the end of my tether; I did not know what to do.

Presently there was an arrival—a brisk gentleman right out of Memphis, which I then learned was only ten miles distant—bringing with him a morning paper. In this I saw appended to various army orders the name of "N. B. Dana, General Commanding."

That set me to thinking. Was not Dana the name of a certain captain, a stepson of Congressman Peaslee, of New Hampshire, who had lived with us at Willard's Hotel—and were there not two children, Charley and Mamie, and a dear little mother, and —— I had been listening to the talk of the newcomer. He was a licensed cotton buyer with a pass to come and go at will through the lines, and was going back next day. I turned to him and said:

"I want to get into Memphis—I am a nephew of Mrs. General Dana. Can you take me in?"

After some hesitation he consented to try, it being agreed that my mount and outfit should be his if he got me through; no trade if he failed.

Clearly the way ahead was brightening. I soon ascertained that I was with friends, loyal Confederates. Then I told them who I was, and all became excitement for next day's expedition.

We drove down to the Federal outpost. Crenshaw—that was the name of my friend, the cotton buyer—showed his pass to the lieutenant in command, who then turned to me. "Captain," I said, "I have no pass, but I am a nephew of Mrs. General Dana. Can you not pass me in without a pass?" He was very polite. It was a chain picket, he said; his orders were very strict, and so on.

"Well," I said, "suppose I were a member of your own command and were run in here by guerrillas. What do you think would be your duty to do?"

"In that case," he answered, "I should send you to headquarters with a guard."

"Good!" said I. "Can't you send me to headquarters with a guard?"

He thought a moment. Then he called a cavalryman from the outpost.

"Britton," he said, "show this gentleman in to General Dana's headquarters."

Crenshaw lashed his horse and away we went. "That boy thinks he is a guide, not a guard," said he. "You are all right. We can easily get rid of him."

This proved true. We stopped by a saloon and bought a bottle of whisky. When we reached headquarters the lad said, "Do you gentlemen want me any more?" We did not. Then we gave him the bottle of whisky and he disappeared round the corner. "Now you are safe," said Crenshaw. "Make tracks."

But as I turned away and out of sight I began to consider the situation. Suppose that picket on the outpost reported to the provost marshal general that he had passed a relative of Mrs. Dana? What then? Provost guard. Drumhead court-martial. Shot at daylight. It seemed best to play out the hand as I had dealt it. After all I could make a case if I faced it out.

A passing soldier directed me to the residence of General Dana. I boldly rang the bell and asked to see Mrs. Dana. I was conducted to the drawing-room and presently there was a rustle of skirts and the selfsame little woman of the long ago stood smiling before me.

Briefly I told my tale of woe. I was a pianist and had been teaching music out in the near country; the rebel guerrillas had driven me away. I wanted to get North to my family and friends. I remembered her so well, and Willard's Hotel and Charley and Mamie.

"Why," she cried joyously, "they are both here. Of course we remember you. Consider yourself at home." Then we sat down upon a divan and a gentleman entered. "Mr. Watterman," said she, "here is the very man you are looking for—Colonel Mehan, Provost General. And Colonel Mehan, this is my particular friend, Willie Watterman, who wants a pass to go up the river."

(Concluded on Page 60)

If Ever a Poor Doell Played for His Life, I Did. My Only Fear Was That the Black Bombazine Cloth With Which My Aunt Had Covered My Gray Uniform Might Make a Breach Somewhere

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 15, 1919

The Russian for Quitter

WE AMERICANS find Bolshevism hard to understand. This is not because the cult is so mysterious and recondite, nor because we are below par mentally; but for the simple reason that we have been misled in the matter of fundamental definition.

One afternoon the word Bolshevist cropped up in the news from Russia. Next morning every newspaper whose library boasted a Russian dictionary told us what it meant—or rather what the dictionary said it meant. Certain linguists of the telegraph desk defined Bolshevist as a believer in the rule of the majority. Others said the word denoted those who favor broader opportunities for the downtrodden. Soon enough came the day when the dictionary was degraded and stripped of its authority; for we were asked to link up the slogans of democracy with newspaper accounts of assassination, arson, pillage, torture and wholesale execution.

The lesson has not been lost upon us. When another new word of political import comes to us from overseas we shall not look it up in our dictionaries, but seek its definition from day to day in the news dispatches. We shall judge new cults not by their labels, but by their fruits. We shall base our definitions not upon the authority of linguists, not even upon creeds and platforms, but upon authentic records of actual performance.

In this simple manner we can compile for our own use a pocket political handbook, founded not upon shadowy theory but upon the firm rock of fact. Already we have learned enough to define and discuss the word Bolshevist somewhat as follows:

Bolshevist, in plain President's American, means a quitter. It signifies not only a quitter but a self-confessed and avowed quitter who has thrown up the game and admitted or perhaps boasted to his fellows that he is not man enough to play it.

All about him he has seen others no more favorably circumstanced than himself better their lot by the grit and pluck that are expressed by industry, thrift and dogged effort. But the quitter finds the gold coin of hard work and self-denial too precious to risk when the copper of alehouse economics is so abundant. Yet even the quitter winces under the lash of self-accusation. If misery loves company shame craves it a thousandfold more. Quitters can hold up their heads only in the company of other quitters, and so they lose no chance to spread their infection and to swell the ranks that keep them in countenance. Like the fox who lost his brush they would urge the fashion of doing away with inherited decencies.

If the Bolshevist had a strong enough monkey wrench he would unscrew every bolt that holds civilization together. He is against everything that makes for stability. In his eyes every man who has managed his own affairs with sufficient prudence to rise in the world is by that very fact disqualified to bear the burdens of government. The rule of the unfit is his red Utopia.

He despises thrift, and he thinks his natural enemy any man who uses his head to save his heels or his brains to better his lot. He recognizes manual labor—though not much of it—as a permissible necessity; but any work that can be done in a white collar must be part of the general plot to keep him down. Nothing so enrages him as to see others get ahead by sticking to their jobs and doing them well. Small tradesmen, toiling cobblers, little shopkeepers who work early and late—are the quitter's pet abomination.

Their industry insults him and his sloth; and he retorts by calling them bourgeois, his supreme epithet of loathing and contempt! Such is the quitter's attitude toward good citizenship.

Jeremiahs and Cassandras who know their Europe better than their native America are making dire prophecies as to what will happen when Bolshevism becomes firmly planted on our shores. But they need have no fear. America is not a land of quitters, and the temper of our soil and atmosphere are not such as to permit the establishment of Bolshevism or quitterism.

We hear much nowadays of our opportunities in channels of new trade; but not all of us know just where to begin garnering the harvest. Yet the starting line is obvious. Let us push the export trade in Bolsheviki, quitters, anarchists and all such. No other exports can begin to bring us such rich returns in peace, sanity and wholesome living

Then let us by a stringent immigration law make it impossible for European quitters to come to America.

No Way to Help

UNEMPLOYMENT was developing, munition plants closing, war work stopping right and left, released soldiers looking for jobs. Every sensible person felt that this transition period from war to peace presented difficulties and needed careful handling. The great object was to prevent a big backwater of idle labor, which would be bad for that labor, bad for all labor, bad for industry—because idle labor, by restricting its consumption, tends to make more idle labor.

A special effort was needed with energetic coöperation all along the line to set up defenses against a possible accumulation of idle labor by making ready with public works, and so on, to absorb the slack if slack developed in a large way.

In that juncture some labor in the Northwest—under leadership inspired by the syndicalist notion of always seizing a favorable opportunity to make as much trouble as possible—engaged in a series of irresponsible strikes.

When labor particularly needed intelligent, sympathetic coöperation, that leadership chose to toss a bunch of hand grenades into the meeting and announce: "To hell with you!" The natural reaction on the part of many spectators of the exploit was to reply: "Well, in that case, the same to you!"—and to leave off bothering as to whether labor was employed or not.

That leadership is the worst enemy to labor. It does not want peace or coöperation or understanding. It wants trouble, utterly careless how greatly the trouble reacts upon labor itself. Nobody can do labor a greater service than labor can do itself by throwing out its traitors.

The Fight for Peace

WHAT would you think of an engineer who, after a head-on collision, said: "Well, let's back up and try that over again?" Some of your engineers are saying that. The great war brought civilization to the brink. The wreckage of lives and means of livelihood strews a quarter of the globe. Some of it is in your town—in the gold stars and crippled figures in khaki. Reactionaries want to back up to 1914, set the scene all over again as it was then, and see what will happen.

They are purblind men, mole-eyed from long habituation in legalistic dust; shut in by the narrow life of professional politics; unable to understand what has happened or what the country feels. They utter learned words that have no meaning—about entangling alliances, Washington; anything but to the main point.

The United States risked all to fight a war for democracy. It can risk much to give permanence to the objects for which it fought. It is ready and eager to risk much. It knows that in a human world some chances must be taken. It will take its chances on the League-of-Nations side that promises stable peace and order; not on the Balance-of-Power side that promises only a repetition of 1914.

Dakota Experimenting

SOUTH DAKOTA became a state less than thirty years ago and adopted a constitution in consonance with liberal political thinking at that time. A main feature consisted of the strict limitations it placed upon the powers and activities of the state. Taxes must be uniform on all kinds of property. The state must not engage in works of internal improvement or any industrial enterprise. It must not expend money except for certain purposes or incur indebtedness beyond certain fixed bounds.

It is easy to see what the constitution makers of that comparatively prehistoric day were thinking of. They proposed that the state should stick strictly to its conventional business of maintaining order, assisting education, and so on. They put it in a strait-jacket because they were afraid it might abuse unlimited powers to tax, incur indebtedness, carry on works of internal improvement.

The sister state of North Dakota, admitted to the Union at the same time, fell under control of the Nonpartisan League, which has removed constitutional restrictions and launched upon an extensive experiment in State Socialism, including a state bank, terminal elevators and flour mills financed by state bonds and managed by the governor.

South Dakota is still more or less nominally Republican. That party indorsed and voters last fall adopted a dozen or so constitutional amendments which also set aside the old restrictions, and under which the Republican governor has recommended classifying property to be taxed at different rates, a state cement plant, state hail insurance, and consideration by the legislature of state packing houses, flour mills and terminal elevators. All of which we are often invited to view with alarm.

We believe Dakota farmers would have secured every tangible object they aimed at with less friction, less cost and greater benefit to themselves, the state and the nation, if they had resorted to voluntary coöperation instead of using the coercive political machinery of the state.

Bankrupting a Nation

RECORDED public obligations issued abroad and held in the United States amount to nine and a half billion dollars. The greater part of them are British, French and Italian. But the list includes twenty-five countries, and as to only one of them is there grave doubt of repayment. That one is Russia.

You hear often nowadays that half of Europe, or all Europe, is bankrupt. Only Russia is positively bankrupt, having lost her common honesty and her industrial organization. Probably Germany will have to write off her self-held debts incurred in a crazy attempt to subjugate Europe. Next day, if she keeps her industrial organization and skill, her will to work and to pay, she will be solvent again and entitled to credit.

The Chicago fire broke a good many men. All their tangible property was swept away and insurance companies were unable to pay. Most of them—those who kept their courage, their ability, their will to work and to pay—immediately started up again and were soon as prosperous as ever.

There is no country in Europe that cannot find a solid road out of its present fiscal difficulties—the plain old road. Their wealth is in their spirit and their brains—in their practiced skill at organized coöperative effort for industrial production. An able, sober, industrious man never stayed broke; nor an able, sober, industrious nation.

Spring Wheat

EVERY bushel of wheat raised in the United States this year will be worth two dollars and twenty-six cents—or a price based on that figure. An immense area was seeded to wheat last fall and has come through the winter in very good condition. Meantime wheat in free international markets is selling for about a dollar a bushel under the American guaranteed base price.

By sowing wheat this spring, with good luck in the growing, an American farmer may get a large, sure, quick profit. He may also contribute to the creation of a huge American surplus, which will knock the bottom out of wheat prices for a year or two following.

A restricted wheat area this spring is good long-run tactics for American agriculture.

Settling the Question

FOR a winter month December was uncommonly favorable to railroad operation. The Pennsylvania, Chicago and Northwestern, Illinois Central, Great Northern, St. Paul, and about eighty other roads, failed to earn operating expenses and taxes in that month—to say nothing of earning bond interest or dividends. Those mentioned have long been known as strong roads. Others in that category, like the New York Central, barely met expenses and taxes.

In spite of the twenty-five-per-cent advance in freight rates and a greater advance in passenger fares, and of maximum business, only the Government's guaranty stands between the rail system and bankruptcy—so greatly have wages and other expenses risen.

Return to private management, with adequate safeguards both for the public and the railroads, and government guaranty of a minimum return upon the capital invested, looks more necessary as each monthly report comes in.

We expect that when the record is made up the question of government ownership and operation will have been definitely settled for many years.

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

"We are Boy and Girl, Fifty-Four and Forty-Eight, Finished With Noonday and Watching the Sunset Together!"

XXI

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN Sally Plummer returned from the country-club trip the afternoon Rex Humberstone gave her the sapphire pin she found her mother and a secondhand man going over the flat and making notations of articles and prices.

After the man left, Densie said briefly: "I've decided to move into the King's Court Apartments; I cannot neglect the flat and I have no time to take care of it."

"Those are horribly expensive places!" Sally's eyes were wide open.

"I know, but I've been appointed district suffrage leader and it pays a fair wage. With my exchange I can manage the rent myself."

"How in the world will you have time for the exchange?"

"I've a manager, a woman who needed the work." Densie could have added: "A woman such as I was a few years ago—with cabin fever." But she only explained: "She will take complete charge. I've come to see that I cannot have a flat and a business too. Harriet is never with us, and you and daddy are away much of the time."

"Will you sell everything?"

"Yes, I want something modern. I've a decorator in mind who can do the apartment for me; he did my exchange. I shall be entertaining a little, you see."

Sally was rather amazed. This seemed a new and strange mummy.

She did not know that Densie expected John to ask for a divorce, and she planned on the apartment as her permanent home.

"How many rooms are there?"

"Five—and a kitchenette. We can get our dinners where we like; I shall have a light breakfast in the living room.

Densie was businesslike as she spoke. She did not ask Sally if she approved or as to her views. Sally could not but recall the day they moved into the flat and Densie had been so eager to please everyone else first and herself last of all.

"I'm sure it will be very nice," she mentioned meekly. She lingered about as her mother looked through a pile of books. "I'm—I'm very tired of not doing something," she said wistfully; she was regretting the breach that had come between them.

"Why don't you do something?" Densie asked hopefully. "It is not too late to forget Rex. I had a letter from Dean this morning; he sent you his love and he is doing very well."

Sally shook her head. "I can't forget Rex. He isn't the sort that lets himself be forgotten. Mummy, what got into me five years ago?"

"I don't know, dear; I tried to find out, but your heart seemed to just lock itself up and we were strangers."

Sally came and laid her head on her mother's shoulder. "Do you think Rex will ever marry me?" She was like a disconsolate child.

To her horrified surprise Densie felt a bewildered impatience—as John used to feel when some of these "woman" things strayed into his path. Like John she wanted to take her hat and go downtown!

"I don't know," she repeated; "I have hardly seen Rex, and I have steeled myself to indifference." Vaguely she patted Sally's hair. "Why don't you go away—go visit Harriet? She might be good for you at this time. Harriet has the poise and power you need, and she needs your sweetness and gayety. Stay with her a few weeks and find yourself."

It seemed to Densie this was the best way out of the matter. Yet underneath the coating of ice flowed the swift warm current of her heart—only she had kept the ice as a shield against any further assaults!

"Perhaps I will—I do need someone. Would you mind if I went now, mummy? There's the moving ——"

"Go to-night," said Densie as unconcerned as John might have been. "I shan't do any work about the moving. It is being done for me."

Sally hesitated still further. "Of course, I haven't been doing much work lately—not so much as I ought to have done, and ——"

"Is it money?" Densie smiled. She had learned that money was the easiest thing in the world both to earn and to give.

She went to her desk and wrote a check. "Now, run along and get your ticket—and don't come home until you have found how wrong it is to waste yourself on a man who neither wants nor deserves you."

The sensible advice might have been snapped out by a bank president to his erring cashier. They seemed foreign words coming from Densie's small, gentle self.

Inspired by the idea, Sally obeyed, and after a little more sorting out of things Densie went down to the decorator's establishment.

Before Sally left for New York—she did not go for three days because she could not resist telling Rex that it was to be a farewell and then accepting his good-by dinner—the flat had been rented and the decorators were busy at the new apartment. It was known as Mrs. Densie Plummer's apartment, which John noted in grim but helpless disapproval. Iris Starr also noted it and took pains to impress on him his extreme manliness and her extreme dependency.

While Sally was away the Plummers moved into the smart, expensive apartment—one of the best in the city, and renting for a hundred a month. It consisted of a living room in old rose and gray with French prints and silvered firedogs and floor cushions of black velvet. It was not at all homelike but distinctly clever. There was no denying that. A baby-grand player replaced the old ebonized upright, and Densie's desk, a curlicue-legged, rosewood affair, was the busiest-looking spot in the room, heaped with correspondence and all manner of memoranda, while a rose-shaded reading lamp stood close at hand. The only live thing in the room was a globe of goldfish, so Kenneth mournfully remarked.

The bedrooms were equally clever—Sally's in pink, and John's and Kenneth's in severe arts-and-crafts, while Densie's blossomed forth in French blue and gold with Empire furniture finished in dull ivory. The arrangements for breakfast were smothered in the kitchenette and allowed to come forth only during the brief respite of coffee and toast-making, and a vacuum cleaner was hastily rolled over stray crumbs, the janitor's wife doing the dishes.

Nor did Densie's moving end with a change of house and furnishings. Smart wearing apparel was her next step in advance. She saw that as president of the federation and suffrage leader she must be properly gowned. As owner of the exchange a quaint dress was quite the thing, but that would no longer do. Sally's wardrobe fell behind in comparison with her mother's.

Trim rows of boots and slippers, silk stockings and underwear, very short and fluffy gowns, hats with French labels, and a good brooch and a string of white coral, with the constant aid of curling irons and Madame Somebody's astringent cream and vanishing powder soon transformed John Plummer's wife into Mrs. Densie Plummer, one of our most prominent clubwomen, as the papers graciously began to call her.

When Kenneth came into the apartment from skating, one day after the removal, and saw his mother dressed for some evening affair, in a Chinese blue-satin creation with a petunia-colored cape for contrast and gold-tinsel slippers, the pretty brown hair properly fluffed and her newly manicured hands buttoning long white gloves, he fell into a chair and let his skates drop recklessly on the new rose rug.

"All you need is a new husband," he said in irreverent praise.

At which Densie laughed and thought with a quick pain that the leaven had been willing, but the lump was heavy! She kissed him good-by and gave him a dollar for his dinner, leaving a memorandum for John that she would not be home until late. As she was about to turn off the lights of the modern salon she saw her charming reflection in a mirror and felt the goodness of having silken hose and undergarments, a properly modern frock, the strange joy of having earned it herself—she began to feel young, as young as John Plummer felt when Iris Starr called him her misunderstood boy, and far younger than Sally, who was trying to find herself with the aid of Harriet's statistical self.

"A new husband"—she laughed out loud as she passed down the hall. What ideas youngsters of to-day have! Then she dismissed her family as John used to dismiss it as he went out of the gate each morning—for the evening

affair was one of importance and she expected to accomplish a great deal more than was suspected for the time being. Densie was the politician of the family these days!

XXII

SALLY at twenty-five, dispirited and sad of heart, and Harriet at twenty-seven, successful and impersonal toward all mankind, were a strange contrast. Sally looked forward to seeing Harriet; she hoped the latter's common sense would help her through the period of anguish resulting from giving up Rex. Like most of her fellow creatures Sally was in search of a crutch upon which to limp out of a bad situation. She did not yet realize that other people cannot act as crutches in serious matters, and she would have to stand on her own small feet and walk out quite unassisted by someone else's moral suasion.

Harriet was as kind to Sally as she knew how to be. She had so lived apart from love affairs that to go to her for their solution was like asking her to decide the advisability of the south of China's compelling the north of China to become a republic and to have all their males' cues cut off instanter! It was interesting and different, and she took an impersonal pleasure in hearing Sally's jumbled little story.

Leila Cochrane had been Harriet's only human element; and Leila, who was nothing but an inane clinging vine "with a baby-blue smile," as Sally told her mother, had never had an original idea in her life. Sally had also described the situation as "Harriet foots the bills and lets Leila do as she likes. Harriet says Leila mends her stockings and makes nice cinnamon toast—that is as far as their attraction goes. And Leila pretends to understand all Harriet's big ideas and to copy her in her clothes—but underneath it all she is a little freckle-faced fraud!" Needless to say, Leila and Sally did not grow fond of each other, hence Sally's uncomplimentary but truthful analysis.

Sally found Harriet had a streak of gray in her black hair, premature gray from excessive study and lack of nourishment. She wore an attractive sort of clothes, the exclusive, severe, simple sort—made "for people who appreciate the Satires of Horace," was Sally's way of describing her sister's wardrobe. To Sally's surprise her sister owned a showy little finger ring, a great fire opal set in dull gold. Harriet's vanity was asserting itself in spite of her.

"How did you come to buy it?" Sally demanded.

Harriet almost blushed. "Extra money I earned from committee work—it appealed to me. I don't know why."

Sally shook her finger at her. "You will be frivolous in spite of yourself; I remember when you wouldn't have worn a gold safety pin."

"We change—you've changed. You're not as gay and shallow—something has happened to your eyes. Let me see," Harriet studied her sister's face for a long time. Then all she said was a brutal "They look stabbed."

Sally's chin quivered. "I want to tell you all about it; mummy is so busy and different I can't tell her as I would have once."

"Tell me after supper."

Harriet frowned. She had not learned to give of herself. To look at some incident or happening or result of a happening was interesting; she immediately analyzed it and made a definite deduction as to its effect's being good or bad. But to be a sympathizing, consoling element was not within her possibilities. However, Sally was her sister and it was her duty, so she steeled herself for the ordeal.

Harriet and Leila had an attractive apartment in its way, strewn with articles of good taste and quality. Harriet had decidedly patrician ideas as to her surroundings. She spent her large salary as fast as she earned it, and out of all her earnings she had saved but a paltry five hundred dollars. She paid more for her clothes than Sally did. Sally would go to a remnant sale, select odds and ends, clean, repaint even, or twist and turn—and lo, she had a creation. Harriet could not wield a needle, her fingers were always clasped about a book or a pen, and she bought lavishly of what she wished and took no heed for the morrow. She knew she had unusual ability in the direction of her work and her advancement would be steady. Saving was something that had never interested her.

After a formal supper, with Leila doing the dishes and trying to catch a whisper as she passed in and out, Harriet and Sally sat down to talk, Harriet like a judge impartially awaiting the evidence! It did not take Sally long to tell Harriet—one of Harriet's charms was her keen way of grasping a situation; it was like Aunt Sally.

"I'm Sure I Don't Know What to Say—I'm Not Up on Romance. It Seems to Me You are to Blame and You Ought to Buck Up and Never See or Think of Him Any More"

Briefly Sally confessed the whole wretched affair, ending with the craving for a home and children, to be like other girls, stretching out her small fingers, the diamond ring sparkling away in triumph.

"He is too old for you," began Harriet shrewdly.

At which Sally interrupted to say that she did not care about age, she loved him, he made her love him, but he had stolen her girlhood and caused her to become old before her time. No boy would ever love her now, nor could she love any boy.

"And you don't think you've enough talent to come to New York as an artist?" Harriet asked unwillingly, thinking that if Sally should come it would be her—Harriet's—duty to say to Leila that her sister must be her comrade instead of Leila. This Harriet did not want to do.

Sally shook her head. "I've lost my chance at ever working. I've wasted my time trying to tempt and please Rex. He's a way of making you stay concert pitch when he is about. I can't do anything but love someone, Harriet."

Harriet frowned.

"You are weak." She looked at her sister with characteristic disapproval. "If your environment had been different you could have been a model Victorian wife—like mummy; all bows and ruffles, and singing hymns in a meek little voice. Or else you could have been quite impossible—what we call a 'borderland' girl, lacking in moral perceptions."

She spoke so calmly that Sally felt as a butterfly on a pin, having some scientist clumsily point out the spots on the wings.

She did not answer.

"I'm sure I don't know what to say—I'm not up on romance. It seems to me you are to blame and you ought to buck up and never see or think of him any more."

"That would be easy for you to do," ventured Sally, quite discouraged.

"Why marry, anyway? An inane maze in which you have an awful time wandering about!"

"Because it was what I was meant for," said little Sally simply. "I had my foolish ideas when I was twenty, but I know myself now ——"

She was thinking of Dean Laddbarry and the time he asked her to marry him; not that she loved him, but she wished she had never known this sinister fascinating Rex. Perhaps she might have cared for Dean instead, and everyone been happy. She saw that Harriet could not understand, just as Sally could not understand why Harriet wanted to write an economic history of the United States.

"Anyway, Sally, you ought to do something—you must not be dependent on father."

Sally laughed. "My dear Harriet, father and mother are changing places.

"Mummy is the man of the family; she tends to paying the bills and father spends his money on himself."

"That's an inducement to come home," Harriet said crisply.

"We've a swagger apartment, and mummy has ordered enough clothes to go round the world in."

Harriet folded her arms across her chest in an approving judicial manner.

"Good work! So poor old father goes his own way, eh?"

"He is rather gone on Iris Starr. An amusing person—we call her mutton dressed as spring lamb; she is an elocutionist who would like to marry father only father shies at a divorce."

The two modern daughters giggled wickedly over the situation.

"Won't mummy say the word release?"

"I think so; it is father. After all, they're of the old régime. They can go just so far and that is all—but mummy has come on considerably."

"Why not a divorce?"

"Harriet, it wouldn't seem right." Sally was undecided as to just why it would not.

"Nonsense! Everyone would be better off. I believe in marriage contracts."

"How far we've gotten from the old ways of the Little House," said Sally pensively. "It is an odd thing, but whenever I've been unhappy about Rex I've always thought back to those days. Do you remember the library with hundreds of books no one read, the piano, the picture—that little one of the Christ Child that we had to stand underneath while we said our Bible verses every Sunday morning?"

"No, I don't."

Harriet was beginning to be bored. Was Sally going to develop a sentimental strain?

Sally saw her change in attitude. She rose, saying, "Poor Leila has been scullery maid all alone."

"I hope you find plenty to do and see here—and just don't think of him is the best advice I know," Harriet added.

"If you can't paint good pictures, learn to trim hats or do something so as to make a living and be independent. By the way, how is young Ken?"

"Smokes openly, and still plans to be Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines—Ken is a side issue nowadays with the folks."

(Continued on Page 24)

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(Continued from Page 22)

"Don't think about him" ended any counsel and advice from Harriet. She had a scorn for Sally's weakness in the matter, because she could not understand it. She took her diligently to the theater and dinner, with Leila tagging enviously along; she tried to interest her in her work and introduced her to some coworkers. But Sally was too pretty and frivolous to suit them or be suited by them. All the time was the intense longing for Rex, the fear that he would be angry at her for having gone away and saying she would not write, the same servile adoration for him; which was neither healthy nor normal. That fear of all beautiful women born to love and be loved had gripped Sally's heart—the fear of becoming an old maid! An unwanted or, worse still, a rejected spinster! She fought the phantom nightly when she tried to sleep in Harriet's cot-bed.

After all, finally argued Sally with her usual sophistry, was it not better to have Rex's love cruelly repressed and incomplete as it was, than to have nothing, as Harriet's life seemed to be—flat and devoid of interest? Everyone coupled their names together; no one else dreamed of Sally Plummer's looking at another man—nor could she. There was only Rex, no matter how much older he was or how lacking in fulfilling his obligations. At least everyone thought she was engaged—she could say it was this or that which prevented marriage, and try, try harder than ever to make Rex want to marry her, and at the same time try to find some satisfying work. So the old strand of deceit, for which Rex was sponsor, came unworthily to her rescue.

So she wrote Rex a contrite and appealing letter with a few smart sayings purporting to be original but which she had copied from a short story. Rex liked her to say clever things. He despised the old homely method of bromidic conversation such as "I love you" or "I miss you." It must be dished up *à la brochette* to suit his jaded humor.

To her great joy Rex wired he was coming to New York on business and he was making the business engagement suit her visit there; he would arrive the next morning. She told Harriet with as much gladness as if she were going to be married. The effect of the old stimulus was surprising. Harriet's thin scarlet mouth curved in scorn.

"You are as weak as a child! It is just as well you don't marry and have children, for you could not give them any proper mental or moral inheritance. I believe you planned this visit all along. Now didn't you?"

Which so angered Sally that she scarcely spoke to Harriet during the remainder of her stay. Rex arrived as debonair and attentive as ever. He said New York suited Sally; she needed a city with its beautiful women to prove how wonderful she was. He met Harriet with overpowering politeness and veiled contempt. Harriet regarded him as "a strong character—no wonder a jellyfish like Sally can't have her way with him." That ended Harriet's interest in the affair. In her quiet fashion Leila Cochrane thought enviously of Sally that she was a lucky girl to be engaged to such a generous handsome man of the world, even if she had been engaged a long time and was likely to continue in the same state.

Sally and Rex did theaters and cafés and had a general good time, in which Harriet did not offer to participate. Harriet did not care for anything except Ibsen or an occasional symphony concert. After a week of riotous times Sally went home ahead of Rex, knowing that she had defeated the very purpose of the vacation her mother had given her—that she was even more dependent on Rex than before.

Densie saw the truth of this at once—she had heard Rex Humberstone had gone to New York. Whereas a few years ago she would have packed her bag and followed to argue with Sally, now she only smiled bitterly and reminded herself that modern children permit no interference in their affairs; one must let them alone and watch them grapple unaided with the brambles.

"Oh, so Rex came, did he?" was all she said.

"Yes, he had business—and I wanted him," Sally told her honestly. "How lovely this room is, mummy, and what a charming negligée. You seem a girl in it. How in the world did you hit on this scheme—doesn't daddy approve?"

"He is fairly comfortable. Tell me about Harriet."

"She is coming up to see you. She thinks you're a wonder." Sally was watching her mother discreetly powder her nose and slip on some rings. "You have been successful, haven't you?"

"A little. There is a letter from Dean. He sent you a message."

Densie pointed out the envelope. Underneath the ice coating the warm current of her mother heart was fairly rushing out to Sally!

Sally picked it up unwillingly; she dreaded reading the frank, earnest sentences. She was beginning to shrink from contrasts.

"Odd that he writes to you, isn't it?"

"I'm next best to Sally, is Dean's logic. Here is my gown for the luncheon—like it? Help me fasten the side."

Densie had slipped on something that was like a gray cloud with sunset showing underneath. Obediently Sally laid the letter aside and hooked the frock.

"It is lovely," was all she said.

Densie found her outer wraps. "I shan't be in all afternoon—and I'm having my committee on the penny-luncheon fund in for coffee this evening. Your father will not be at home." She smiled faintly. "I've a theater ticket for Kenneth. If you would like to help serve I'll be glad to have you." She spoke easily, as if it mattered very little whether or not Sally stayed.

"I think I'll go to my room, mummy; I'm tired."

"All right—as you wish. Now I'm off." She took up her silver purse. "So you've not decided anything new as to Rex," she could not keep from adding. "Sally, you've the lines about your eyes that belong to my age—not yours!"

"I've decided to make the best of it. I'd rather be unhappy loving Rex than be unhappy not loving him—and he has his good qualities. I can't seem to say what they are, but he has. It's a modern sort of arrangement; perhaps it isn't so wicked, after all. Anyway, I cannot give him up—and I tried."

Rex Was No Longer the Adoring Cavalier Rejoicing in Sally's Youth and Beauty

"For three weeks," Densie supplemented.

"I tried!" Sally cried out shrilly. "It is just my form of a cross, perhaps, to love the wrong man; and I won't hear another word about it."

"Very well." Densie was the impersonal, successful business and club woman. It was she who closed a door in one's face. "As for your expenses, I'll pay them until you decide what you want to do. But you shall not be a slug, even if you do love the wrong man."

"I'll earn my living!" her child told her, white with anger—not at her mother, though it seemed so, but at her own wayward self. "I'll earn it by doing something that won't disgrace Mrs. Densie Plummer, president of the state federation!"

Left to herself Sally did read Dean's jolly whole-souled letter breathing of activity and success and ending with "Tell Sally I've no other girl's picture in my watch, but when she decides the date of her wedding I'll send her the best set of baskets the Washoe tribe can make. I won't promise to take the picture out of my watch—unless she says I must. She's a good-hearted little tyrant and will allow me that much even if I did lose the original!"

She crumpled up the letter, wishing she had not read it. She hated herself—the new artificial way of living; the apartment seemed stuffy and inadequate. She felt if she were a little girl in proper white aprons over tartan-plaid wool frocks, saying her Bible verses underneath the picture of the Child, if she could turn back the hourglass until then—that she would grow up loving Dean. Men like Rex never find the way to Little Houses; their feet choose other trails.

XXIII

DURING the next year John and Densie came to the understanding that when Kenneth was twenty-one they would get a divorce so John could marry Iris. Each felt a reticency to do so beforehand. When the boy was of age their joint responsibility as parents would be ended, according to law. That would be five more years. And though John thought of Iris and waxed impatient as he did so, and Densie thought of her own plan to live abroad, each found a certain relief in delaying the evil day.

"When people marry in love and harmony in the sight of God and man, and that harmony disappears," John had argued, "the marriage has disappeared, and the legal contract alone remains in the sight of man."

Densie had agreed. She was sitting in the living room waiting for a cab to take her to a meeting. "I appreciate your viewpoint; we are no longer essential to each other or to the children.

"Our lives are in different channels. I have no quarrel with you"—here the undercurrent flowed very swiftly, so much so that it caused a flush to show in her face; "I could never bear to have an ugly, inharmonious ending."

"Densie," he said softly, "that could never be. I shall always respect you—always. You are the children's mother. And you were my little sister before you were my wife. I could never think of you with anything but the same love I had for you when we were children. I don't understand how it has all come about; I truly wish it had not. But I am no longer the man for you ——"

"Which always means 'I am not the woman for you!' Well, perhaps it is better as it is. I could never return to the old drudgery of a home. You were impatient with it long before I was. And so we have outlived our usefulness to each other."

"You have been generous about expenses," he said almost shamedly.

"And so I should be. I wished for certain things—clothes, furniture, club positions; I made my own money my own way, and you never questioned my right to do so. I could not think of asking you to bear my expenses from now on. Use your salary as it pleases you."

"Mighty decent," he mumbled, the old method of one purse in the household occurring to him for some damnable reason. "What do you think will become of our children? We shall always have that common interest."

"Harriet will never marry. She is not the problem. It is Sally who has given her heart to a worthless man. Unless she reclaims it—she is doomed."

"And Kenneth?" he asked. "I've never grown close enough to him to read the handwriting on the wall."

"I want Kenneth to be in the Army," she said proudly. "He must make up for his sisters' lacks."

"Captain Jinks—is that the idea?"

The bell rang and John answered.

"It is your cab," he said politely.

"Oh, thank you." She put on her coat.

"Have you ever thought," he asked gently, "what Aunt Sally and Uncle Herbert would say if they had been here just now as eavesdroppers?"

Densie's face dimpled. "I know what they would do—the old remedy they used when you copied Barney's swearing and I contradicted Ellen Porch—a good mouth wash of quinine!"

John chuckled. "About right," he answered, opening the door politely. After she had gone, never asking as to his plans, he sat for a long time and wondered whether people these days were bigger fools than they looked or looked bigger fools than they were!

Iris was enraged over the delay, but too clever to be anything but purportedly shy and grieved about it and to make John regard her as a sprite which would vanish if anything was said or done to hurt her feelings. Besides, John could lend her money—particularly now that his wife had agreed to free him after Kenneth was of age. And money was Mrs. Starr's large idea of happiness. After a few pensive tears and sighs upon hearing the news, and the mournfully counting off the years, she borrowed another hundred and made John a club sandwich while they talked about their future like two eloping school children.

At the club meeting that evening Densie read two brief but clever little papers. One was called The Passing of the Woodshed and the Fence, a slightly satirical skit on changing conditions with a sting of truthful reproach in it. The other she named Cabin Fever, after the Westerners' method of expressing mental malady resulting from continued isolation. Housewives, she explained, all had spells of cabin fever; clubs were an antidote; the women of America had long been a prey to cabin fever; and she ended with an appeal for women to step outside their thresholds and become attuned with the present generation.

At the conclusion of the meeting someone touched her on the arm.

"Senator James Gleason wishes to meet you. He was our honor guest to-night, but he came late and you did not notice him."

(Continued on Page 26)

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(Continued from Page 24)

Densie crossed the room to the small boyish-looking man in immaculate evening dress. He had wavy white hair, combed pompadour fashion, and dark eyes with a keen expression. Altogether he was a refined little person, his head two sizes too big for his body. He held out his hand cordially as she came near.

"I want to tell you that cabin fever happens to senators as well," he began simply; "but I think you ought to have another paper on cures for it; don't you?"

He just naturally led the way to an isolated corner; and being Madame President and the senator the others respectfully let them alone.

His keen eyes kept studying her face. She liked him—he had a gentle, firm voice and his movements indicated deliberation and poise. He made her feel at ease instantly and the only thing that puzzled her was how with his endowment of qualities and his rather visionary ideas he had ever fought his way up in politics. She had heard of him before as being interested in women's clubs and philanthropic reforms, and she recalled a rumor that he was a very rich widower. As he talked she began to feel a direct interest in him, and she found herself telling him informal ideas that she had evolved during her presidency.

"You own the Woman's Exchange, don't you?" he asked; "where one can buy homemade things?"

"Yes, but I have it managed for me—I haven't the time. The homemade things are the work of cabin-fever victims!"

"I'm going to lunch there to-morrow," he continued eagerly. "I wonder if you couldn't manage to drop in at the exchange toward one o'clock? I want to talk to you about some matters—first, business matters; and then I'd like to talk to you."

This would have sounded rather impudent in anyone else. Densie did not realize its personal significance. She merely thought him a friendly little man, who had great influence with the President, so everyone said.

"I can try," she promised.

"Then we'll see each other there. Good night, Mrs. Densie Plummer—you've a homemade name too!"

Bowing gracefully the great-little man left her.

Densie could not think of anyone else the rest of the evening. She wondered what he wanted to talk to her about at luncheon.

XXIV

ANOTHER world opened for Densie after her luncheon at the exchange. At first it bewildered her, for there was still the old reticence about meeting some stranger without her husband by her side. She had not known how very different men can be—when she had been married, and a mother at twenty! She had heard of other men only through John's lips or seen them with his eyes. Life was ended for her as regarded romance. In that respect Densie had long since considered herself an old woman. The pleasure that business and social success had given her had been largely a solitary sort of contentment at substituting something else for the duties that her family considered obsolete.

"I'm Down and Out. I've Lost Everything I Have"

The senator had been at the exchange ahead of time, and when Densie came in dressed in her gray gown he smiled in approval and said some pretty, easy thing, which both confused and delighted her. Densie had had an idea of telling John about the invitation and including him in it. But she reconsidered that. John had been brutally frank concerning Iris Starr—why should she refuse a diplomatic invitation to meet a man of national importance? She did not tell either of the children—Sally was too preoccupied with her own tangles, and she felt that Kenneth would have wanted to come along.

"You don't know how good it was to hear you say those quaint things last night," the senator began as they sat down at their table.

The manager of the exchange, recovering from cabin fever, thanks to Densie, smiled approvingly as she looked at them. They were a well-matched couple—the senator's boyish figure, his white hair, his immaculate suit, and Densie's trig, good-appearing self in gray tulle.

"I was almost afraid to say what I thought," she admitted. "It is the first time I have ever strayed into original lines. Why did you like it?"

"Because it was sincere. And if a person is sincere everything about her—her life, her associates, her achievements—must of necessity be the same. That was why I wanted to know you. I've been tremendously interested in club work for years, and theoretically I am heart and soul with the movement. I see the justice and need for it. But when I descend from the clouds of theories and walk on earth and really see things as they are done I lose my ideals—for I find very few sincere persons."

"I wonder if that is always so!"

"You probably do not discern the fact, due to your own worth. I wish you'd tell me of yourself and your family. I like to know about the people I like.

"Perhaps I ought first to tell you of myself," he added, "for if you have read all that is printed about me you have a strangely wrong idea."

He briefly outlined his life—a dreamer, yet endowed with common sense; a man with independent means, thus saved from the necessity of grappling with the world to gain from it bare necessities and to win luxuries only by cheating or cleverly laid and not too ethical plans. He described his school life, his trips abroad; he mentioned his ideal marriage with a sentiment pleasing to Densie, for it was as Uncle Herbert would have spoken. He told of his entrance into politics; the help his wife had been; the grief at the loss of their only child, a daughter; his wife's death a year later; the resolve always to help women in whatsoever manner he could, because of her blessed memory.

As Densie listened she felt she knew him as she knew Dean Laddbarry. He seemed to her old-fashioned yet strangely new-fashioned; to have combined the virtues of both the eras and discarded the vices of each.

She must have shown her admiration, for he paused to say: "Quite enough about myself. Your turn, please."

Densie faltered. "There is so little to tell—a middle-aged woman with a grown-up family. I own the exchange. I am president of the federation. When I married I never dreamed this would be so; circumstances brought it about."

At which the senator read between her words and admired the modesty which refused to repeat details. All he said was "Your husband is John Plummer; used to be Plummer & Plummer, Warehouse, didn't it?"

"Yes—one of the oldest firms. But my husband felt he could not battle alone with new methods. The firm was absorbed by this new corporation. Since then I have known nothing of the business. I could never bear to see the old place torn inside out and painted like a caravan to attract passers-by. I do not hint my husband is happy to have it so, either; but he had no choice."

"You have a daughter—Harriet," he remarked quickly.

"How do you know?"

"I remember the young woman. She was investigating child labor in the canneries, wasn't she? I was the chairman of the committee that heard her report."

His dark eyes twinkled with amusement, and Densie found herself laughing.

"She would do it—I was utterly shocked at the time. But she assured me it was part of her mission in life. I was taking my family seriously at that time. Now I am a mere spectator and I can see the humorous lining to all the serious clouds."

"Excellent! We all need your spectacles. These youngsters play a fine bag of tricks on us. I have never been able to forget her—a clever girl but a trifle inhuman. I think she would like the world to run on a time clock, an institutional system for families. I warrant she never quilted a bedspread."

Densie shook her head. "No; and my other girl never did anything but be a pretty, sentimental—goose." Her voice gravened.

"I must know said goose. And have you any sons?"

"One." Her face lighted with pride. "He is my great comfort. Ken and I have weathered the changing of fashions together, neither of us finding the other impossible in so doing. Daughters do find you impossible, you know—if your bonnets are not correct or you want to chaperon them!"

"How old are you, Densie Plummer?" he demanded. "Just now you seem twenty-one. You've never lost youth, have you?"

"Why, I'm positively ancient!" Densie was amused at the reticence she found herself experiencing, now that her age was demanded.

"Fifty," said the senator brutally. "I'm fifty-four—so there!"

Densie pouted; she did it quite as well as Sally might have done.

"I've two more years before I reach the great divide—forty-eight."

"Isn't it splendid to be done with middle age?" he demanded boyishly. "Youth and old age are really the only times in the world. Middle age finds you taking yourself and everyone connected with you with utmost seriousness. You are bent on reforming the universe, achieving the height of perfection. You scold the young, pity the aged; you are narrow, orthodox in your conceit. Romance has no place in your scheme of things—that belongs to youth; youth and senile old chaps," he chuckled mischievously. "But after you blossom into Indian summer you learn that the sunset is more glowing and beautiful than the sunrise. Who can really enjoy life in a glaring noonday? I'm glad to be fifty-four; from now on I expect to be the gladdest, most sentimental old idiot who ever ate Densie Plummer's brown bread."

He saluted her across the table.

"Do say some more—it is just like a play!" she applauded.

"I'm beginning to recall the things of youth—now that the awful stress and battle of noonday are done! Why, I shouldn't be surprised if I just naturally hunted up my guitar and went serenading! My white hair excuses me anything, you see; and I've done some things in Washington that make the people call me their friend—and so I could go a long way before I was censored. Do enjoy sunset, Densie Plummer. You've a tired look in your eyes that tells me the noonday must have been quite glaring and unromantic!"

At which he deftly changed the subject so as not to embarrass her. Before he left the exchange, loaded with purchases which he declared were just the sort of thing for which he had been looking, he asked Densie if she would care to be one of a national committee to inspect certain institutions. It paid a stipend, he explained—Densie thought it a generous wage—and she would have to travel. She said she hardly felt fitted for the post, at which he assured her that she was more fitted than any of the present committee, since she had the intuition of a homemaker and could spy out defects which no set of well-written reports could hide.

XXV

THE senator left town the next day, but he sent Densie a farewell note renewing his promise to come to her tea-room and that he would see she was appointed on the committee. And a week later the appointment came. It was quite impressive to receive the envelope without a stamp on it and read in formal terms the fact that she was a national committee woman and her district was such and such a place. She told John the news and asked him if he knew Senator Gleason and what was his opinion of him.

"He's the idealistic chap, I guess," John told her. "I never heard anything but good of him—only if he hadn't a fortune he could never have made his mark. That doesn't go in politics—I mean ideals. I can remember."

Densie was shocked at herself, for as John brought himself into the conversation she felt it was distinctly bad taste, and she was not interested in the subject. She also recalled finding several peculiar bills in the old secretary, bills payable to men of questionable occupation and character. But she did not mention it.

"We had lunch together at the exchange," she continued. "I never saw anyone like brown bread any better than he did. It was then he offered me the position. I found him delightful—with a boy's heart and the mind of a mellowed, wise man. He told me of his wife," she added quickly—she did not know just why. "His heart broke when she died."

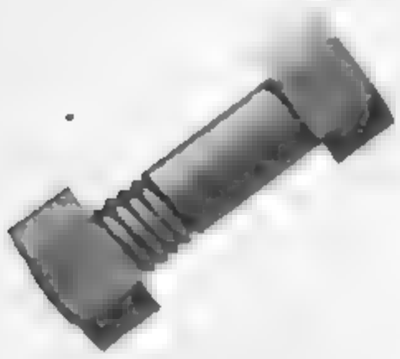
"Ah," commented John, "but his appetite stayed intact—is that it?"

Densie flushed. She was going to ask John if he did not want to reduce his share of expenses still further, now that she had this extra income. She wanted to be fair to him, as fair as an ice-coated river with a deep current of love and loyalty can be. But she refrained.

She studied him as he sat uncomfortably in his chair. It was not a particularly comfortable chair—but for that matter none of the chairs had been designed for lounging or comfort. John's face had changed; he was too fat to be good-looking—almost sleek. His smooth-shaven face had a wasted, lazy expression; she could not have told just what designated it, but it was paramount—perhaps it was the absence of any line round his eyes or on his forehead. When he was a young man he had every indication of becoming one of those splendid, lean, elderly men who bespeak muscle and achievement, who have neither spared nor wasted their energies. He would have well-defined lines across his forehead, telling of battles for the right; his eyes would be slightly crisscrossed, as eyes should be at fifty; and he would be someone whom a portrait painter would take a delight to have as a subject.

But the lines were not there. Instead was a discontented expression about his mouth. Novelists always attribute to women these discontented mouths, but men have them

(Continued on Page 48)



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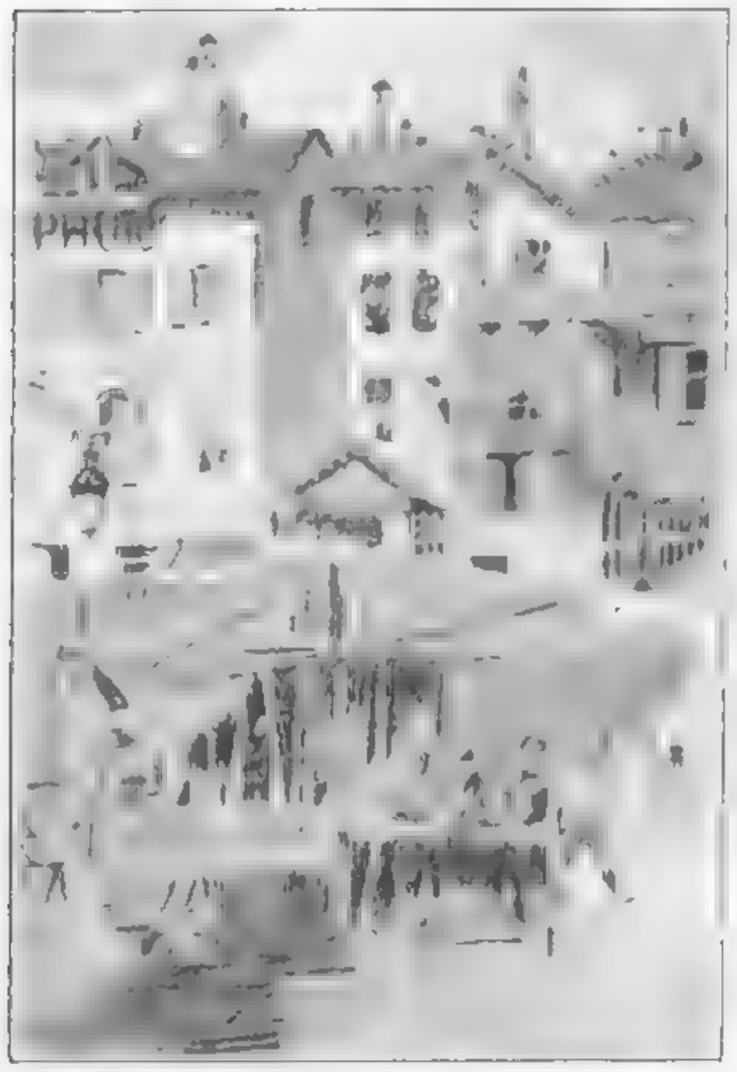
THE FINAL HOUR



By

F. Britten Austin

DECORATIONS BY W. J. RICHTER

THE last of the twelve slow strokes that had boomed solemnly from some great clock died lingeringly, and then all sound ceased. In the great council chamber of the palace, curtained heavily from the night, brilliantly illuminated from the painted ceiling, reigned so complete a hush that the immobile figures seated in opposing rows down the long table seemed a conclave fixed uncannily forever in the moment of their decision. Their last word had been spoken. The eyes of all were turned to the figure who sat, immobile also, in presidence.

That figure, old and small, in a great gilded chair, stared stonily in front of him as though in some awful trance wherein terrestrial time and space were not. The muscles of its deeply ravaged face were set in an agonized fixity that could not quiver. The pouched eyes were red-rimmed, yellow and bleared; their light guttered out after unnumbered feverish vigils. The dark mustache, upbrushed in front of the hollow cheeks, seemed to have grown in the night like that of a dead man; its roots were white. The blazing diamond star, the crowned and sceptered order, upon the rich uniform rose not nor fell in any heaving of the breast. Yet was it a living agony that sat enthroned and motionless. A corpse would have been less terrible.

Thus they sat—the long rows of brilliant uniforms, broken here and there by the black garb of civilians, incongruous and funereal in their contrast with the arrogant liveries of power and yet striking the dominant note in this mute assemblage—in a hush that had become timeless.

The silence was the more impressive in that it had followed upon a hideous uproar from that unseen night beyond the curtains. Argument and counter argument had been suddenly paralyzed by a tumult of angry human voices. Their accent was unmistakable. In that long room pale faces had blanched yet paler. Out there in the night a nation was flocking together, maddened in the despair of its betrayal. The fierce cries grew louder, nearer. The crash of glass was a violent emphasis. An anxious whisper had passed along the table even as a general rose quietly from his seat and left the room.

A few more minutes and then the shattering detonations of rifle volleys shook the windows. The human voices shrieked again in answer—shrieked in a bloodcurdling screech, manifold repeated, that overpowered the clamor of wild yells and angry shouts. The merciless detonations followed quickly, endlessly upon one another.

The surge of voices had at last receded—had died away, after fitful spasms of renewal, into an unbroken silence. The conference had been resumed, but in brief words. Curt opinions, collected in succession, unanimous like a reiterated dirge, had ceased with the booming of the midnight hour. The moment was pregnant with fate on the stroke of its fulfillment. They sat awaiting it like personages in some inexorable Greek tragedy arrested at the penultimate strophe. The final antistrophe yet remained unuttered. All gazed toward that haggard stony figure enthroned in the gilded chair.

The chamber was as soundless as a tomb. Suddenly an ear-piercing scream rent the night, broke down into an unceasing sobbing wail that, despite the heavy curtains, filled the silent room. In the absence of all other sounds it came charged with an immense significance, that voice of heartbroken womanhood wailing for her dead. Figures along the table stirred restlessly. That in the gilded chair turned its dreadful eyes toward an officer standing rigid by the curtained door.

"Silence that woman!" it said, in a voice that Dante would have recognized.

The officer saluted stiffly, with a click of spurs.

"*Zu Befehl, Majestät!*" he answered, and went out.

The council waited. For a little longer that agonized wail rose and fell, compelling a fascinated attention—and then it hushed abruptly.

The figure in the gilded chair looked slowly toward a long-faced, long-nosed man in early middle age who sat at his right hand. For a moment two haggard, accusatory glances met in an agony of mutual recrimination—and then the younger turned away his head. Old men at that table shuddered. By contrast the senior's face was human and kindly. From the other looked out the devil who has lost.

The figure in the chair rose, one arm stiff against his side.

"*Meine Herren,*" he said, "you can prepare the document."

He made a gesture which declined all escort, went heavily to a small curtained door, and passed through it to a room beyond.

A gorgeously liveried *Kammerdiener*, the only figure in this private apartment, bent suddenly from the waist at his entrance, like an automaton whose spring is touched, into an immobile posture of profound respect. The old man stared at him with glazed eyes, the brain behind them evidently slow to apprehend. Then with an impatient wave of the hand he signaled a dismissal. The attendant vanished like a shadow.

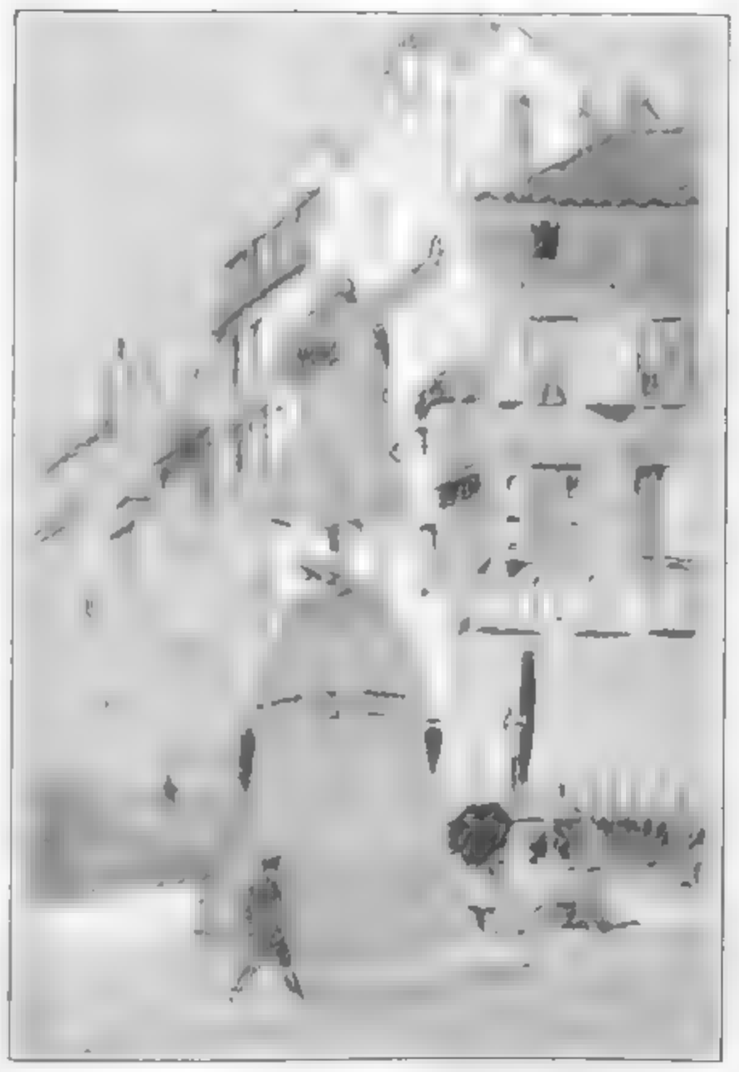
He was alone. No sound from the whispering conclave at the other side of the massy curtain penetrated into this sanctum. The stillness was complete. Such a hush as suggests an indefinable presence, an eye that sees all things, filled the room. Petty and shrunken for all his gorgeous uniform this old and ravaged man stood within it. He hesitated upon the threshold, still held in that trancelike fixity of limb and feature which had stirred his councilors to a pitying horror.

At last he seemed to wake. One arm rose slowly, fingers griping like claws, into the air above his head; descended in a blind gesture of immense despair, to clutch and hold his brow. The facial muscles on either side of that upbrushed mustache began to quiver. He shuddered; dropped the hand that covered his eyes. His head turned in one long slow stare round the walls of the room, as though his brain were emphasizing that they were not strange to him.

An impulse stirred in him, the first of those vital instincts now beginning to revive. He walked straight across to a large mirror upon the wall and contemplated himself in it. Obviously he surrendered to a primary demand of his innermost being. He stood staring at himself, and the eyes of an insane man looked back at him from that lined mask of grayish pallor. A faint satisfaction stole into his face, a satisfaction that mingled with the anguish a rival part of himself immediately emphasized. It was that intimate satisfaction of the born histrion, seeing himself in the rôle. Thus, surely, should look a man who had lost the empery of the world!

A second instinct shattered his complacency in a spasm of annoyance. The whitened roots of the carefully dyed mustache, suddenly perceived, startled him like a betrayal of the personality he had so long paraded before his fellow men. For the moment in which he turned away from the mirror he forgot the vast agony of his soul in a bitter little exasperation.

He stood once more in the center of the room, irresolute. He felt himself solitary all at once, like a prisoner just shut in his cell. Something in him rebelled violently against this isolation that he had been wont to cherish and that was now curiously terrible to him. His eyes sought the curtained door. Should he call? What were they agreeing upon, out there in the silence? He glared at those heavy folds which shut him off as though measuring his power to pluck them aside—to break through more than that mere cloth of velvet which symbolized his seclusion.



Was there a chance—a faint little glimmer of a chance—even yet? Should he, even now, stride in among them and with an imperial hand tear to shreds that document which was now shaping itself for the eternal perpetuation of his shame? He made a movement toward the door, an impulsive movement in which his eyes participated with a sudden gleam. Then he stopped—stayed by a sense of the inexorable. He had already fought and been vanquished. There was no hope. The only thing possible was being done. If it did not suffice? He shuddered at a sudden little vision of a lonely, terrified emperor, a man he had known, dragged out of a humble house far away in the depths of what had been his empire, and laughingly pistoled by a coarse, jeering peasant. He himself—his thought stopped, his eyes sought the drawer of the great writing table in the middle of the room. No—not yet.

He could do nothing meanwhile. Presently they would bring the thing to him for signature. He commenced to pace up and down the room. Presently. Until then he was still an emperor, could—and something stirred in him at the thought—still command. Command what? The response "*Zu Befehl, Majestät!*" echoed in his ears as though uttered by a ghost, though no behest had even shaped itself in his mind. What was there to command? What was there that was not futility? He had commanded, though, only a few moments since. He recognized that ghostly "*Zu Befehl!*" as an auditional memory of the tone of the officer at the door. He had silenced that woman. He remembered it with a little glow of triumph. What had happened to her? He listened, ears acute to catch any murmur from the outside night. There was no sound.

This memory brought back a predecessor. His mind dwelt for an instant on that affrighting angry clamor of the mob his soldiers had so ruthlessly dispersed. Did any of them still lurk round his palace? He tried to fix a flitting mental image of faces set in a vengeful determination, and lost it. He was safe here, though. Who could clamber to this room, high on a lofty first floor? Besides, there were guards at the palace gates.

Something within him revolted at these paltry apprehensions. He was an emperor; an old man, a broken, despairing man—but still an emperor. The mental habits of a lifetime asserted themselves. He would have no thoughts and feelings not commensurate with the colossal tragedy in which his place was yet the center of the stage. The mummer instinct recalled him to the dignity of unparalleled ruin. He reënforced it with conscious thought. He alone, by his own sole will—he remembered a secret council long ago, the ironic complement of that now sitting in the adjoining room—he alone had plunged the world into a furnace which had obliterated its ancient society. He visualized his future fame, saw it tinged with an immense pathos. He had gambled for so much! He flung his head back on shoulders more erect and scowled as though at a posterity that might dare to dispute it.

(Continued on Page 30)

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(Continued from Page 28)

In this mood of exaltation he pulled down a large map from its spring roller high up near the ceiling. It covered a broad expanse of wall. He stood contemplating it, and as he did so an old memory of gesture asserted itself automatically. He frowned, protruded his lips like a disdainful conqueror, twirled up the ends of his mustache with the fingertips of one hand. On that map Germany stretched far along the southern coast of the English Channel, embraced Holland, Belgium, Flanders, and thrust out its western frontier far into France. Germany and Austria-Hungary formed one great state that stretched down to the Ægean at Saloniki. Its eastern frontier included Riga and the Baltic Provinces of Russia, and swallowed Poland. Right across it, in a great blue diagonal, ran a well-marked irregular line passing from Berlin through Europe to Turkey and then again across Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf. The blue line was the Berlin-Bagdad Railway. The map was the map of 1914. He lost himself in the contemplation of this empire of his dreams.

His lips moved. He heard his own voice in an awed murmur, though he had not been conscious of volition. It was like the secret spirit of his ambition speaking to him out of the silence. "India—India!" it said; and with the sound a vision of the imagination, already so often summoned that it was scarcely to be distinguished from a genuine memory, rose before his gaze. He saw himself upon a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, surrounded by barbaric magnificence crowded together under a tropic sun, swarmed round by innumerable multitudes who shouted the name of the conqueror. Europe was a small thing, far away, so long his that he almost despised it. He was in the very center of the riches of the earth, dominating their source. Here was where the lord of mankind could seat himself appropriately on a throne of solid gold and negligently trickle streams of precious stones through his fingers as a symbol of his all-possession. So would the mummer figure the mighty Alexander of Macedon. The wizened old man standing in front of that map raised his hand solemnly and murmured again: "To the peoples of the earth . . . the Emperor . . . greeting."

There was a mysterious rush and thud behind him. He jerked round, startled to the bottom of his soul—and stood trembling in every limb. On the opposing wall another large map had unrolled itself in a quick descent of the heavy batten at the bottom, and hung spread before his eyes. The springs, overstrained perhaps by much and violent use, had suddenly given way, as a picture long hung perilously falls unexpectedly at the last.

But the old man quivered in the presence of the supernatural. That map, with its curve upon curve of concentric lines ever narrowing upon Central Europe, was the nightmare of his uneasy sleep. It was the symbol of that terrible reality too terrible to be grasped as real. It was the answer to the map of 1914. And now it had been brutally dragged open as by an invisible hand—could not be rolled up again. He stared at it like that other Emperor who saw part of the hand that wrote upon the wall.

Shaking in a panic fear of the uncanny he staggered across to the writing table, groped blindly for support. The hand that felt across its surface found itself fumbling upon a small object. Automatically he lifted it to his eyes. It was that Lusitania medal which he kept always upon his desk as a proud symbol of what had been a defiance to the world. He gasped as he recognized it. The suggestion of an invisible power about him became a certainty. The map—then this! The aptness of their conjunction was like a message. He flung the medal from him with such a curse as that with which the damned soul ratifies its doom. Then recoiling he waited in terror for the next manifestation, his palsied hand shaking the table on which it leaned.

The room remained silent, undisturbed. On the two opposing walls the displayed maps confronted each other. There was no movement in the folds of the heavy curtain over the door. No sound penetrated. He who had planned the conquest of the world, superbly indifferent to its infinitely multiplied screams of agony, crouched ready to shriek at a rustle.

The minutes passed, and still the silence was unbroken. He waited, expectant of he knew not what, in a suspense that became intolerable. A wild craving to shout at the top of his voice for help possessed him, and yet a dread—the strongest instinct he owned—of betraying himself as but an ordinary man held him silent. In the presence of the invisible power which had spoken so directly to his soul he began to plot stratagems to break this solitude without humbling himself in the sight of those he scarcely recognized as fellow mortals. He had been good at plotting. It was one of his vanities. He thought of the trick that had driven Russia to mobilize—there were others equally successful. He banished the thought of those that had failed. He must plot again, quickly; must break this hush where he felt the circumambient power had him at its mercy. Project after project flitted through his brain. Ask if the document was ready? No—that undignified contrast with his, he believed, stately exit was impossible. Send for food? But did one eat or drink at such a supreme hour? By an effort he rescued himself from puerilities.

If only that woman were still wailing! It would be an act of complete reasonableness to send for the officer of his guard to silence her. He listened intently, with a sudden hope. There was no sound. He focused himself on that imagined voice of despair, with an unutterable longing to hear it again. The silence seemed to condemn him.

Moved suddenly by an obscure impulse of escape he darted to the window, flung back the curtain and opened the glass door. He gazed out on a complete blackness where there was neither moon nor star. For some moments he remained thus, staring out into the night. Then mysteriously relieved, as though his action had broken a spell, he turned back into the room. A chance reflection of himself in the mirror as he passed he avoided with a scared jerk of the head.

No longer did he feel shut in with a presence. Opening the window appeared to him like the decisive movement which frees from a dream. But still a sense of the imminence of something hung over him. What was it? He referred it to the imminence of that irrevocable signature soon to be demanded of him, and found that it was not that. This that threatened was not the definite event which approached as certainly as dawn to the prisoner awaiting execution, as terrible and yet as unimaginable in its complete finality. It was something beyond his knowledge, something of which he was, so to speak, within the aura while yet the thing itself was hidden and remote. It was a relief to contemplate the fateful action he would presently be called upon to perform, to adjust himself to that proper pose for it which should preserve his dignity unimpaired.

He sat down in his chair at the writing table and struck an attitude he felt to be appropriate—stern and sad, with just a twist up again of the mustache to show that his self-respect was still intact. An air of benevolent renunciation, of a great heart making a great—*mein Gott, wie gross!*—sacrifice for his beloved people—he must get that. He stared at the two opposing maps without seeing them as he composed his countenance to a befitting expression. They were very long at the other side of that curtain! He despaired of maintaining the posture.

He sat facing the door, his back to the window, expectant at each instant of the entry that should bring a world epoch to a close, his one dominating thought to meet it so that men might afterward speak of him, the great protagonist, with an awed respect. As the minutes passed he felt the need of some occupation at which he might be found, some occupation worthy of the solemn moment. He could not sit biting his nails. His eyes roving round the room were held by an inscription he had had written up in letters of gold. The words, that had been the proud affirmation of what he had often felt to be a not altogether unequal alliance, blazed down upon him:

"*Gott mit Uns.*"

His brain avoided an implication, seized on a hint. "*Der fromme Kaiser*"—so had he once been called. Yes—that was the attitude—the pious Emperor! He stretched out his hand for the Bible always ostentatiously upon his table, opened it at hazard. So should his awe-struck people find him.

He adjusted himself to the attitude of study, pretended to read. His attention

(Continued on Page 33)

"Playing Politics on the Edge of Hell"—

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The qualities in the Essex which appeal most are those very qualities that are most attractive in the light, cheap car and those of the large, costly one. They are comfort, riding ease, endurance, and elegance at a moderate cost for purchase and operation.

Ask any motorist what he thinks about the Essex. His answer is sure to be more enthusiastic than anything we have said. We have tempered all our claims. We knew how strongly the Essex would speak for itself.

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But their real enthusiasm comes when they return from a test ride. They are not prepared for such easy riding qualities over rough cobble-stone streets and worn-out pavements. The Essex does not pitch its passengers about. It remains rigid and firm and free from rattles and squeaks no matter how rough the service.

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ESSEX MOTORS
DETROIT
USA

(Continued from Page 30

wandered unfocused over the page. Suddenly phrase after phrase leaped to the living center of his soul:

"My glory was fresh in me. . . . Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. . . . I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army ——"

He fled as though from a voice speaking to him out of the silence, from the only Voice that could speak thus, with this exquisite irony that left no hope of mercy. He turned hurriedly to the next chapter:

"But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock."

His senses swam sickeningly. Was there no escape, no mitigation? His eyes flitted over verse after verse of despair chiseled austerely for eternity, seeking feverishly a sentence from this Voice that spoke as out of the very arcana of existence which should permit him the last poor consolation that he craved. The pitying respect of his people, awed before him for so long—surely that was not denied?

"And now am I their song . . . their byword. They abhor me ——"

He stared at the words, fascinated and afraid. He pushed the book away from him, looked up to that arrogant inscription as though expecting to see it miraculously changed to a reversal of meaning.

Behind him he thought he heard a sound. He twisted himself in his chair and looked toward the open window that framed black night. His hand jumped to the drawer of his writing table. What was it? A complete silence reassured him. Nervously, afraid of he knew not what, he turned again to his table.

"*Du, Kaiser, höre mich!*"

His soul seemed to leap out of his body at this clearly pronounced, solemn summons. A frightened ejaculation died on his lips as he jerked round toward the window. A tall female figure stood within the room; such a figure as had never before desecrated the guarded propriety of the imperial palace. Gowned in unrelieved black, its dress was torn, draggled and bespattered with mud. The stuff was of threadbare poverty. So much he observed in the fraction of a second ere his eyes were held by her face. A sudden horror sickened him as he contemplated that sternly noble countenance.

Its ghastly pallor was intensified by a great smear of coagulated blood that had welled from a wound somewhere in the massy, disordered coils of the blond hair. It was a very figure from the tomb.

His voice dried in his throat as he gazed at the apparition. Speechless, despairing of a sound, his hand sought the drawer. Yet he was certain that no shot could harm this specter.

The figure's hand rose, pointed at him.

"Stop, Kaiser! Or you die!"

It used—and he quaked at the recognition of it—the contemptuous *du* of a superior being. Never in his life had such a tone been used to address him. His hand dropped in an obedience he recognized a moment later as portentous. Never before had another will dictated his actions.

He cleared his throat with an immense effort.

"Who—who are you?" he asked quaveringly.

The answer coincided terribly with that already in his scared mind. He recognized the inevitableness of it as it came in one stern word:

"*Deutschland!*"

Prepared for it though he was, he almost fainted.

The figure spoke again, answering with mysterious knowledge the question he had not been able to bring to utterance.

"I come to avenge!"

The haggard old man slipped out of the chair onto his knees.

"Mercy!"

The eyes in that ghastly white face blazed like flames.

"How many million shrieks for mercy, day after day, year after year, have been the echo of your voice when you said the one word—war?"

He looked up, quick to justify himself in this instant when condemnation stayed for a question—might yet be averted.

"I said it for your glory—I said it that Germany might be great and honored among the nations. I swear that was the motive—I swear it—*Herr Gott im Himmel, höre mich!*" His voice was strangulated with terror. "Not for my own—but for your glory, Germany!"

"For my glory!" the figure repeated the words in bitter scorn. "Listen! I had menfolk. One was a philosopher who taught idealism to young men at college. He was shot in the act of outraging the wife of a Belgian soldier. One was a merchant in a foreign country where he was once respected. They shot him as a spy, and he was guilty. One was an artist. Driven insane by the hideousness of the battle, he killed the enemy surgeon who stayed to tend him—and he was bayoneted. One was a peaceful seaman who held a medal for saving a drowning man. His U-boat was sunk in the vortex of a shipful of women and children that he had torpedoed. One by one they have died in the midst of horrors; far away—in Russia, in Rumania, in Turkey, in France, in Italy, in Africa, upon the ocean; and everywhere they have for their memorial not glory but hatred. And their crimes are yours. But for you they would have lived guiltless."

The old man bowed his head.

"I could not know when I decided," he murmured.

"You decided upon the crime that includes all others," said the implacable voice. "You have made us not great and honored among the nations but loathed and hated in every corner of the world as no people ever was before."

The old man dared a glance up at her and was silent.

"One other man I had," she said. "He fought in defense of that Fatherland you had placed in jeopardy. He fought for it because it was his Fatherland—and yet he prayed for its defeat. If you have a conscience you know why. You, or those who are the instruments of your will, put him in prison because he would not make merry at the tidings of slaughtered innocents. You persecuted him because he represented a fragment of conscience yet alive in the Germany you had debauched. To-night, in your palace grounds, your soldiers shot him—shot him while he was in the very act of quelling the anarchy of a maddened people. In him you murdered the soul of that better Germany which the world might have allowed to resume its place among the nations." The figure paused for a moment in which its words seemed to echo about the silent room. "Prepare yourself, Kaiser—for I am the avenger!"

The old man stared up at the dread phantom which confronted him. Funereal, blood-stained, defiled, sternly vengeful—it was the terrible similitude of the people he had ruined. His crazy brain had no doubt that it was supernatural. Suddenly an inspiration shot through him, the full completion of despair. This was release escape! He rose to his feet with a wild and horrid laugh, flung his valid arm open from his breast.

"Strike, then!" he cried. "Strike! I ask no better!"

His laugh was like that of an evil spirit who triumphs yet.

The phantom contemplated him with eyes that penetrated to his soul. He waited, superb in a final pose, glorying that he had found it. This way he cheated the only dishonor he had ever feared. They would find him dead.

"Strike!" he cried again. "I implore you!"

A terrible smile of unpitying comprehension came into the blanched face of that somber figure.

"No! I see your familiar devil looking from your eyes, mocking me. I will not release you. In your impotence is his punishment. You shall still live bound together, you and the devil to whom you opened your soul. Not from me comes death. I have a more certain vengeance!"

He waited, paralyzed with horror—unable even to shrink as the figure advanced upon him. Suddenly her hand stretched out and wrenched, one by one, the decorations from his coat.

"See! Thus—and thus, the German people dishonors thee as a traitor is dishonored. These symbols of valor and virtue that thou hast bestowed upon thyself the German people takes from thee. Now, show thyself to those whose idolatry has been thy sole ambition—stripped and shamed forever!"

He stood fixed, powerless to protect himself. The figure retreated, its face still toward him, a double handful of glittering stars and crosses held close to its breast. It was already within the frame of the window when his body leaped as with a

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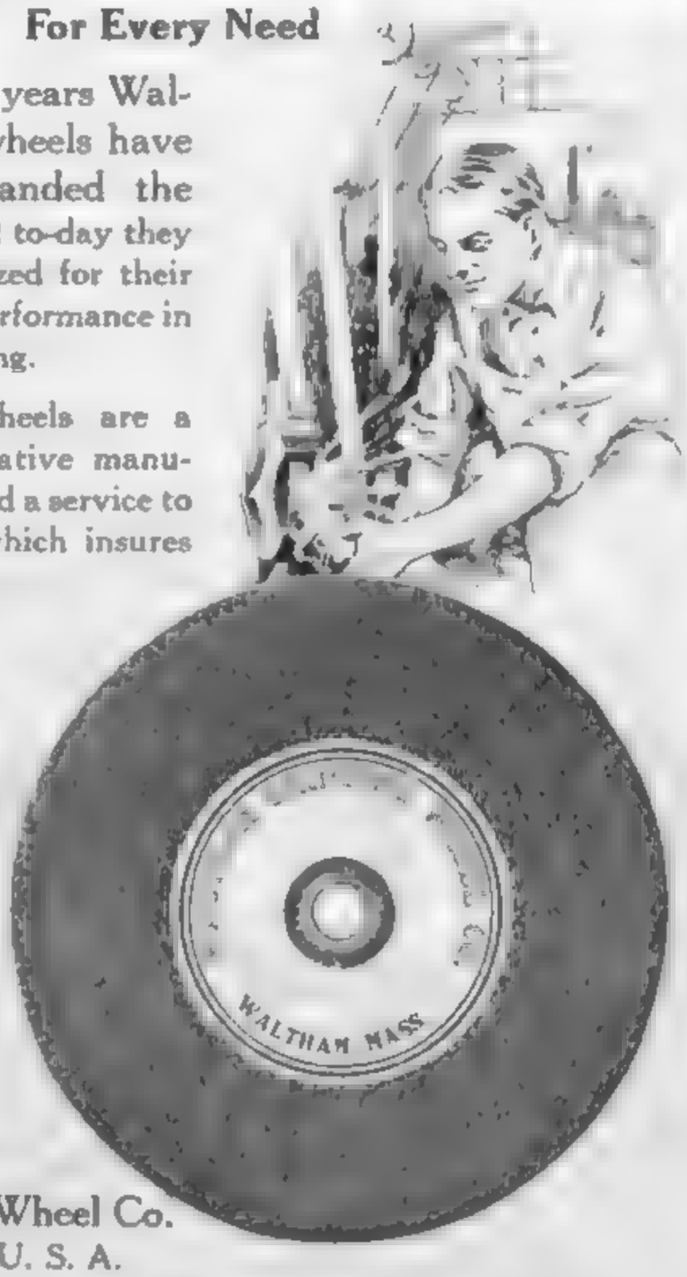
Waltham grinding wheels are a development of a creative manufacturing experience and a service to Waltham customers which insures the "right" wheel for the particular job.

You will find our co-operation in your grinding department helpful and saving.

We will gladly send you our catalog and any information desired.



Waltham Grinding Wheel Co.
Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

demoniac possession. That black despair when the soul would annihilate the universe was thick upon him. Impelled by an overmastering instinct he flung open the drawer, whipped out a revolver and fired.

There was a wild cry. Where the black figure had been was only the window-framed black night, perceived through thinly wreathing smoke.

In the council chamber a score of heads jerked up, startled at the detonation. A flunky summoned upon some errand maintained his mask of impassivity.

"*Dank sei Gott!*" said an old general solemnly. "He has preserved his honor!"

In the curtained room the old man looked slowly round in an appalling silence from which the deafening report of the revolver had driven every hint of sound. His eyes sought the door. Surely someone would rush in? They would think —— He waited. The hangings upon the door remained unstirred. No one? Then ——

A new terror, a terror of madness swept over him. Hallucination? Had he not fired, after all? Tremblingly he raised the revolver to his eyes. The barrel was clear of smoke, but as his fingers fumbled over it he felt that it was still warm. He drew a long breath, coughed with the fumes of burned explosive. It was no hallucination, he had fired. And yet? He chilled to the bottom of his soul. Was he so utterly abandoned that none would even come to gaze upon his dead body?

He tottered against the table, sick with the shock of realization of this complete contempt. For a moment it obliterated the memory of the awful experience with which he was still quivering. His fellow men—fellow men: he felt that for the first time in his life—had finished with him, cared not whether he lived or died. He visualized averted faces, clear of all concern for him. He felt like one already dead—so long dead that the stream of life sweeps evenly on, the last eddy over him vanished—who is face to face with the impossibility of return. There was no place in this life for him. Then—he lifted the revolver again with a shaking hand, felt the metal of its muzzle against his brow. The finger that closed over the trigger seemed nerveless, scarcely belonging to him, curiously alien. He contemplated the enormous effort of his will required to enforce that one short, fateful pressure, told himself that a spasm would suffice, in a vague hope for an automatic contraction of the muscle, continued to hold the weapon laxly.

His mind leaped to a picture of the moment after. He saw himself stretched out, waiting for them to find him. His little gush of self-pity was chilled by the memory that they had not come, by a sudden bitter hatred of all those who had fawned on him and could now let his body lie untended.

His body—yes! But after that spurt of flame and stunning crash in the instant before his hand relaxed—what would happen to him? He tried to imagine it, and failed. Black unconsciousness? If only he could be sure of it! He stood irresolute, tortured. If—if it only opened the door to—to something that comprised this life within its vaster scope—something where the soul still wandered, cheated of escape?

That woman who had vanished before the crack of his revolver—where was she? She was suddenly vivid to him. He trembled, dread stirring in the depths of his soul. Living or not when she stood in this room, she was certainly now a spirit of the dead.

An awful fear swept through him. To meet her—to meet those others! Her words rang in his brain as clearly as though again repeated to it by a ghostly power that could whisper to the center of his soul:

" . . . they have died in the midst of horrors; far away—in Russia, in Rumania, in Turkey, in France, in Italy, in Africa, upon the ocean; and everywhere they have for their memorial not glory but hatred. And their crimes are yours!"

How many millions of them? He shuddered. How many millions of once-living souls awaited him—victims and executioners? How many millions of them thronged that dark shore, united now, wronged and wrongdoer, in execration and implacable hate of him who was responsible? It suddenly seemed to him that the dead who had died through him outnumbered those still upon this earth, so vast was the host. He shrank in the imagined blast of their hatred, dropped the revolver from his hand.

No! he could not face it. And yet—his abandonment now was proof of it—life here was impossible. Here also was hatred, overwhelming hatred.

" . . . not great and honored among the nations but loathed and hated in every corner of the world as no people ever was before!"

Curse that voice which haunted him, woman's or spirit's! He could not shut it out from his inner ears: was forced to measure the full implication of its message. He trembled again in a new fear. He had abdicated—left himself powerless among his enemies. That country castle he had dreamed of these last months, what refuge was that? He would be dragged out of it amid the mocking exultation of the starving herd who charged him with their misery, would be handed over. He had a sudden, startling little vision of a French court-martial. His crazed eyes glared round the room, death and life equally impossible to him, in desperation.

Then something seemed to open in him, in the innermost recesses of his soul, like the final unfolding of the essential germ of his life. An overpowering impulse welled up from it, flooding him, thrilling every nerve and fiber, filling him with a strange unholy triumph that was somehow not his and that yet mingled with every part of his being. It was as though a secret demon that had hitherto lurked, the concealed director of his life, revealed itself now in its full power, exultant and unashamed.

Cheat them! Cheat them all! That people whom he hated—those vengeful souls who clustered for his coming! Cheat them all—this world and the next! In the full surge of his demoniac exultation he had an obscure sense that he was but fulfilling himself completely to the end. His whole life had been a series of gilded petty cheats, culminating in the monstrous cheat that had bankrupted the world, rounded off now by this last Machiavellian deception which should rob it of its vengeance. He laughed horribly to himself as he strode toward the curtained door.

He plucked aside the hangings, stood on the threshold of the council chamber. None remarked him. The members of that council clustered together in little groups round the table, utterly absorbed in a violent and bitter dispute, in which they shouted down each other's voices.

The old man caught a phrase, and a sardonic smile gathered on his haggard face. This was why none had come to ascertain his fate! They were quarreling over the régime which should succeed him.

"*Meine Herren!*" he said in maliciously quiet remonstrance.

The loud voices hushed instantly, startled into appalled silence. A score of faces turned toward the door, remained staring. He recognized in their eyes the doubt of his reality, but yet he was puzzled by their horror. He could not see his own ghastly figure, threads hanging from the breast of a uniform that was strangely bare.

Thus for a long timeless moment they contemplated each other in that soundless chamber. The old general stirred at last.

He advanced toward his master with the solemn correctitude of a soldier on parade for an execution, saluted and said sternly:

"*Majestät!* the document awaits signature!"

The old man inclined his head, the eyes strangely alight in that corpse-like face, and advanced unevenly to the table. The members of the council drew together in a group, watched him, awed and hushed.

He picked up the document, scarcely glanced at it, and with an insanely violent gesture tore it in two and flung the pieces at them.

"*So! meine Herren!*" he cried; and they shuddered at the evil exultation of his voice. "I cheat you all! Wait a little for your republic! I am still King and Emperor! I refuse to sign!"

Before they could stir out of their paralyzed astonishment the old general had stepped once more to his sovereign. There was a new light in his eyes as he saluted, a new tone in his voice as he spoke.

"I congratulate Majesty on his resolve to die with his still-faithful army. We have at least that pride left!"

The old man swung round on him and laughed diabolically.

"No, general," he said with savage emphasis, "I leave the army that has failed to its dishonor."

The general winced and paled as though a whip had lashed his face.

A civilian moved out of the group, his face hard, his eyes angry.

(Concluded on Page 37

The Question

IS there anything that adds quite so much to charm and grace of attire as good-looking, faultlessly fitting hose?

True Shape HOSIERY

For Men and Women

has not only an irresistible quality that appeals to the eye, but a sturdy wearing worth that commends it strongly to one's common sense. Are you one of the thousands who daily derive immeasurable satisfaction from *TRUE SHAPE* or do you buy—just hosiery?

If your dealer does not have *TRUE SHAPE*, we will gladly tell you of one who has.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

The Ink That Absorbs Moisture From the Air

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DO YOU buy just *"ink"*—pallid liquids which write a sickly color—which soon corrode your pens—and which, worst of all, dry up in your inkwell quickly, leaving a thick, clotted residue and caked particles on the side of the well?

Or do you insist on Stafford's Commercial Writing Fluid—the ink that *absorbs moisture from the air?*

This peculiar property of Stafford's Commercial is the reason why it is so *slow to evaporate* in the inkwell, why it continues to flow smoothly after ordinary inks have become thick and unfit to write with. This is one of the most important discoveries in the history of ink making. It means a real *saving* for you.

There's another reason for using Stafford's Commercial. It has a *strength of color* which inks have lacked since the dye situation became so involved. American color makers have at last solved the problem. For Stafford's is brilliant blue when you write and turns permanent black in a few hours.

Stafford's Commercial comes in bottles having a special pouring device, the Dripless Pour Regulator, which enables you to fill your inkwell directly from the bottle, without wasting a drop, without soiling a finger. You can stop or start the flow instantly with your finger tip.

If you are tired of pale, unsatisfactory, quickly evaporating inks, go to the store where you usually trade and order a bottle of Stafford's Commercial Writing Fluid for the office—and one for your home, too. It comes in various sizes, from two ounce to one quart bottles.

S. S. STAFFORD, Inc., *Established 1858*, 603–9 Washington St., New York

Canadian Factory: 9 Davenport Road, Toronto

Makers of Stafford's Inks and Writing Fluid Phasta Liquid Paste Typewriter Ribbons Carbon Papers

Stafford's "Commercial" Writing Fluid

(Concluded from Page 34)

"What does *Majestät* then command?" he asked, an undertone of irony perceptible in the obsequious voice.

The old man's eyes met his, conquered.

"Motor cars for myself and suite—at once!"

The minister bowed.

"*Majestät* goes ——"

"To Holland!"

"To Holland?" the old man blazed.

"Have you never heard of the inviolability of a neutral nation? Telephone the Dutch Ambassador that I claim the right of asylum. *So!*" he exulted. "I cheat you all—the whole world! Make the best of it!" He laughed. "I leave everything behind me!"

The old general took a long breath.

"*Ja, Majestät!*" In his voice was an inexpressibly bitter contempt. "Even honor!"

The words, in their awful daring, seemed to echo and reëcho endlessly—endlessly—endlessly.

"*Majestät*, the document awaits signature!"

The words rang with a strange familiarity as he opened his eyes, stared round the small and exclusively military council gathered at the table. It seemed oddly shrunken—not the same. He shook himself out of the mists clinging to his consciousness. Ah, yes, that endless discussion and dispute which would never finish—he must have dropped into sleep—yes. He shuddered and reached out a shaking hand for the document.

A general fixed him with hard gray eyes that reflected no hope for himself or others.

"*Majestät*, we have decided," he said in a grimly determined voice. "It is our last chance. We must crush in the Western Front before the Americans are in force. We must stake all upon it. There is, perhaps, just time."

He looked up as his hand reached for the pen.

"And if we fail?"

The general permitted himself an eloquent shrug of the shoulders.

He signed the order—sat staring at the far window.

"If we fail," he said suddenly at last, "then somehow—we'll cheat them of their victory!"

"We will at least endeavor to preserve our honor, *Majestät*," said the general solemnly.

What was that ironic echo in his prophetic soul?

Sense and Nonsense

Some Service

HERE is the place where I worked before
they told me I'd have to go;
I'd climbed along to a pretty fair job—it made
no difference though;
They needed me—or the nation did—and they
didn't make no excuse.
"Come on," they said, "and we'll show you
where you'll be of the greatest use."
So they sized me up for a khaki suit and
showed me the bunk I drew,
And they taught me to hate the German brute,
which wasn't so hard to do.

And they hung a beautiful service flag up
here where I worked before;
I've just been told that there ain't no job left
open for me no more!
I wish that I could have seen it wave—it must
ve been mighty fine;
There's many a boy who is in his grave whose
star was on there with mine.
They hung it high on the outer wall, a won-
derful thing to see,
And because I went when I got my call they
sewed on a star for me!

I took my chance as the others did, and it
wasn't no holiday;
I have eaten dirt and I've slept in mud out
where there was hell to pay—
And they hung up a service flag back here, a
beautiful thing, I've heard;
It was meant to show how loyal they were,
how deeply their hearts were stirred!
Their cheers were loud when I left the town;
I acknowledge that I was thrilled—
But the war is done and the flag is down, and
they tell me my job is filled!

I'm sorry their glorious service flag no longer
will be displayed;
What a lot of meaning it must ve had for the
heroes who got it made!
They put a star on the thing for me—now
wasn't that noble, too?
At present there doesn't appear to be much
left for a man to do;
I've walked the town till my feet are sore;
I'm lonely and sick and broke,
And I guess my star is a fallen star—and
their service flag was a joke!

—S. E. Kiser.

Betsy

SHE isn't a car with a pedigree and she's
old—very old indeed;
Her lines are low and her speed is slow, a sort
of a "has-been" steed;
I've had her repainted, renickeled too, but she
still looks about the same;
She runs at times, and her springs are chimes,
and Betsy's her Christian name.

She sputters and sulks, she kicks and bucks,
and she has a consumptive cough;
She often backs on the street-car tracks and
the cop has to push her off;
She goes like the wind on a long down-grade
and coasts like a gull at sea;
We're Jack and Jill and we love our hill—
but down it must always be.

So I search for the roads that are smooth and
straight, and I skirt all the hills and dales;
I never roam very far from home, for somehow
my courage fails;
I live in the clouds when I journey forth,
though the clouds are another's dust,
But I grip my wheel with a Spartan seal,
and say: "In the Lord I trust!"

And often, how often, they've towed me home
at the cost of a five or ten!
I'd dream of the day of the one-horse shay,
and wish I'd been living then.
And oh, the abuse that I've had to bear when
we'd block up a road or pass!
They'd howl and groan: "Get the ether
cone!" But I knew she wanted gas.

And yet with it all she's a good old friend,
though I know that the day is near
When death will steal into each slow wheel
and into the running gear;
But this do I swear: She shall rust in peace,
with no eyes but mine to see;
I've suffered much from her friction clutch;
but she's been a loyal bus to me.

—W. Dayton Wegefarth.

Doughboy Oratory

MANY picturesque stories have been brought back to America from the battlefields of France and Belgium about our doughboys. One of the best of them, typical of the boys themselves and of their ability to do the right thing at the right time, was told by Raymond B. Fosdick at the first winter meeting of the Southern Society in New York. Mr. Fosdick has been looking out for the morale of American soldiers since the beginning of the war. This is his story:

"I was billeted one night in a ruin that had at one time been a dwelling. Great holes gaped in the roof and the walls. With me there were five American doughboys—a corporal and four privates. They were hard and tough customers, and did not care who knew it. Why, gentlemen, their language would have blistered the skin of Satan himself.

"In poking about the ruins they discovered a French peasant family cowering in a very small cellar, where they had taken refuge from the retreating Germans. The family was almost starved and we found that the peasant woman's infant had died a short time before for lack of nourishment.

"Those tough doughboys drew off to a corner of the ruins, put their heads together, dug down into their pockets, contributed to a general fund, and then disappeared into the night. In the early morning they returned, bearing a barrel of flour for which they must have paid a fabulous sum, as well as a large supply of other articles of food and clothing.

"In some unexplained manner they had succeeded in obtaining a small white casket; and in the early gray light of a new day the body of the baby was tenderly buried in a grave the boys had dug. As the small mound of earth was heaped above

HOW LONG WILL YOUR CAR LAST?

"The life of an automobile—and its efficiency in day by day service—depends upon correct lubrication. And correct lubrication is a simple matter of finding the right lubricating oil."

THE *right* lubricating oil must be of uniformly correct viscosity; it must show a high fire point (the lowest temperature at which the oil will burn); and it must leave a low carbon residue.

QUAKER STATE MEDIUM

The Certified Oil

is analyzed and tested by an expert chemist who certifies to a uniformly correct viscosity, or "body," that will prevent friction between moving parts of your engine; to a fire point of not less than 505°, which proves that the oil will not evaporate or "burn up" under high engine heat; and to a carbon residue of less than 55/100 of 1%—the lowest carbon residue of any oil carrying as high a fire point.

The Franklin Automobile Company recommends the use of Quaker State Medium above all other oils because it stands every test.

Write for Booklet "A" telling how to increase the efficiency and lengthen the life of your car.

PHINNY BROS. CO.
OIL CITY, PA.

(Makers also of Quaker State Tractor Oil, Quaker State Transmission Oil, Quaker State Cup Grease, Quaker State Graphite Grease, and Quaker State Cold Test Oil).

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

By simply following directions and sprinkling a little *Sani-Flush* into your closet bowl regularly you can keep it as clean and white as new.

No scrubbing, no scouring, no dipping out of water is necessary. Incrustations, stains and even rust marks disappear. Odors are eliminated because by thoroughly cleansing, *Sani-Flush* does away with their cause.

Ask your dealer at once for Sani-Flush. If he is unable to supply you immediately, send us 25c (stamps or coin) for a full size can postpaid.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
311 Walnut Ave., Canton, Ohio
Canadian Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto

If Your Radiator Sprinkles the Road

YOU have two alternatives in getting a permanent leak repair:—

Lay your car up for a costly soldering job—or pour some SE-MENT-OL Liquid into the radiator and keep right on driving. Both do permanent work—one by building metal in and over the leak; the other by forming a metal-like deposit in and over it.

But the advantages of convenience and economy are all with

SE-MENT-OL

(Liquid)

The Radiator Cement

This remarkable liquid combines with the water and circulates harmlessly with it. When it strikes the air at a leak, the oxygen starts a congealing action, forming a tough, permanent seal that will stand 500 pounds' pressure.

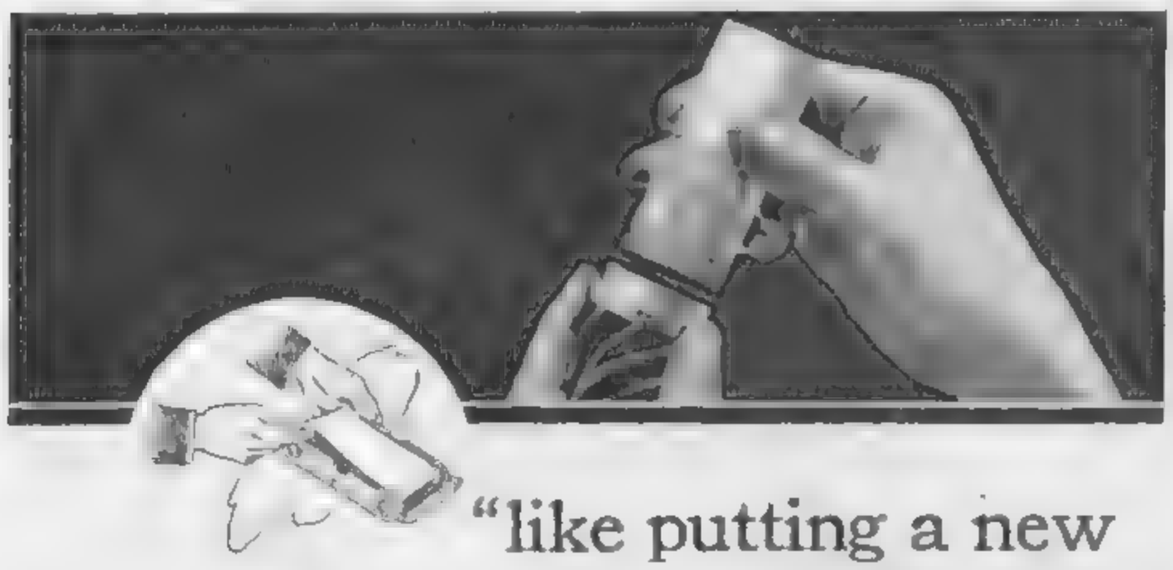
Even cracked waterjackets are permanently repaired with SE-MENT-OL. (For an object lesson in SE-MENT-OL's work, make the sprinkling can test pictured here, using hot water.) Probably your dealer carries SE-MENT-OL Liquid. If not, send us 75 cents for a can and name your dealer. Also made in Powder form, same price.

Over 2,000,000 Cans Sold

Other Norwesco Products—SKAT FX, The Radiator Cleaner, 75c; Canada, 85c. TOP DRESSING, for leather and Pantasote tops, 75c, quarts, $1.25; Canada, $1.00 and $1.60. MOHAIR DRESSING, for mohair tops and all top linings, pints 75c, quarts, $1.25. Canada, $1.00 and $1.60. UTILITY BLACK, dries hard and glossy in one hour, half pints, 60c, pints, $1.00; Canada, 80c and $1.00. VALVE COMPOUND, for easy valve grinding, 4-ounce double-end can, 40c; one-pound shop can, $1.00; Canada, 45c and $1.15.

The Northwestern Chemical Co.
123 State Street Marietta, Ohio, U. S. A.

Protect Yourself
Get the Yellow Can
with this TradeMark



"like putting a new film in a Kodak"

WHEN you use Colgate's Handy Grip Shaving Stick, you can renew the soap as easily as you replace the film in a Kodak. It is made to be used that way—for convenience and economy.

You will notice that the "socket" of the Handy Grip is threaded. When your soap is nearly gone, get a Colgate "Refill" Stick, which costs less than a complete Grip and is threaded to fit the socket. Unscrew the last of the soap (using a knife-blade like a screw-driver) and screw in the "Refill."

Then add still another economy by sticking the unscrewed stub on the end of the "Refill"—there are 50 cool, comfortable Colgate shaves saved that way.

Wet the old stub and press it on the "Refill"—it sticks

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* New York

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

The only Refill Shaving Stick

the grave with gentle hands those five tough doughboys scattered some blood-red poppy blossoms upon it.

"The French mother, who had maintained a stoic calm throughout the night, poured forth her passionate gratitude to the boys, who understood not one solitary word of it. But when she stopped, the big red-headed corporal, instinctively realizing that there should be some response, mustered up every bit of French he knew, dug his toe into the earth and, as his four companions twirled their steel helmets uncomfortably, said simply:

"Vive la France!"

Ghosts of the Argonne

YOU can hear them at night when the moon is hidden;
They sound like the rustle of winter leaves.
Or lone lost winds that arise, unbidden,
Or rain that drips from the forest eaves,
As they glide again from their silent crosses
To meet and talk of their final fight,
Where over the group some stark tree tosses
Its eerie shadow across the night.

If you'll take some night with its moonless weather,
I know you will reason beyond a doubt
That the rain and the wind and the leaves together
Are making the sounds you will hear about:
The wintry rustle of dead leaves falling,
The whispering wind through the matted glen;
But I can swear it's a sergeant calling
The ghostly roll of his squad again.

They talk of war and its crimson glory,
And laugh at the trick which Fate has played;
And over and over they tell the story
Of their final charge through the Argonne glade;
But gathering in by hill and hollow
With their ghostly tramp on the rain-soaked loam,
There is one set rule which the clan must follow:
They never speak of returning home.

They whisper still of the rifles' clatter,
The riveting racket machine guns gave,
Until dawn comes and the clan must scatter
As each one glides to his waiting grave;
But here at the end of their last endeavor
However their stark dreams leap the foam
There is one set rule they will keep forever:
"Death to the Phantom who speaks of home!"

—*Grantland Rice, Third Army*

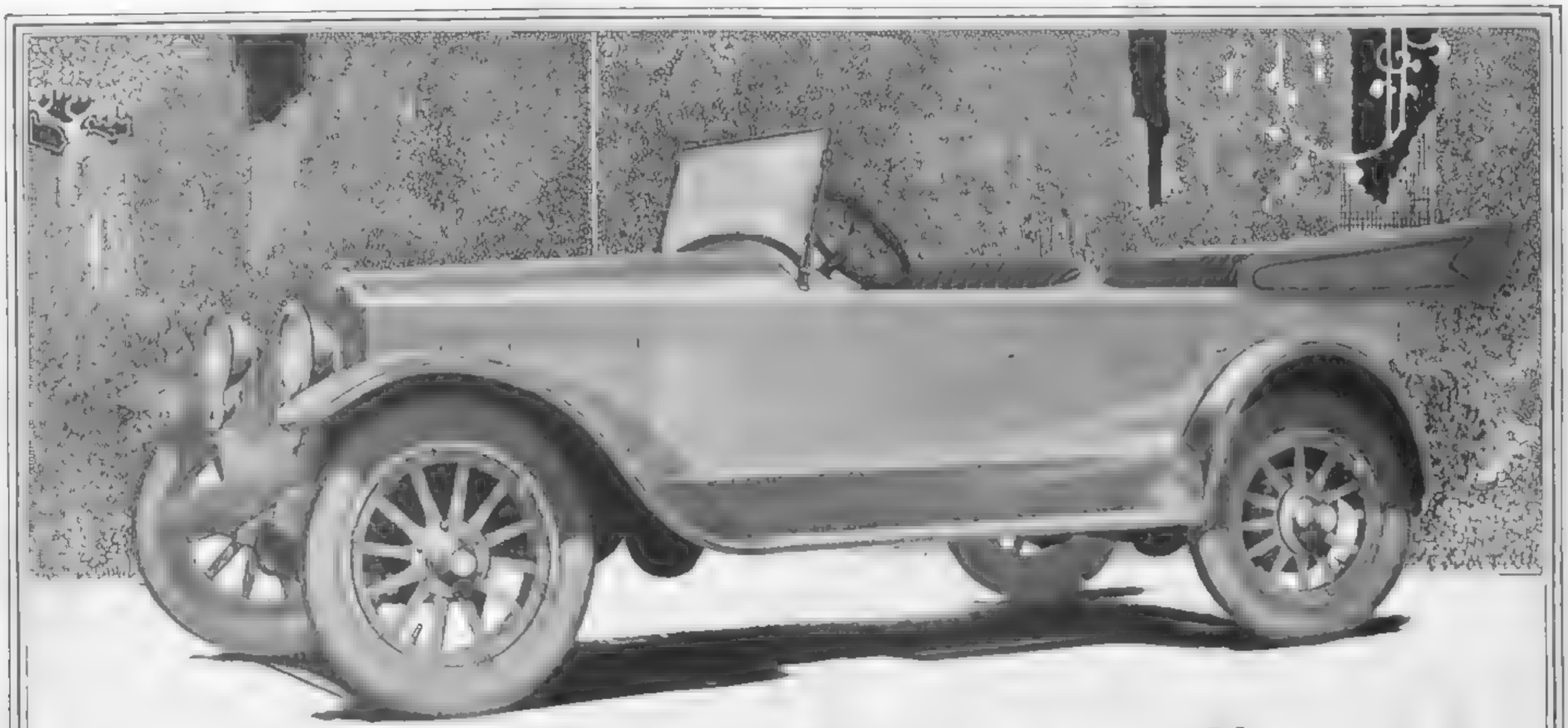
No Man's Land

THOU flame-scourged scar athwart the breast of Earth,
Pock-marked, intrenched, wire fettered, strand on strand—
Clear-sighted warriors gave thy title birth:
"The shells fell thick to-day on No Man's Land."

Aye, "No Man's Land." So shall it ever be
From this day forth. Men's prayers, the last wan sigh,
The tears of womankind, thou gaunt Gethsemane,
Have signed and sealed forever, and for aye!

From this day forth, that sacred plot of ground
Each foot, each yard, each blood bespattered rod—
No human ownership shall know, by mete or bound.
'Tis no man's land, indeed. That land belongs to God!

—*Frank Weller.*



Beauty in Power

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

AUBURN Beauty-SIX AUTOMOBILE CO. AUBURN IND.

Masterly motored, the *Auburn Beauty-SIX* proves by road performance the beauty in its power. Supreme triumph of nineteen years' successful automobile engineering, the *Beauty-SIX* is the season's outstanding motor car value. Success crowns success in the *Beauty-SIX*.

Dealers of Standing
write or wire
for
unusual opportunity

De Luxe Catalogue
Auburn Beauty-SIX
now ready

Incomparably beautiful, daringly designed, the *Beauty-SIX* merges power and beauty with satisfaction.

Individuality of lines puts pride in a ride in the *Beauty-SIX*.

Mechanically correct the engine performance is characterized by exceptional smoothness and flexibility.

Enduring beauty, compelling power in *Auburn Beauty-SIX* create a pride of possession that is instant—lasting.

The straight line of the bonnet merging with and continued by the bevel-edge of the body rail gives an artistic identity motorists so much desire. At 40 or 50 miles an hour the *Beauty-SIX* hugs the road, gives in all dependability exhilarating security.

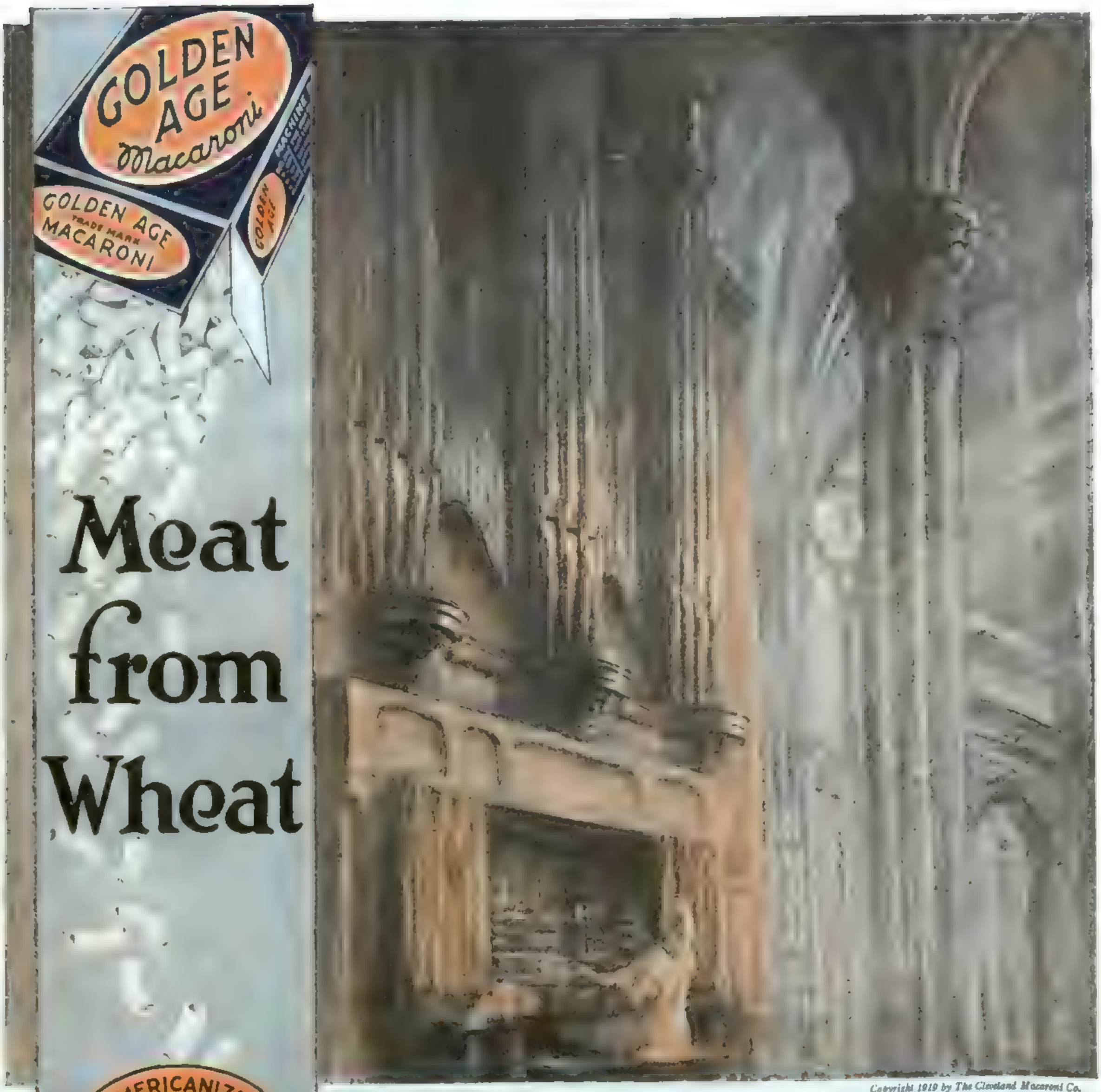
TWO MODELS—*6-39 H Five-Passenger Touring*
6-39 K Four-Passenger Smart Tourster

Smartest color combinations—blue-black, purple-black and Auburn grey . . . $1595

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

AUBURN, INDIANA

Automobile Engineers for Nineteen Years



Meat from Wheat

AMERICANIZED Macaroni

The Biggest Food Value in America for 10¢

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The meat that is not flesh

You fast by giving up meat; but you feast on more-than-meat when you substitute Golden Age Americanized Macaroni.

The life-giving, strength-building part of the richest Durum Wheat made into the most wholesome, nourishing, tempting food.

The Cleveland Macaroni Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.
Modern Macaroni Makers

Lenten Recipes

Write for Miss Vackey's Calorie Cook Book—it's free. Includes 22 recipes for Lenten dishes — tempting dishes that insure full body nourishment and eliminate craving for meat. Besides 52 delightful recipes for preparing macaroni, spaghetti and noodles. Miss Vackey's Cook Book contains special charts and guides providing proper diet for children growing [illegible] adults, people of advanced age, invalids, convalescents and diabetics.

LONELY VALLEYS

(Continued from Page 15)

uselessness. Calvin saw her with green-yellow hair, a cigarette in painted lips; he heard the blurred applause of men at the spectacle of Hannah on the stage, dressed like the women he had seen there. Then pride stiffened him into a semblance of her own remoteness.

"It's in you," he said; "and it will have to come out. I'm what I am, too, and that doesn't make it any easier. Kind of a fool about you. Another girl won't do. I'll say good night."

He turned and abruptly quitted the room and all his hope.

VI

WHEN the furniture Calvin had ordered through the catalogue at Priest's store arrived by mountain wagon he placed it in the room beside the kitchen that was to have been Hannah's and his. Hannah had gone three weeks before with Phebe. This done he sat for a long while on the portico of his house, facing the rich bottom pasturage and high verdant range beyond. It was late afternoon and the valley was filled with a golden haze from a sun veiled in watery late-spring vapors. An old apple tree by the road was flushed with pink blossoms and a mocking bird was whistling with piercing sweetness.

Soon it would be evening and the frogs would begin again, the frogs and whippoorwills. The valley, just as Hannah had said, was lonely. He stirred and later got himself supper—in the kitchen where everything was new.

On the following morning he left Greenstream settlement; it was Friday, and Monday he returned with Ettie, his sister. She was remarkably like him—tall and angular, with a gaunt face and steady blue eyes. Older than Calvin, she had settled into a complete acquiescence with whatever life brought; no more for her than the keeping of her brother's house. Calvin noting the efficient manner in which she ordered their material affairs wondered at the fact that she had not been married. Men were unaccountable, but none more so than himself, with his unquenchable longing for Hannah.

This retreated to the back of his being. He never spoke of her. Indeed he tried to put her from his thoughts, and with a measure of success. But it never occurred to him to consider any other girl, that possibility was closed. Those he saw and they were uniformly kind, even inviting—were dull after Hannah.

Instead he devoted himself to the equivalent, in his undertakings, of Ettie's quiet capability. The following year a small number of the steers grazing beyond the road were his; in two years more Senator Alderwith died, and there was a division of his estate, in which Calvin assumed large liabilities, paying them as he had contracted. The timber in Sugarloaf Valley drew speculators—he sold options and bought a place in the logging development.

It seemed to him that he grew older, in appearance anyhow, with exceptional rapidity; his face grew leaner and his beard, which he continued to shave, was soiled with gray hair.

He avoided the Braleys and their clearing; and when circumstance drew him into conversation with Richmond or Hosmer he studiously spoke of indifferent things. He heard nothing of Hannah. Yet he learned in the various channels of communication common to remote localities that Richmond Braley was doing badly. Hosmer went to bank in one of the newly prosperous towns of West Virginia and apparently left all family obligations behind; Susan died of lung fever; and then, at the post office, Calvin was told that Richmond himself was dangerously sick.

He left the mail with Ettie at his door and rode on, turning for the first time in nine years into the narrow valley of the Braleys' home. The place had been neglected until it was hardly distinguishable from the surrounding tangled wild. Such sheep as he saw were in wretched condition, wild and massed with filth and burs.

Mrs. Braley was filling a large glass flask with hot water for her husband; and to Calvin's surprise a child, with a quantity of straight pale-brown hair and wide-opened hazel-brown eyes, was seated watching her in the kitchen.

"How is Richmond?" he asked, his gaze straying unconsciously to the girl.

"Kingdom come's how he is," Lucy Braley replied. "Yes, and the poorhouse will end us unless Hosmer has a spark of good feeling. I sent him a postal card to come a long while back, but he hasn't so much as answered. Here, Lucy"—she turned to the child—"run up with this."

"Lucy?" Calvin Stammark asked when they were alone.

"Been here two weeks," Mrs. Braley told him. "What will become of her's beyond me. She is Hannah's daughter, and Hannah is dead."

There was a sharp constriction of Calvin's heart. Hannah's daughter, and Hannah was dead.

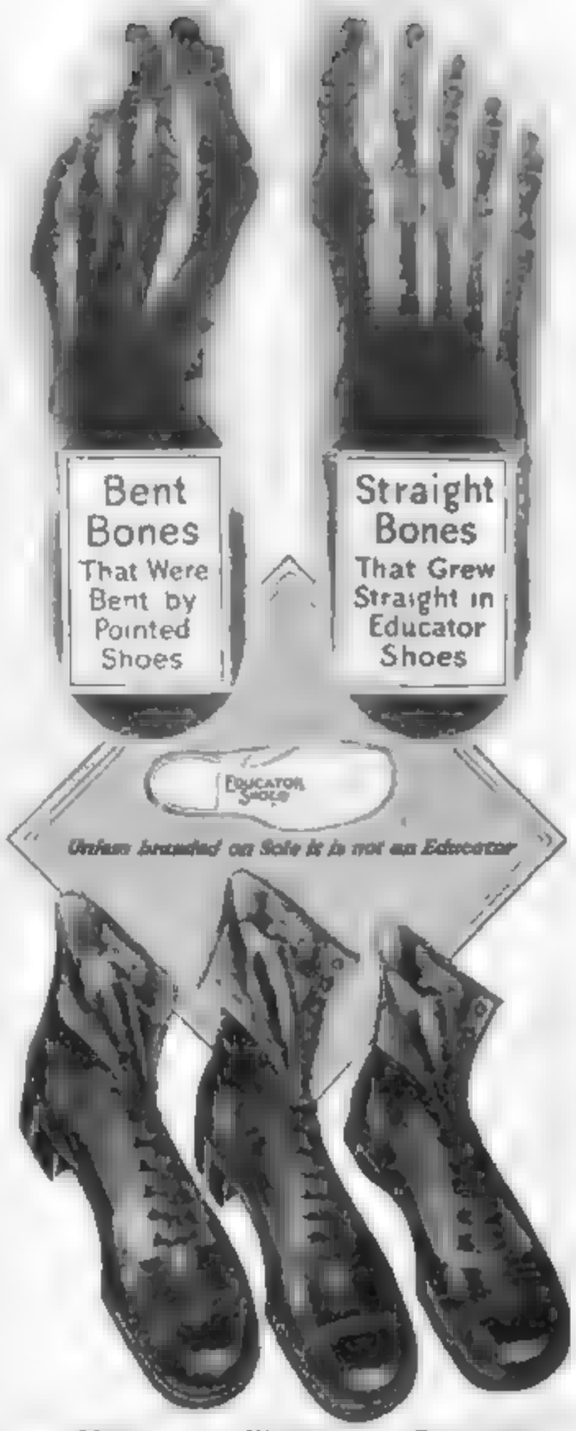
"So far as I know," the other continued in a strained metallic voice, "the child's got no father you could fix. Hannah wrote the name was Lucy Vibard, and she'd called her after me. But when I asked her, she didn't seem to know anything about it.

"Hannah was alone and dog-poor when she died, that's certain. Like everything else I can lay mind on she came to a bad end—Lord reckons where Phebe is. I always thought you were weak-fingered to let Hannah go—with that house built and all. I suppose maybe you weren't, though; well out of a slack bargain."

Calvin Stammark scarcely heard her; his being was possessed by the pitiable image of Hannah dying alone and dog-poor. He had always pictured her—except in the fleet vision of debasement—as young and graceful and disturbing. Without further speech he left the kitchen and crossed the house to the shut parlor. It was screened against the day, dim and musty and damp. The orange plush of the chairs and the narrow uncomfortable sofa, carefully dusted, was as bright as it had been when he had last seen it—was it ten years ago?

Here she had stood, her fingers tapping on the table, when he had made the unfortunate remark about Phebe; the lamplight had illuminated her right cheek. Here she had proclaimed her impatience with Greenstream, with its loneliness, her desire for life. Here he had lost her. A sudden need to see Hannah's daughter invaded him and he returned to the kitchen.

The child was present, silent, with Hannah's eyes, Hannah's hair. Seated by Richmond Braley's bed he instantly perceived that the old man was dying; and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mentally he composed the urgent message to be sent to Hosmer. But that failed to settle the problem of Lucy's safety—Hannah's Lucy, who might have been his too. The resolving of that difficulty slowly took form in his thoughts. There was no need to discuss it with Ettie—his duty, yes, and his desire were clear.

He took her home directly after Richmond's funeral, an erratic wind blowing her soft loose hair against his face as he drove.

VII

THERE had been additions to Calvin Stammark's house—the half story raised, and its length increased by a room. This was now furnished as the parlor and had an entrance from the porch extended across the face of the dwelling; the middle lower room was his; the chamber designed for his married life was a seldom used dining room; while Ettie and Lucy were above. A number of sheds for stabling and implements, chicken coops and pigpen had accumulated at the back; the corn and buckwheat climbed the mountain; and the truck patch was wide and prolific.

A narrow strip separated the house from the public road, bright, in season, with the petunias and cinnamon pinks Ettie tended; and the flowers more than anything else attracted Hannah's daughter. Calvin talked with her infrequently, but a great deal of his silent attention was directed at the child.

Already Lucy had a quality of appeal to which he watched Ettie respond. The latter took a special interest in making Lucy as pretty as possible; in the afternoon she would dress her in sheer white with a ribbon in her hair. She spared Lucy many of the details of housework in which the latter could have easily assisted her; and when Calvin protested she replied that she was so accustomed to doing that it was easier for her to go ahead.

Calvin's feelings were mixed. At first he had told himself that Lucy would be, in a way, his daughter; he would bring her up as his own; and in the end what he had would be hers, just as it should have been Hannah's. However, his attitude was never any that might be recognized as that of parenthood. He never grew completely accustomed to her presence, she was always a subject of interest and speculation. He continued to get pleasure from her slender graceful being and the little airs of delicacy she assumed.

He was conscious, certainly, that Lucy was growing older—yet not so fast as he—but he had a shock of surprise when she informed him that she was fifteen. Calvin pinched her cheek and, sitting on the porch, heard her within issuing a peremptory direction to Ettie. The elder made no reply and, he knew, did as Lucy wished. This disturbed him. There wasn't a finer woman living than Ettie Stammark, and he didn't propose to have Lucy impudent with her. Lucy, he decided, was getting a little beyond them. She was quick at her lessons, the Greenstream teacher said. Lucy would have considerable property when he died; he'd like her to have all the advantages possible; and—very suddenly—Calvin decided to send her away to school, to Stanwick, the small city between which and home the Greenstream stage drove.

She returned from her first term at Christmas, full of her experiences with teachers and friends, to which Ettie and he listened with absorbed attention. Now she seemed farther from him than before; and he saw that a likeness to Hannah was increasing; not in appearance—though that was not dissimilar—but in the quality that had established Hannah's difference from other girls, the quality for which he had never found a name. The assumptions of Lucy's childhood had become strongly marked preferences for the flowers of existence, the ease of the portico rather than the homely labor of the back of the house.

Neither his sister nor he resented this or felt that Lucy was evading her just duties; rather they enjoyed its difference from their own practical existence and affairs. They could afford to have her in fresh laundered frills and they secretly enjoyed the manner in which she instructed them in social conventions.

At her home-coming for the summer she brought to an end the meals in the kitchen; but when she left once more for Stanwick and school, Ettie and Calvin, without remark, drifted back to the comfortable convenience of the table near the cooking stove.

This period of Lucy's experience at an end, she arrived in Greenstream on a hot still June evening. Neither Calvin nor his sister had been able to go to Stanwick for the school commencement, and Calvin had been too late to meet the stage. After the refreshing cold water in the bright tin basin by the kitchen door he went to his room for a presentable necktie and handkerchief—Lucy was very severe about the latter—and then walked into the dining room.

The lamp was not yet lighted, the light was illusive, tender, and his heart violently contracted at the youthful but mature back turned toward him. She turned slowly, a hand resting on the table, and Calvin Stammark's senses swam. An inner confusion invaded him, pierced by a sharp unutterable longing.

"Hannah," he whispered.

She smiled and advanced; but, his heart pounding, Calvin retreated. He must say something reasonable, tell her that they were glad to have her back—mustn't leave them again. She kissed him, and, his eyes shut, the touch of her lips recreated about him the parlor of the Braleys—the stiffly arranged furniture with its gay plush, the varnished fretwork of the organ, the pink glow of the lamp.

She was Hannah! The resemblance was so perfect—her cheek's turn, her voice, sweet with a trace of petulance, her fingers—that it was sustained in a flooding light through the commonplace revealing act of supper. It was as if the eighteen years since Hannah, his Hannah, was a reality had been nothing, the passage of the valley. His love for her was unchanged—no, here at least was a difference; it was greater, keener; exactly as if during the progress of their intimacy he had been obliged to go away from her for a while.

She accompanied Ettie to the kitchen and Calvin sat on the porch in a gathering darkness throbbing with frogs and perfumed with drifting locust blooms. Constellation by constellation the stars glimmered into being. Hannah, Lucy! They mingled and in his fiber were forever one. He gave himself up to the beauty of his passion, purified and intense from long patience and wanting, amazed at the miracle that had brought back everything infinitely desirable.

He forgot his age, and preparing for the night saw with a sense of personal outrage his seamed countenance reflected in the mirror of the bureau. Yet in reality he wasn't old—forty-something—still, not fifty. He was as hard and nearly as springy as a hickory sapling. There was a saying in which he found vast comfort—the prime, the very prime of life.

VIII

HIS enormous difficulty would be to bring Lucy to the understanding of his new—but it was the old—attitude toward her. If she had never become completely familiar to him, association had made him a solid recognized part of her existence; if not exactly a father, an uncle at the very least. Calvin realized that she would be profoundly shocked by any abrupt revelation of his feeling. Yet he was for the time in no hurry to bring about the desired change in their relationship. His life had been so long empty that it was enough to dwell on the great happiness of his repossession.

This, he knew, could not continue, but at present, to-day, it was almost enough. Before he was aware, the summer had gone, the mountains were sheeted in gold; and he was still dreaming, putting off the actuality before them.

The logging in Sugarloaf Valley had grown to an operation of importance, and a great deal of his time was spent watching the spur of railroad creep forward and the clearing of new sections; sawmills and camps were in course of erection; and what had been a still green cleft in the mountains was filled with human activity. He had secured an advantageous position for a young man from the part of the county inhabited by the Stammark family, Wilmer Deakon, and consulted with him frequently in connection with his interests.

Wilmer was to the last degree dependable; a large grave individual who took a serious interest in the welfare of his fellows and supported established customs and institutions. He sang in a resounding baritone with the Methodist Church choir; his dignified bearing gave weight to the school board; and he accumulated a steadily growing capital at the Greenstream bank. An admirable individual, Calvin thought,

(Continued on Page 45)

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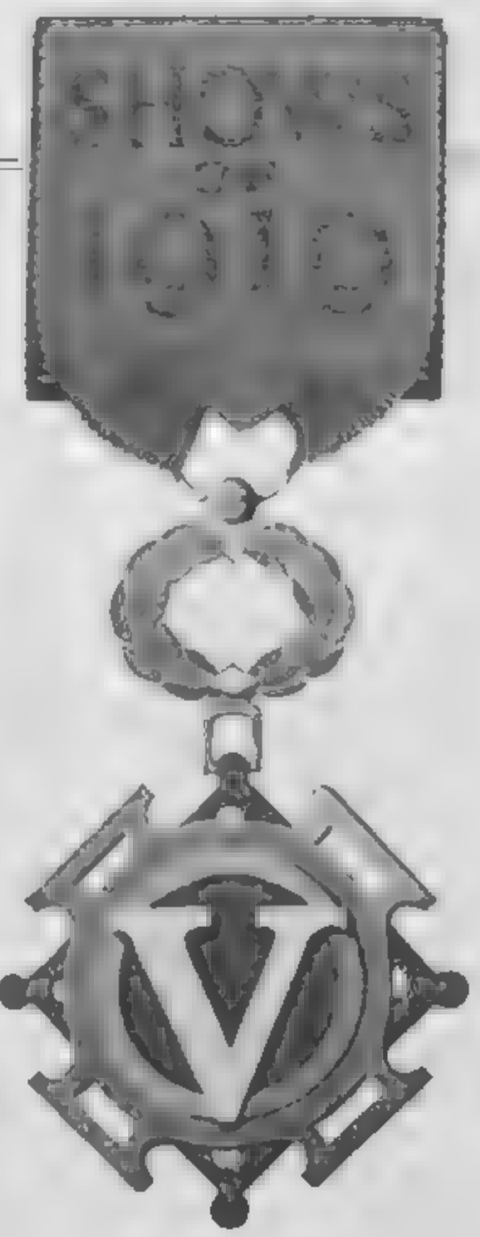

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(Continued from Page 42)

and extended to him the wide hospitality of his house.

Lucy apparently had little to say to Wilmer Deakon; indeed, when he was not present, to their great delight she imitated his deliberate balaneed speech She said that he was too solemn—an opinion with which Calvin privately agreed and made an irreverent play on his name and the place he should occupy in the church. It seemed that she took a special denght in annoying him, and on an occasion when Calvin had made up his mind to reprove her for this, he was surprised by Wilmer's request to speak to him outside.

Wilmer Deakon said abruptly: "Lucy and I are promised to each other."

Calvin stood gazing at him in a lowering, complete surprise, at a loss for words, when the other continued with an intimation of his peculiar qualifications for matrimony, the incontrovertible fact that he could and would take care of Lucy. He stopped at the appropriate moment and waited confidently for Calvin Stammark's approval.

The latter, out of a gathering, immeasurable rage, almost shouted "You get to hell off my place!"

Wilmer Deakon was astounded but otherwise unshaken. "That's no way to answer a decent man and a proper question," he replied. "Lucy and I want to be married. There's nothing wrong with that. But you look as if I had offered to disgrace her. Why, Mr. Stammark, you can't keep her forever. I reckon it'll be hard on you to have her go, but you must make up your mind to it some day. She's willing, and you know all about me. Then Lucy won't be far away from you-all. I've cleared the brush up and the bottom of our house is laid right now in Sugarloaf."

Calvin's anger sank before a sense of helplessness at this latter fact. Wilmer was building a house for her just as he had built for Hannah. He remembered his delight and pride as it had approached completion; he remembered the evening, nearly twenty years ago, when he had sat on the bank across the road and seen it finished. Then he had ridden, without waiting to fix up, to the Braleys'; Hannah had scolded him as they sat in the parlor.

"I must speak to Lucy," he said in a different, weary tone.

Bareheaded he walked over into the pasture, now his. The cattle moved vaguely in the gloom, with softly blowing nostrils, and the streams were like smooth dark ribbons. When he returned to his house the lights were out, Wilmer Deakon was gone and Lucy was in bed.

He again examined his countenance in the mirror, but now he was surprised that it was not haggard with age. It seemed that twenty more years had been added to him since supper. He wondered if there had ever been another man who had lost his love twice. Now he saw that he had been a blind fool for not speaking in the June dusk when Lucy had come back from school.

Lucy, it developed, had spoken to Ettie, and there was a general discussion of her affair at breakfast.

Calvin carried away from it a persistent feeling of dissatisfaction, but for this he could find no tangible reason. Of course, he silently argued, the girl could not be expected to show her love for Wilmer publicly; it was enough if he had been assured of its strength; the fact of her agreement to marry him, final.

He went about his daily activities with a heavy absent-mindedness, with a dragging thought. A man was coming from Washington to see him in the interest of a new practically permanent fencing, and he met him at the post office, listened to a loud cheerful greeting with a marked inattention.

The salesman was named Martin Eckles, and he was fashionably dressed in a suit of shepherd's check bound with braid, and had a flashing ring—a broad gold band set with a mystic symbol in rubies and diamonds. After his supper at the hotel he walked, following Calvin's direction, the short distance to the latter's house, where Calvin and Ettie Stammark and Lucy were seated on the porch.

Martin Eckles, it developed, was a fluent and persuasive talker, a man of the broadest worldly experiences and wit. He was younger than Calvin, but older than Wilmer Deakon, and a little fat. He had a small mustache cut above his lip, and closely shaved ruddy cheeks with a tinge of purple about his ears. Drawing out his monologue entertainingly he gazed repeatedly at Lucy. Calvin lost the sense of most that the other said; he was immersed in the past that had been made the present and then denied to him—it was all before him in the presence of Lucy, of Hannah come back with the unforgetable and magic danger of her appeal.

IX

IN THE extension of his commercial activity Martin Eckles kept his room at the Greenstream Hotel and employed a horse and buggy for his excursions throughout the county. It had become his habit to sit through the evenings on the Stammark porch, where his flood of conversation never lessened. Lucy scarcely added a phrase to the sum of talk. She rocked in her chair with a slight endless motion, her dreaming gaze fixed on the dim valley.

Wilmer Deakon, on the occasion of his first encounter with Eckles at the Stammarks', acknowledged the other's presence and stood waiting for Lucy to proceed with him to the parlor. But Lucy apparently was unconscious of this; she sat calm and remote in her crisp white skirts, while Wilmer fidgeted at the door.

Soon, however, she said: "For goodness' sake, Wilmer, whatever's the matter with you? Can't you find a chair that suits you? You make a person nervous."

At the same time she rose ungraciously and followed him into the house.

Wilmer came out, Calvin thought, in an astonishingly short while. Courting was nothing like it had been in his day. The young man muttered an unintelligible sentence that, from the occasion, could be interpreted as a good night, and strode back to the barn and his horse.

Martin Eckles said: "The love birds must have been a little ruffled."

And Calvin, with a strong sense of having heard such a thing before, was vaguely uneasy. Eckles sat for a long space; Lucy didn't appear, and at last reluctantly the visitor rose. But Lucy had not gone to bed; she came out on the porch and dropped with a flounce into a chair beside Calvin.

"Wilmer's pestering me to get married right away," she told him; "before ever the house is built. He seems to think I ought to be just crazy to take him and go to that lonely Sugarloaf place."

"It's what you promised for," Calvin reminded her; "nothing's turned up you didn't know about."

"If I did!" she exclaimed irritably. "What else is a girl to do, I'd like to ask?" she demanded. "It's just going from one stove to another, here. Only it'll be worse in my case—you and Aunt Ettie have been lovely to me. I hate to cook!" she cried. "And it makes me sick to put my hands in greasy dishwater! I suppose that's wicked, but I can't help it. When I told Wilmer that to-night he acted like I'd denied communion. I can't help it if the whippoorwills make me shiver, can I? Or if I want to see a person go by once in a while. I—I don't want to be bad—or to hurt you or Wilmer. Oh, I'll settle down, there's nothing else to do; I'll marry him and get old before my time, like the others."

Calvin Stammark leaned forward, his hands on his knees, and stared at her in shocked amazement—Hannah in every accent and feeling. The old sense of danger and helplessness flooded him. He thought of Phebe with her dyed hair and cigarette-stained lips, her stories of the stage and life; Calvin thought of Hannah dying alone and dog poor. Now Lucy ——

"Do you remember anything about your mother," he asked, "and before you came here?"

"Only that we were dreadfully unhappy," she told him. "There was a boarding house with actresses washing their stockings in the rooms and a landlady they were all afraid of. There was beer in the washstand pitcher. But that wouldn't happen to me" she asserted; "I'd be different. I might be an actress, but in dramas where my hair would be down and everybody love me"

"You're going to marry Wilmer Deakon and be a proper happy wife!" he declared, bringing his fist down on a hard palm. "Get this other nonsense out of your head!"

Suddenly he was trembling at the old catastrophe reopened by Lucy. His love for her, and his dread, choked him. She said nothing more, but sat rigid and pale and rebellious. Before long she went in, but Calvin stayed facing the darkness, the menace of the lonely valley. Except for

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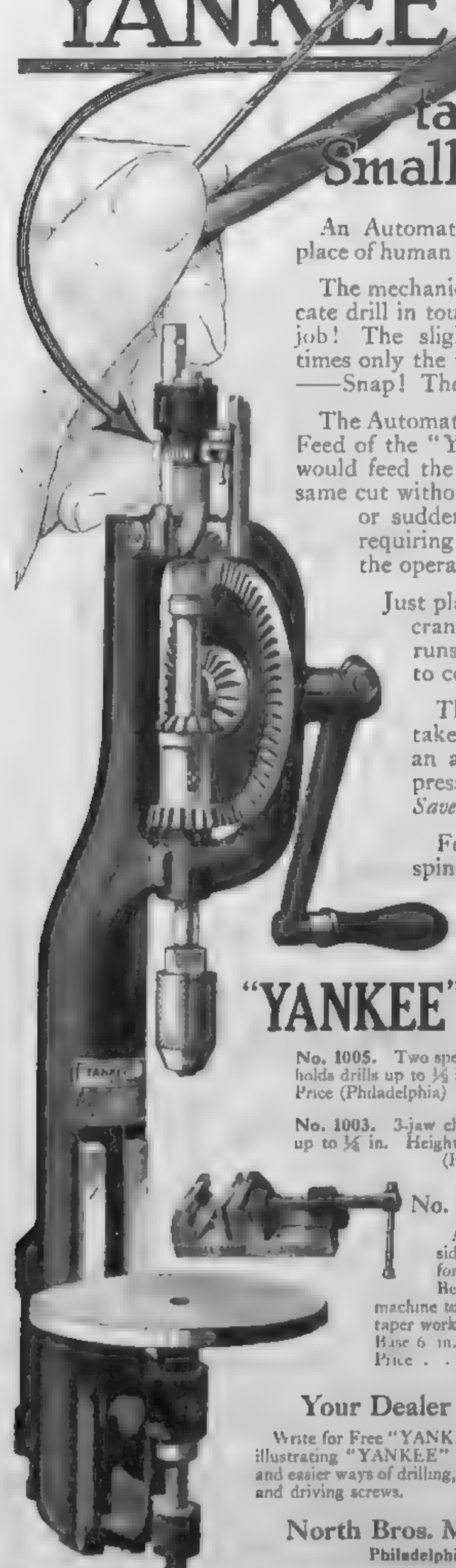

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Damn the frogs!

Martin Eckles appeared in the buggy the following evening and offered to carry Lucy for a short drive to a near-by farm, and with an air of indifference she accepted. Wilmer didn't call, and Calvin sat in silent perplexity with Ettie. The buggy returned later than they had allowed, and Lucy went up to bed without stopping on the porch.

The next morning Ettie, with something in her hand, came out to Calvin at the stable shed.

"I found this in Lucy's room," she said simply.

It was Martin Eckles' gold ring, set with the insigne in rubies, suspended in a loop of ribbon.

A cold angry certitude formed in his being. What a criminal fool he had been! What a blind booby! His only remark, however, brought a puzzled expression to Ettie's troubled countenance. Calvin Stammark said "Phebe Braley." He was silent for a little, his frowning gaze fixed beyond any visible object, then he added: "Put that back where you found it and forget everything."

Ettie laid a hand on his sleeve. "Now, Calvin," she begged, her voice low and strained, "promise me ——"

"Forget everything!" he repeated harshly.

His face was dark, forbidding, the lines deeply bitten about a somber mouth, his eyes were like blue ice. He walked into Greenstream, where he saw the proprietor of the small single hotel; then, back to his room, he unwrapped from oiled leather a heavy blued revolver; and soon after he saddled his horse and was clattering in a sharp trot in the opposite direction from the village.

It was dark when he dismounted and swung the saddle from the horse to its tree. Familiar details kept him a long while, his hands were steady but slow, automatic in movement. He went in through the kitchen by Ettie to his room, where after a little he rewrapped the revolver and laid it back in an accustomed place. Supper was ready by the stove, in spite of Lucy's sharp comment, and Ettie was solicitous of his every possible need. He ate methodically what was offered, and afterward filled and lighted his pipe. It soon went out. Once, on the porch, he leaned toward Lucy and awkwardly touched her shoulder.

*

WILMER came. He was late, and Lucy said in a weary voice, "I've got a headache to-night. Do you mind if we stay out here in the cool?"

He didn't, and his confident, familiar planning took the place of Martin Eckles' more exciting narratives.

The next day, past noon, the proprietor of the Greenstream Hotel left an excited group of men to stop Calvin as he drove in from Sugarloaf Valley.

The former cried: "Eckles has been shot and killed. First they found the horse and buggy by the road, and then Martin Eckles. He had fallen out. One bullet did it."

"That's too bad," Calvin said evenly. "Lawlessness ought to be put down." He had known Solon Entreken all his life. The level gaze of two men encountered and held.

Then "I'll never say anything against that," the other pronounced. "It's mighty strange who could have shot Eckles and got clear away. That's what he did, in spite of hell and the sheriff."

Turning, after inevitable exclamations, toward home, he found Lucy sitting moodily on the porch.

"I've got a right ugly piece of news," he told her, masking the painful interest with which he followed her expression. "Martin Eckles was killed yesterday; shot out of the buggy."

She grew pale, her breast rose in a sudden gasp and her hands were clenched.

"Oh!" she cried, horrified.

But there was nothing in her manner beyond the natural detestation of such brutality; nothing, he saw, hidden.

"He wanted me to go away with him," she swept on, "and get married in Stanwick. Martin wanted me to see the world. He said I ought to, and not stay here all my life."

The misery that settled over her, the hopelessness dulling her youth filled him with a passionate resentment at the fate that made her what she was and seemingly condemned her to eternal denial. His love for her—Lucy, Hannah, Hannah, Lucy—was intolerably keen. He went to her, bending with a riven hand on the arm of her chair.

"Do you want Wilmer?" he demanded "Do you love him truly? Is he enough?"

"I don't know." Slow tears wet her cheeks. "I can't say. I ought to; he's good and faithful, and with some of me that's enough. But there's another part; I can't explain it except to say it's a kind of excitement for the life Mr. Eckles told us about, all those lights and restaurants and theaters. Sometimes I think I'll die, I want it so much; then it comes over me how ungrateful I am to you and Aunt Ettie, and I hate myself for the way I treat Wilmer."

"Do you love him?" he insisted.

"Perhaps not like you mean."

All that had been so long obscured in his mind and heart slowly cleared to understanding—Lucy Braley, Richmond's wife; Phebe; Hannah; and again Lucy, Lucy Vibard, had this common hunger for life, for brightness; they were as helpless in its grasp as he had been to hold Hannah. Phebe's return, Martin Eckles—were only incidents in a greater inner need. In itself it wasn't wicked; circumstance had made it seem wrong; Phebe's greenish hair, the mark of so much spoiled, Hannah's unhappy death—were the result of denials; they fretted and bruised, even killed themselves, like young gay animals, innocent animals in a dark lonely inclosure.

They were really finer than the satisfied women who faded to ugliness in the solitary homes of the Greenstream mountains; not better, for example, than Ettie—it might be that they weren't so good, not so high in heaven; but they were finer in the manner of a blooded horse rebelling against the plow traces. They were more elegant, slimmer, with a greater fire. That, too, was the secret of their memorable power over him; he wanted a companion different from a kitchen drudge; he wanted when he returned home at evening a wife cool and sweet in crisp white with a yellow ribbon about her waist, and store slippers. He loved Lucy's superiority—it was above ordinary things. "Like a star," Calvin Stammark told himself.

He, with everything else that had combated their desire, deprived them of the very necessities of his adoration, had been to blame.

"Lucy," he said, bending over her and speaking rapidly, "let's you and me go and learn all this life together. Let's run away from Greenstream and Wilmer Deakon and even Ettie, what we ought to hold by, and see every theater in the country. I've got enough money ——"

The radiance of the gesture by which she interrupted his speech filled him with pounding joy.

"Oh, will we!" she cried; and then hugged him wildly, her warm young arms about his neck.

"Of course we will," he reassured her; "and right away, to-morrow. You and me."

He felt her lips against his, and then more cautiously she took up the immediate planning of their purpose. It would be ridiculously easy; they would drive to Stanwick in the buggy.

"The hotels and all," she continued with shining eyes; "and nobody will think it's queer. I'll be your daughter, like always."

Calvin turned abruptly from her and faced the valley saturated with slumberous sunlight. Lucy hesitated for a moment and then fled lightly into the house. After a little he heard her singing on the upper floor. People wouldn't think it was queer because she would be his daughter, "like always."

Yet he wasn't old beyond hope, past love—as strong and nearly as springy as a hickory sapling. He had waited half his life for this. Calvin slowly smiled in bitterness and self-contempt; a pretty figure for a young girl to admire, he thought, losing the sense of mere physical fitness. Anyhow Lucy was supremely happy and safe, and he had accomplished it. He was glad that he had been so industrious and successful. Lucy could have almost anything she wanted—pretty clothes and rings with real jewels, necklaces hung with better than Scotch pebbles.

Perhaps when she had seen the world—its bigness and noise and confusion—her longing answered, she would turn back to him. Already he was oppressed by a feeling of strangeness, of loss at leaving the high valleys of home.

Oregon City Woolens

"WOVEN WHERE THE WOOL IS GROWN"

OVERCOATS MACKINAWS FLANNEL SHIRTS INDIAN BLANKETS MOTOR ROBES BED BLANKETS

The label that is linked with history

To the Merchants of America

WE are proud to have had a part in the supplying of overcoats and woolen goods for our victorious armies. Since 1864, Oregon City Woolens have been worn by the men who blazed trails and fought for civilization.

Even before the war, we were unable to meet the natural demand for our goods. But now, with a mill double in size, we are ready to supply our old patrons, and new ones, with Oregon City wool products.

Located in the heart of the great wool country, we have the first choice of fleece as it comes from the clippers' shears. For 55 years we have woven fabrics which stand for beauty, rugged service and *wonderful all-wool warmth.* Our Mackinaw fabrics, our Overcoatings, our Flannels, our Robes and Blankets, are justly famous.

We tailor Oregon City Mackinaws and Overcoats in our bright, sunny shops, in the cheerful atmosphere of the great West. Oregon City designers are alert to the best styles of Broadway and Michigan Avenue.

Through the whole Oregon City line the same standard of *old-time genuineness*, which was the ideal of the founders, prevails.

The romance of this pioneer mill and its merchandise will be told through commanding national advertising. *Twelve million copies* of The Saturday Evening Post will contain our full-page advertisements this year. Our representatives are now showing the complete 1919 line to retail merchants in every state of the Union. Be sure to see it—*write to-day*, or mail the coupon.

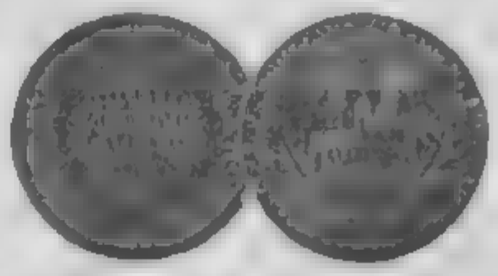
Oregon City Woolen Mills

Founded in 1864 by I. & R. Jacobs

Mills and Tailoring Shops at Oregon City, Oregon

New York: 373 Fourth Avenue

Highest Award Philadelphia Centennial 1876



Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition 1915

From Mill To Merchant

Dealers' Catalog Request

Oregon City Woolen Mills,
Oregon City, Oregon.

Gentlemen: I am interested in your line. Please send new dealers' Catalog, and proofs of your national advertising.

Firm _____

Buyer _____

City _____ *State* _____

The Men Who Smoked Through the Argonne

Our fighting men did a splendid and telling piece of work in driving the Huns out of the Argonne Forest. Our men did it smoking.

One of them wrote home that the War would have proved far worse than General Sherman's crisp and deathless definition of it, if it hadn't been for the smokes.

Smoking was allowed in the army hospitals. Many a man for whom there was no anesthetic went under the knife grimly smoking.

Tobacco and America were both discovered in 1492. Something over four hundred years later, when people were ruling out everything looking in the least like a vice, the whole world sat up and recognized the virtues of tobacco.

Men who smoked, particularly old pipe-smokers, knew of these virtues long ago. They had learned by experience how smoking eased up the nerves.

After a troubled day, they dropped into easy chairs, filled their pipes, lighted the brimming bowls, and as they puffed happily, where, where were the cares of that day? When sometime later they strolled upstairs, last to bed, they were ready with a good night's sleep for the troubles of the next day. Things looked better because a good smoke had made them feel better themselves.

That's what a man needs in life always. No matter how well things are breaking, he craves something to make things look better.

And a pipeful of just the right tobacco does that better than anything else.

Of course, it must be a tobacco that wholly suits him, and the tobacco that suits one man fails to suit another.

Many men drift along using a tobacco not quite what they want until they can find one more satisfactory.

Do you belong in this last class? If so, we would be mighty glad to learn what you think of Edgeworth Tobacco.

It may not suit you any better than the tobacco you are using, but on the other hand it may prove to be just the tobacco you have been hoping to run across.

If it proves to be that, you will be mighty glad you read this advertisement, for the rest is easy.

Merely send us on a postcard your name and address, together with those of the dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we will mail you at once a generous sample of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by keen knives into thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in sizes convenient for all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket size packages sells for 15c; larger sizes, 30c, and 70c; tin humidor, $1.30, in glass jars, $1.40. Edgeworth Plug Slice costs 15c, 30c, 70c, and $1.30.

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

A WOMAN'S WOMAN

(Continued from Page 26)

quite as frequently—only they can be wise and grow a mustache to cover up what has happened.

His hands were not firm like the senator's, but flabby, and manicured, to please Iris; and he wore a showy ring. He was really aping Rex Humberstone. This man in his ultra-modish suit of check was not her John. She tried to convince herself that the coating of ice was really all the river possessed—but she could not quite still the flowing current.

"I suppose you'll go on in public life until women get the vote; then you'll be chief of police." He spoke in that lackadaisical manner to hide ever-present masculine jealousy at his woman's doing anything outside her hearth.

Densie laughed off the joke—but the sting of his remark remained.

"Well, think how secure you could then feel," she answered quickly.

Senator Gleason happened to be in Densie's district when she was on her first inspection tour. She was inspecting orphanages, bringing to light neglected homy trifles and ferreting out unjust punishment or suggesting a more wholesome menu. She had such a gentle way of stating her complaint, of reading in the harsh faces of attendants their own tragedies and dissatisfactions and saying something appropriately soothing that they held no umbrage toward her when she took them to task. The former inspectors had been political grafters who just naturally "got" the appointment or single women with a mission in life, after Harriet's fashion. With her motherly easy way Densie seemed to gain results without inciting displeasure or causing rebellion. She could see the arguments on the side of the attended and the attendants—she would grow misty-eyed when the orphans sang Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Lead Me; and when she listened to the matron's budget of woes that "nobuddy cares nuthin' about," the same mistiness would appear in her purplish eyes for the matron's satisfaction.

Altogether the senator had acted wisely by placing Densie as he had, and if he chanced to be lingering about in his new touring car—the modern method of serenading, as he boldly declared—and took her across the country, talking to her eagerly, asking endless personal questions about herself, while Densie planned great impersonal things in institutional reform, no one seemed to think anything about it except Densie and the senator.

What the senator thought showed in his face as he looked at Densie, and what Densie thought was a hopeless jumble of ideas—first a "wicked delight," as she named it, in knowing him; of having someone who really cared what you thought about the morning's editorials and wanted to be sure whether you took one or two lumps of sugar in your coffee, if you ever had headaches and if you did not think the exchange was too much for one small old-fashioned fairy—his name for Densie—and that you ought to sell it.

"I'm a boy and you're a girl," he said one day, "and we can play all we like. Isn't that ripping? Being a senator—you being Mrs. Densie Plummer—hides us from ruthless ridicule of the younger generation. They think we are planning a cheaper kind of Sunday pudding or lobster-colored shirts for the epileptic colony! But we're not, are we? We are boy and girl, fifty-four and forty-eight, finished with noonday and watching the sunset together!"

He would have said more if Densie had not forced him to discuss some practical topic.

He had asked her to bring her son and daughter and visit him at his winter home in Virginia, but she refused; and the subject of John was never mentioned. Densie felt she could not do so, just as John had once felt that Iris Starr had no right even to speak Densie's name. They always feel this way at the beginning—these forty-eight-year-old girls and fifty-four-year-old boys prattling away of sunsets and Indian summer! But it soon evaporates and leaves them as thoughtlessly selfish as the younger generation who begrudge their elders' having a wise and restraining finger in their romance.

Another time the senator had said abruptly, "Are you happy?"

Before she thought she answered, "I try to be—I try," and was immediately sorry that she had spoken. She wondered if he knew about Iris Starr and the rift between John and herself, but if he did he kept his own counsel like the gentleman he was. He sent Densie books and wrote her letters illustrated by his own pen-and-ink sketches and sometimes old-fashioned bouquets fit only for an old-fashioned fairy, but no one in the family noticed, because Densie had so many club women seeking her patronage that she was being deluged with offerings.

Returning from her second successful inspection trip—her exchange business all to be attended to, her club work behind, a hundred duties before her, as well as replenishing her wardrobe and visiting with her son while she pretended not to see the trapped look in Sally's eyes—Densie met John coming into the apartment with a peculiarly terrifying expression. He was white and shiny-looking, as if he had been ill a long time, and he shuffled instead of properly lifting his feet.

"Oh, you're back," was all he said as he saw her. "Well—it's come. I've been expecting it."

"What?"

She started to kiss him, as was her custom. She felt an infinite tenderness for this wasted husband of hers, a pity which was impersonal and vast enough to extend even to the foolish woman who had entangled him.

"I'm discharged," he said thickly, shuffling over to the mantel. "I'm not young and quick enough. I haven't money to keep buying their damned stock. Most of the young clerks turn back some of their salary each week. I hate the cursed store—the cheats! I don't care. I can get another job, but of course it won't be a manager's job —— Well, do you understand?"

"I am so sorry."

She spoke as gently as if he were a child. She was thinking with humorous dismay that she could have given John a position almost as good as the one he had held—he could have managed her exchange—but she would not offend his dignity, crippled though it was.

"Of course, I'd rather you did not work for them—I never wanted it, and it was never right."

"What else was there to do?" he said savagely. "I did all I could." He almost hated her for her success and his failure. "If I hadn't been saddled with a family ever since I was a stripling this would never have come. By the looks of things, Densie, our children will profit by our mistake. Sally and Harriet will not be drudges as you say you were—and the boy is all for himself, I've noticed."

"Ah, was it such a mistake?" she asked, the old deep current flowing very fast.

"I'm down and out." He did not notice the remark. "I've lost everything I have. I've a little stock in the place and they said"—his teeth bit his under lip until it was white—"they said, 'If you can't find another job we'll take you on as clerk in the spice department.' By God, they don't care how they grind a man down! I kept Hippler after he was deaf and half blind and insolent!"

"Why, you're young—at your prime!" Densie spoke more to herself, because she was thinking of the senator. "What an insult that was to you!"

"I'll go out to-morrow and get a real job," he asserted proudly. "Watch me."

"You're welcome to anything I have ——"

"I'd starve first!" He almost snarled his refusal. He went away to seek out Iris Starr and be properly understood and comforted.

Late that night Densie returning from a theater party, inwardly disturbed by what had happened, found her husband huddled before the gas grate, looking even older and more dejected. He did not say what was wrong—but she knew. Iris Starr had refused to comfort anyone who did not own sufficient stock in the Golden Rule to keep his position. Of course, she was sorry—and so fond of him—but she had to look out for herself first of all. He had better not come any more—it was just as well things had never been forced with his wife to the point of obtaining a divorce, for here she had laughed gratingly—though she could support herself she could not support a husband, and from all reports his wife was capable of supplying him with a comfortable home.

His world in wreckage about him John retraced his footsteps to his wife's apartment, gray and old of heart. Pride would not let him confess his own undoing. Certainly not to Densie, of whom he had demanded his freedom that he might marry someone who understood him!

Two months later after an endless search for work John Plummer donned a white apron and stood behind a counter at The Golden Rule Tea Store, but his face grew thinner, lines timidly made their appearance across his forehead. He had really promoted himself in the biggest sense, only he did not yet realize what was happening. Densie's friends pitied her—"a grocer's clerk for a husband, she's such a brilliant dear!"

And Densie accepted the situation with numbed indifference; pride held John from telling her half that was beginning to

(Continued on Page 50)

Mapping Alaska's Mountains— with the Squeeze of a Bulb

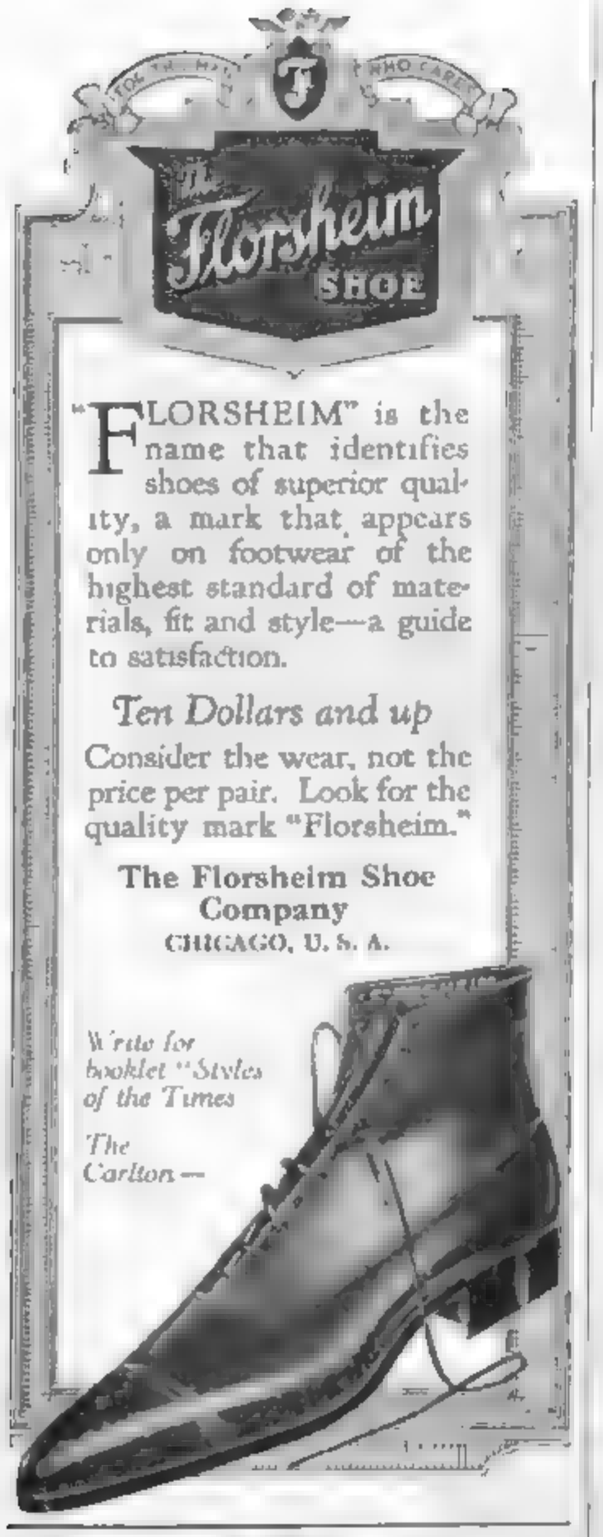
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S theodolite and chain, or the transit and tape of later surveyors, were adequate for boundaries or for simple mapping. But conquering the bewildering array of peaks, gorges, and spurs of the Rockies involved hardship and time and heavy expense.

So in recent topographical surveys made by our Government in Alaska, the surveyor has turned to photography—has made the panoramic camera his field instrument, and taken readings on a roll of film, at less expense, in shorter time, and with equal accuracy.

Before surveying could utilize photography, the panoramic camera had to reach practical perfection. The heavy dry plate, so hard to transport, had to give way to the lightweight film which gives so many more pictures for the same weight on the pack mule. So this new triumph of photography is significant in itself, and more so because it illustrates the value of continuous improvement in the smaller phases of photography.

In realization of this truth the Eastman Kodak Company has for twenty-five years devoted specialized effort to every phase of photography. The institution is so organized that when a new problem confronts photography an army of experts can be mobilized to meet that new need.

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't KODAK


The Florsheim SHOE
"FLORSHEIM" is the name that identifies shoes of superior quality, a mark that appears only on footwear of the highest standard of materials, fit and style—a guide to satisfaction.
Ten Dollars and up
Consider the wear, not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."
The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.
Write for booklet "Styles of the Times
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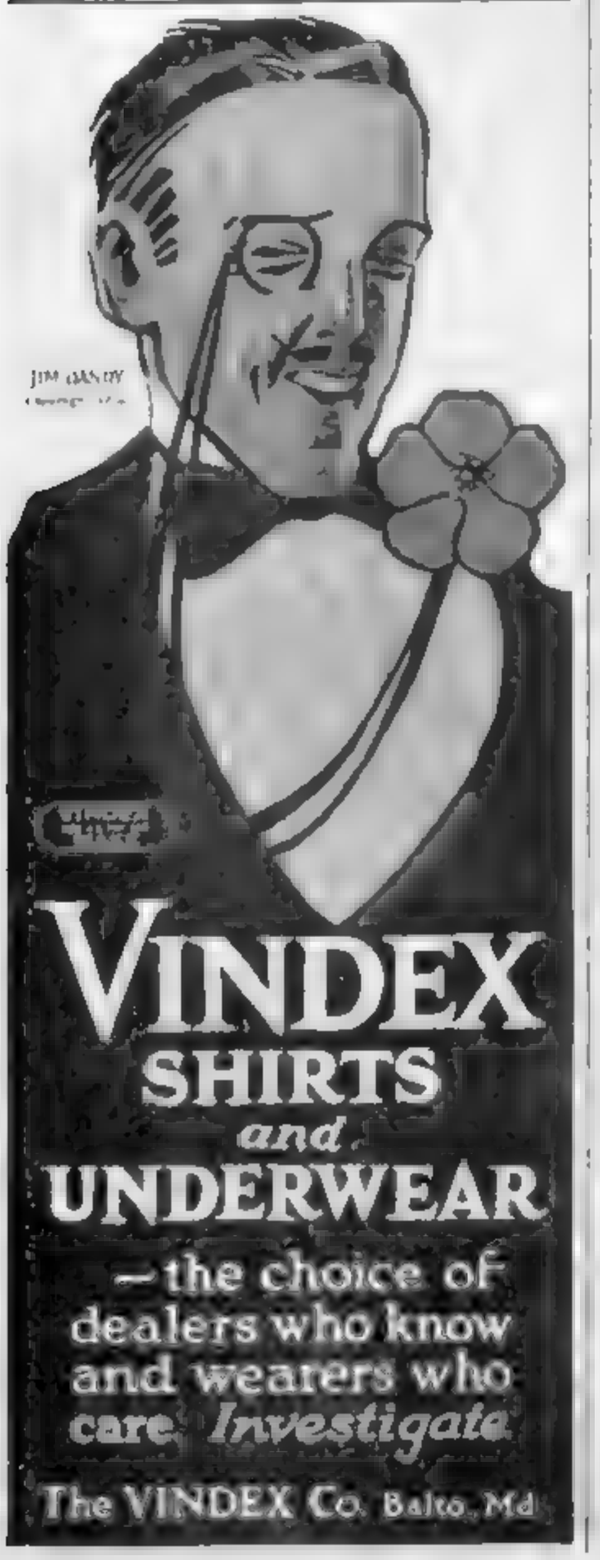


(Continued from Page 48)

whisper itself to his starved lonesome heart.

John's becoming a grocer's clerk was a blow to Sally. It weakened her hold on Rex, she thought, just as Densie's prestige had undeniably strengthened it. Rex could no longer regard Densie as a little slug and pass her with a patronizing nod. He found Densie a modern woman with every whit as much ingenuity as he possessed, besides a courtesy and sincerity which had never been a part of his make-up.

Rex accepted the transformation laughingly and told Sally it was a shame, and as soon as he found something really safe to play in stocks he was going to see that John Plummer made his pile. Rex had grown older looking in the last couple of years, he was more secretive as to his business, but his money had seemed to increase magically and he gave Sally very gorgeous trappings, things way beyond even a well-to-do man's means.

They had come to an understanding—a sort of "you've-got-me-there-is-no-use-trying-to-get-away" feeling. But Rex was no longer the adoring cavalier rejoicing in Sally's youth and beauty. He told her bluntly when her face was badly powdered or when she should have used rouge; he criticized her clothes and made fun of her painting. He delighted to point out various couples who had married at the time he had first known Sally and were burdened with youngsters and the cares of a home, and ask Sally if she would like to push a pram and have to buy liver and bacon to cook the next morning at six A. M.

Sometimes Sally would tell him very sharply that she would; she hated suave, tip-seeking menials, richly spiced, unwise food, endless extravagance and needless luxury, a veritable storybook way of living. Again she would realize that she had grown accustomed to ease, to living this sort of life; that she preferred to have no work to do, to eat and drink what she wished, wear what she liked, to have a sort of domineering influence over Rex and be pointed out as Rex Humberstone's fiancée wherever she went.

Sally thought that was all that was whispered about her, but the remarks were no longer as kind as they had once been. They ran: "Engaged for years, has no intention of marrying anyone, just likes to show her off." "She is pretty, but hasn't she faded? Five years ago she was a beauty." "Watch and see; he'll grow tired of her if she nags at him, and I've heard that she does." "No, her mother can't do a thing; she is crazy-mad over him. Odd devil, at that!"

During the latter part of 1913 Densie found herself taking a still further step in public work. She became interested in mysticism, unorthodox cults; she attended their meetings and went to mediums and investigated their methods. She did not become a follower of them, but they held her attention and she was amused at their claims. A New York paper in which the senator was interested asked her to write her opinions of the various cults which had gained a foothold in America, and she began her series with a daring title—America's Menace—which created quite a bit of excitement and approval.

The paper paid her well and gave her untold prominence. She enjoyed both. She was beginning to be proud of being known as Mrs. Densie Plummer; fame was very sweet to possess, and she caught herself attempting the doing of artificial tricks to foster it. And though she was somewhat ashamed she did not stop the doing of them.

All the while John Plummer's face grew thin and lined, but he stoically wore his white apron and measured out spices with an unsteady hand—for he found his panacea in drink; and Densie, who was hardly aware of the change in him, only thought of him when it was necessary, which John took pains was as seldom as possible.

Once he laid a clipping on her desk which began, "Join the Only Her Husband's Club"; and when she returned it to him she said gravely, "I wish you would take charge of the exchange. It has grown to such an extent it really needs a man."

"Oh, then women can't do everything?" he retorted.

"We never claimed we could; we claimed we could do things as well. Why won't you, John?" And she mentioned an ample salary.

"I'd starve before I'd go to work for my wife." He rose abruptly, kicking away a footstool. "And don't begin the old harangue"—he lifted his unsteady hand—"I'm damned if I'll listen to any more of women's wrongs."

"You've been drinking!"

"Who wouldn't?"

Densie shrugged her shoulders. The coating of ice came to the rescue of the deep current. She turned to Kenneth for consolation. Kenneth regarded his mother as the only person who could do no wrong, partly because he saw the same idea reflected in Densie's dark blue eyes whenever she looked at him.

Just after this incident another honor came to Densie: she was named chairman of the National Eugenics Committee and asked to write her experiences as a state inspector. Even Harriet was stirred by this, and advised her mother not to be a sob sister and have anything sentimental embodied with her arguments. Oddly enough, Harriet was to be one of the critics of the report.

"Well, it's getting too much for me," Sally told her father that night. "I've a limited brain—and just now I feel as if I ought to go out and have a sensible talk with the horse."

The two disgruntled ones spent a wretched evening indulging in semitreasonable remarks and dire prophecies.

XXVI

SHUNTED into a backwater of life John turned to his health as the most interesting topic and recreation. He was annoyed when Sally joked about his leakage of the heart; and when Kenneth left samples of patent medicine on his dresser he felt as aggrieved and misunderstood as any woman invalid trying to convince her doctor as to the state of her nerves. Densie ignored the thing, which was the most cutting of all.

She saw her husband only a few moments each day and she had unconsciously become like Harriet, sweetly courteous and blandly impersonal whenever she met him. Things did not affect her—the coating of ice over the deep current was thicker and more permanent. As Densie had one time ardently desired nothing but benefits for her family, labored with her hands, prayed with her soul and loved with all her heart, she now diverted the same amount of material and spiritual energy toward her own advancement and the affairs of persons outside her house. She worked for her orphans and her blind and tubercular protégés zealously; she pointed out faults and praised virtues with an equal evenness of temper; she conducted the presidency of clubs with admirable executive ability, stumped for suffrage throughout the state and made an unprecedented record, for she was neither assertive, masculine nor sentimentally emotional—just an old-fashioned fairy, as the senator said—and who could resist her?

Mrs. Densie Plummer became known as the exception to the rule; no one minded when she asked for favors, because she always asked with a "please" and received with a "thank you."

The senator was proud of Densie: he boasted she was his champion find. Densie used to try to persuade herself this meant nothing out of the ordinary to have him say it, but she had to admit to her truthful self that this boyish white-haired man of fifty-four had come to mean a great deal. She thought of him before she thought of anyone else except Kenneth. And when she thought of Kenneth she always thought of James Gleason, because he had promised Densie to see that Kenneth had the West Point appointment and could begin to be a captain, his fondly cherished dream. She also thought that the senator's influence would be good for Kenneth; he needed such an idealistic yet strong man to copy. Then she would reprove herself and remember John Plummer. Poor John was engrossed by a new eye trouble, grumbling over the white linen apron he donned every morning at eight-fifteen! When she came to this point she would try to stop her reflections about Kenneth and think of someone else—say, Harriet.

She could understand Harriet's viewpoint now, and she was proud of the girl, though anxious as to her health. In another two years, the senator said, he would have her appointed for the study of eugenics and sent abroad—the senator was so kind; he knew not only what to say but what to do. He had told her of his old home, hinting it was very lonesome these days and that the big rooms were waiting with their priceless antiques for a mistress; that the garden was a mass of roses and an old sunken fountain bubbled away in the sunlight while dragon flies glittered about a little statue of Pan —— Here Densie would try to collect herself again, for she was still thinking of the senator.

She would turn her thoughts to Sally, and the deep mother current of anxiety and resentment would begin to stir—beautiful wasted Sally going her foolish squirrel-cage way—over and over, the eternal round of useless drives and dinners and forced pleasures. Densie's face would grow stern as she visualized Rex—a sneaking coward, she called him—who had hypnotized her child and shut her away from everything normal, the things for which Sally had been destined. Well, the senator had guessed this worry and promised if the time came when he could be of use in handling Mr. Humberstone he was sure not to fail. The senator had a cure for every ill, a smile to erase every frown ——

Densie would stop again. Then she would fall to planning her new clothes, but unconsciously they would comply with the style and color the senator had said he liked best. It was impossible to stop thinking of him as the central figure in her life. She could not help but contrast him with Iris Starr—for the senator had done everything for Densie with no hope of reward, while Iris Starr flattered John and then discarded him like a worn-out glove the instant reverses were his lot.

Could she have done any differently? The vista of years would stretch before her and she would often pass down it figuratively, recalling memories and events of each one, ending way, way back at the happiest day of her life, when she made a bit of a biscuit under Ellen Porch's kindly guidance, and looked out the window to see John astride his pony, killing lions and tigers in the kitchen garden.

It bothered Densie most of the time that John held a clerk's position. Her false sense of pride, created since her own honors and position had become of importance, chafed at the thought of her husband's answering flat voices as to the prices of paprika and cinnamon. Yet, if she suggested that he retire or try again to find something more congenial, she saw that he had become a self-inflicted martyr—his heart condition and his white linen apron were to him as a monk's horsehair shirt. He rather gloried in his downfall. Had Iris Starr stayed in his life all might have been different, but left to himself while Densie forged ahead John's afflictions became his friends, and Densie saw that he would wear his white apron and take heart medicine until he, *per se*, saw fit to do otherwise.

"It is just that you would be happier, John," she had urged.

"You're ashamed of me," he snarled.

Densie smiled, remembering the years John had been ashamed of her—that fatal New York trip, for example.

"It doesn't look dignified," she assured him.

"The senator or your friends don't trade at the Golden Rule," he answered with martyred satisfaction; "and Sally and Ken never pass by on that side of the street."

Densie hesitated. "John, suppose we try to really talk it over?"

"I'm all out of heart drops," he would answer, consulting a medicine stand. "I'll have to go to the drug store right away."

And with relief Densie would allow the conversation to end.

Densie earned even more money that year by doing special investigating work for the consumers' league—she became quite intimate with Harriet by means of letters, and Harriet found that her mother was mentioned in the circles which she respected as a woman of authority.

Another peculiar incident happened just at this time. Instead of writing to Densie, Dean Laddbarry began writing to John, or rather John answered one of Densie's letters as she requested, and a correspondence sprang up between the older man and Dean, with John telling all the news, after the fashion of a woman, and hinting of his wrongs in clumsy masculine fashion. He grew dependent on Dean's cheer-o letters written about his business in the West and his liking for the life and the country. Occasionally, not so frequently as before, he would ask about Sally; to which John would reply briefly: "Sally's fine; some day or other I suppose she'll get married."

Sally never knew this. She knew Dean wrote her father, but pride refused to let

(Continued on Page 53)

"All together—let's continue production and insure prosperity"
U. S. Dept of Labor
Wm. B Wilson, Secretary

How All Breads are Bettered

Two Ways, with the Raisin

Better Flavor: All breads are more palatable with the luscious raisin-flavor. The raisin—Nature's own confection—acts as an appetizer. Try bread with raisins in it. See how that delicious flavor permeates the loaf.

More Nutrition: Raisin breads, furthermore, are *better foods* because of the raisin's high nutrition.

Raisins supply 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—470 calories more than steak and 840 more than eggs.

So the raisin occupies an important place in replacing the energy that strenuous romping children and hard-working men burn up.

Raisins, therefore, are both good and *good for* you. Be sure to try them in your breads.

Buy at Grocers' or Bake Shops

Ask your grocer or baker for *California Raisin Bread*. That is a raisin bread of first-class quality.

It is made of the very finest materials and is filled with luscious *Sun-Maid Raisins*. Its flavor and food value are unsurpassed Order a loaf today. It is baked fresh every day in the week in the modern ovens of your finest local bakeries

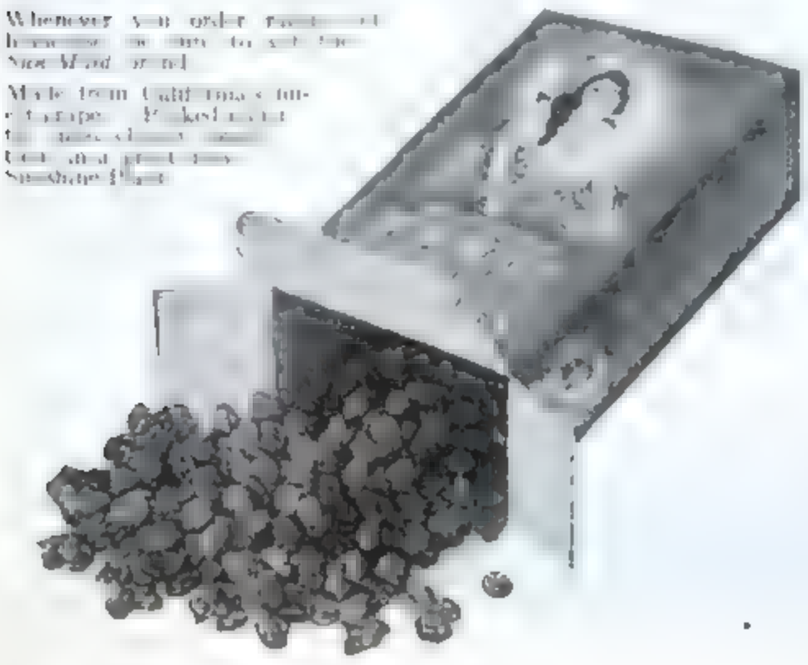
California Raisin Bread

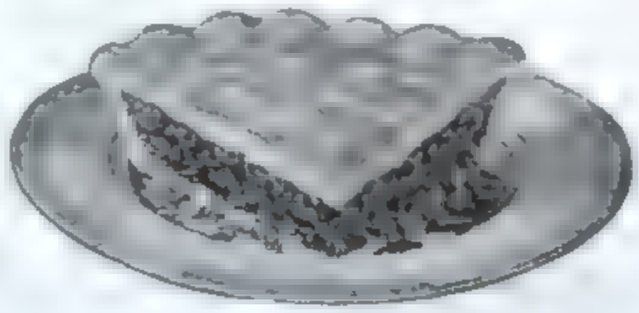
Made with SUN-MAID RAISINS

Also California Raisin Pie and Victory Penny-Buns

Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins

(Grown without seeds)





Ask Dealers for This, Too

Grocers and bakers will supply on request luscious California Raisin Pie, also ready-baked. This pie makes one of the finest desserts that has ever been created. It is made with Sun-Maid Raisins—juicy, tender, plump and sweet. You'll delight in its fruity flavor.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9,000 Growers
Fresno, California

Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins

(Seeds Removed)

Accuracy Rivals Beauty in *"The Watch with the Purple Ribbon"*

SOUTH BEND Watches have a distinctive beauty that appeals to the man who takes pride in the appearance of his personal possessions.

Notice the style appeal in the South Bend Chesterfield model shown above. The shape of the case, the design of the hands, the easily-read yet full-of-character numerals on the dial. Even the massive mahogany box in which it is encased, gives the quality impression that is an inseparable part of every watch that wears the purple.

But it is not alone this *look* of quality that has brought South Bend Watches into quick favor. It is not appearance, only, that caused the demand to double and treble within recent months. The real reason for the remarkable demand for South Bend Watches is their *accuracy*. The word has traveled quickly from man to man that South Bend Watches are exceptional time keepers. This is true of every South Bend Watch that you can buy.

The Chesterfield *Extra-Thin* models with all their elegance; the 19 Jewel models, adjusted to four positions, which have attained such a tremendous sale; the railroad watches which are specified as standard on every railroad in America. Price for price, grade for grade, South Bend Watches keep to closer timing standards than are usually expected or obtained.

See these watches at your jeweler's. You will know them instantly by the rich purple ribbons which they wear—an unusual way of marking a very unusual watch. *Write us for "A Book of Beautiful Watches."*

SOUTH BEND WATCH CO., 13 STUDEBAKER STREET, SOUTH BEND, IND.
For Years, Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

(Continued from Page 50)

her read the letters or answer them. She had developed pride as her horsehair shirt, just as John had the heart leakage and the white apron. Kenneth and Densie were free from horsehair shirts, each busy living in the world and happy with each other. But to Sally—she was twenty-eight now—had come a peculiar vanity and reticence about herself and Rex Humberstone. She was neither proud nor reserved with Rex, she had bad scenes in which she stormed or upbraided him for being engaged and never intending marriage and threatened him that he dare not break off the affair—loving him all the while with that wild, starved infatuation which no one has ever been able to understand or justify!

The truth was that Rex Humberstone was not afraid of Sally, but of Densie Plummer; he realized her influence. He had seen her with Senator Gleason, whom he always avoided, and he felt it was better to weather Sally's storms than to tell her he did not love her and let her go weeping to her modern mother's arms. He had the uncomfortable feeling that his years of belittling Sally's mother might play the boomerang.

Besides, some of the time Sally was fair company and she was still beautiful, and he was altogether too old and too engrossed on a new and lucrative mission to take time for younger women—he had trained Sally and was content to let it so stay.

For a long time the conversation between Sally and her mother had been confined to "when I will be home" and "when I won't be home" and arguments over the honesty of a cleaning woman. Sally had become a semisecretary-housekeeper, such as she was, with Densie paying her fifty dollars a month and allowing her that for clothes and incidentals. Sally had long ago given up trying to paint for a living; she admitted now with a bitter laugh that it was a girlish notion and amounted to nothing. She told her mother's friends and her own, what few she still had, that she preferred staying home and looking after things, and she accepted Densie's allowance without a qualm, telling herself that the few notes she wrote or bills she paid deserved her wage.

Kenneth, who was finishing school, was engaged by the senator at sixty dollars a month to do some sort of clerical work, no one really knew just what; but he went to the senator's office every day after school hours and busied himself with various matters, chiefly answering the phone and reading the latest magazines while ensconced in a comfortable leather chair.

John had said "I worked for my uncle for a dollar a week when I was a boy," when Kenneth told him of the position.

"You're growing old, daddy," his son informed him. "You're beginning to talk about the past—that's what you said about Uncle Sam Hippler."

"Senators didn't hire sixty-dollar-a-month office boys then."

"Didn't they? If they knew the office boys' bully mummies?" Kenneth finished in innocent triumph.

At which John's face turned a mottled color and he took an extra dose of heart drops.

John's salary was twenty dollars a week. Out of this he paid ten toward the apartment expenses, a drop in the bucket in reality. The rest was used for medicines and his clothes. He wore rather good-looking clothes and took a melancholy pride in his appearance.

"The really sick people never show how ill they are," he was wont to remark.

But Densie paid all the rest of the bills, which she was glad to do under the circumstances.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE RETURN OF THE SALESMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

to have sold it to him. Not that I was seeing anything of her; it upset me too terribly. Nor did I hear anything much from Lionel during this period. Just an occasional brief line from the Front. He never complained, but I suffered none the less, knowing how delicate and sensitive he was. And in the meanwhile I kept on selling things to his father—unceasingly and most successfully, until one day I observed that the Old Boy had at last acquired the real essence of the munitions connoisseur. Not only did nothing I had on hand please him but he developed a fancy which we were to find for him.

"I want a pair of black Wedgwood vases for the front parlor mantel!" he said. "Have ye such a thing?"

Of course we hadn't! The idea of his making so effete a choice so soon! It was plain to see where Lionel got his adaptability. And I was in terror and despair at the Old Boy's tone. When a client adopts a certain tone with a dealer the dealer must produce something interesting and produce it quickly—or he loses that client. Failing actually to bring forth a concrete and hitherto undisplayed object he must instantly create interest, excitement and curiosity in the client's mind about something which may, with great pains, be obtainable. The latter was my recourse at this time.

"I believe I have something even more interesting than black Wedgwood in view, Mr. McGuire," said I.

"And what is that?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind!" said I coyly, for I hadn't at the moment the remotest idea of what it was to be, myself. "Oh, never you mind! I want to surprise you!"

"Where will you get it?" he asked, brightening just as I had hoped he would.

"Down South!" I replied, glibly improvising. "My curator, Mr. Wescott, and I are about to take a little trip by automobile and we will bring it back. I promise you a real treat!"

"Well, don't let a soul see it before I do," he said eagerly. "Promise me that!"

"Oh, Mr. McGuire, isn't that a foregone conclusion between us?" I reproached him. "Besides, a man of your tastes would be the only person sufficiently discriminating to appreciate this!"

"When will you be back?" he asked.

"In about two weeks," I told him; and he left in a high state of tension. It gets them, collecting does. It's worse than liquor, once they are started.

And then I was in a fearful quandary. I had no idea of where to go or what to look for. My statement had simply been an ordinary business white lie, and my position was delicate. Furthermore, I was feeling far from well. I had a headache and a sore throat and just knew a bad cold was coming on.

An automobile trip was the last thing I wanted to take, and yet since I had said I was going it would, of course, be absolutely necessary for me to absent myself from the shop for a couple of weeks; and to do so I might as well go somewhere.

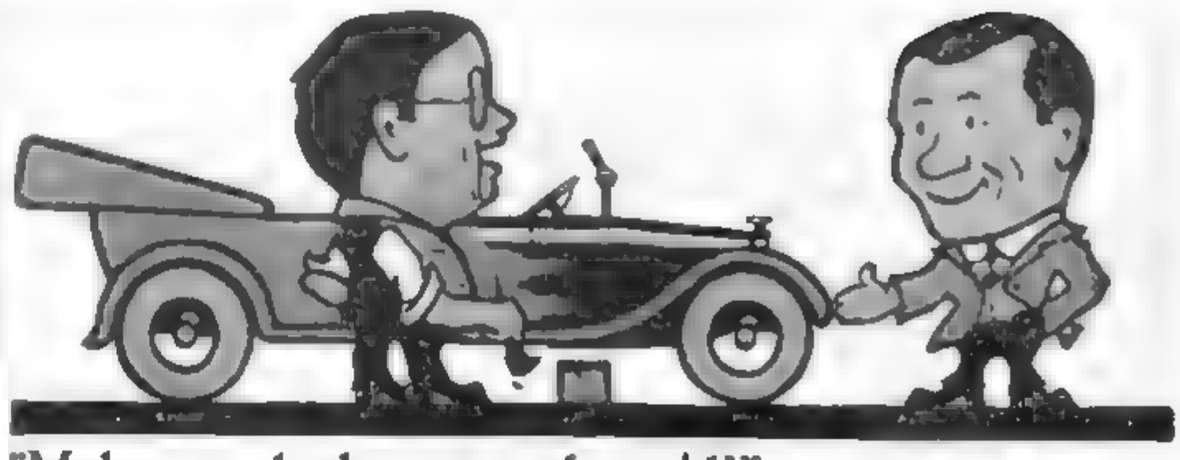
I walked home that evening feeling very miserable, what with my *mal de tête* and the discouraging outlook ahead of me; and my frame of mind was not improved by encountering Madame Cartier walking cheerfully and healthily along with H. M. Andrews, who, as everyone knows, is the most important collector of ancient paintings in the country.

Eh bien, I need not have worried about the Southern trip, for having gone to bed I stayed there two mortal weeks. In point of fact my cold turned out to be the influenza, and I assure you I was *très malade!* Had I gone with my dear Lionel to face the boches on one of their antique-hunting expeditions and quarreled single handed with an entire regiment of them over the possession of, say, a bit of Rheims Cathedral, I could scarcely have felt more badly beaten up or more annoyed with life than after that attack. I didn't want to recover. I felt too weak to live any longer, and there was Mr. McGuire to face empty-handed. But recover I did, *malgré moi*, and staggered down to the galleries on the very day that he next came in.

In some ways old friends and old employees are best. Eloise and Wescott were holding the fort in splendid shape when I put in my appearance, having got the Old Boy between them and told him—actually told him we had taken the Southern trip. *Magnifique*, was it not? But the business white lie held embarrassing things in its trail.

"And where is the grand surprise you brought me?" McGuire wanted to know. "I am anxious to see it."

It was pretty awful, really, because owing to my illness there wasn't a new thing in the shop! Wescott, Eloise and I exchanged despairing glances. Wescott laughed nervously. Eloise giggled, and I cleared my throat.



"Makes 'er look peppy, hey Al!"
"It can't help lookin' good—it's Effecto Auto Enamel!"

AND you'll feel that same way about your car after you've given it that high-luster, 1919 appearance with Effecto! A few dollars for Effecto, with a few hours of interesting work, and you'll be glad you economized and *kept* the old car.

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

You'll be surprised how absorbing the work is and how quickly it's finished. And it's all because Effecto is the quick-drying, easy-working, self-leveling, high-luster auto enamel that lasts longer than the finish most manufacturers put on new cars.

It's a *real enamel* that will do things that you couldn't even begin to do with a re-named carriage paint. Very often Effecto covers in one coat.

There are seven live colors and the Finishing Varnish, which is a clear varnish intended for use where the old finish is not badly marred.

The gnawing tooth of rust can't weaken the chassis and fenders, if you keep a can of Black Effecto handy to touch up the banged and scraped spots as soon as they appear.

Effecto Top and Seat Dressing gives the upholstery and top the richness of a new one. Top and Seat Dressing waterproofs and renews.

From bumper to tail light, from tires to top, she'll look like a new car.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer

Sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers everywhere. Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 145 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 91 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

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Overtime Pay *for Spare Hours*

Overtime pay is double pay, but usually it isn't *permanent*. We offer you overtime pay permanently, year in and year out.

Hundreds of our spare-time representatives have long been averaging more than *a dollar an hour* profit. Their average is now even higher, because our scale of payments has recently been increased.

The Saturday Evening Post, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are so popular that scores of our inexperienced beginners easily obtain two subscriptions per hour, thus earning $30.00 a month *extra* for only one hour a day!

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He Shot the Gun

And Found that He Had the Greatest Wheat Food in Existence

Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken, and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy, and created Corn Puffs.

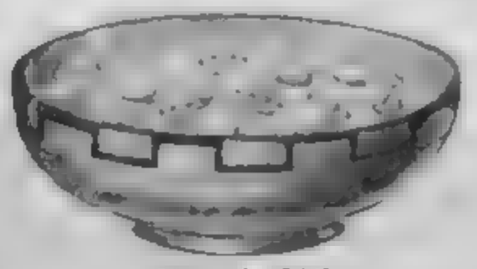
Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

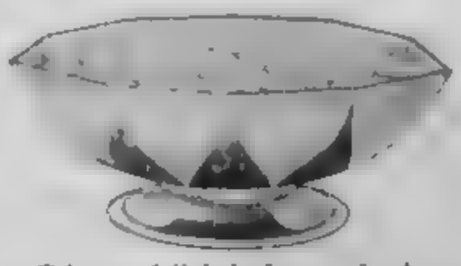
Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

Each 15c—Except in Far West



Float In Milk

Float some Puffed Grain in every bowl of milk. There is nothing else half so inviting.



Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts after school.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3034)

"Why—the truth is, Mr. McGuire," I began, "it hasn't got here yet. In point of fact none of the things we found have yet arrived!"

"So you had a good trip?" said the Old Boy.

"Oh, very!" was chorused.

"Well, it's a funny thing you let me come in like this, wasting my time," he said crossly. "I'm an honest man, and I never waste time any more than I do money. When can I see this mysterious object of virtue?"

Wescott, who was standing behind McGuire, signaled frantically. I got him at once.

"Why, this afternoon, if you really insist!" I said nervously. "Really, Mr. McGuire, your patience will be rewarded."

"I'll come back then, at four," said he, taking his hat and stick. "Will that be time?"

"*Certainment!*" I said hysterically. "In point of fact I believe your thing may be already here, waiting to be unpacked. I'll see that we have our little séance at four o'clock!"

Eh bien, he went away!

No sooner had the door closed than I turned upon Wescott.

"What on earth do you intend to do?" I demanded. "Where are you to get this marvelous thing to show him? He knows all the big galleries in town now, and we can't borrow from them."

"We'll have to take a taxi down to Smith's junk shop," said he grimly. "They must have something there!"

Of all the miserable experiences I ever underwent that ride down to the Bowery was the most wretched. Nervous? That is simply no word for it. And when we got there and looked round at the old familiar junk my heart sank anew. How I missed Lionel at that moment! How I longed for his delicate perception, his unerring instinct for the salable, his creative imagination which could so readily pick out objects capable of being camouflaged! And as I looked and longed my eye fell upon that dim old canvas he had discarded. It was the only possible thing in sight, and I took a good look at it.

It was certainly very ugly, and must have been a model, for no gentleman knowing himself so unattractive would have been apt to order his likeness painted. The clothing was apparently in the period of the early nineteenth century, and to me the thing seemed a mere daub. But it was sufficiently dirt-encrusted and vague to be almost anything underneath from a Rembrandt to an ancient piece of tablecloth except that the face was there.

"Where did you get this?" I asked Smith.

"Part of a job lot from an old boarding house on Fourteenth," he said. "You can have it for two seventy-five."

"Shall I take it?" I said to Wescott doubtfully. "It seems to be the only thing."

Wescott looked at his watch.

"It's twenty past three," he warned. "Better buy it, though God knows what we'll say to the Old Boy!"

Eh bien, we did! And when Mr. McGuire came in we were all prepared. The picture was on an easel in the private room where we display a single object at a time. The lights were turned in its direction, but an ancient ecclesiastical robe hung before it. An arm-chair was arranged at exactly the right angle, and Wescott lit two joss sticks to help create the proper atmosphere. We were groomed, calm and alert. And then the Old Boy was shown in.

"All set, I see!" he remarked, taking off his coat in a leisurely manner and placing his silk hat carefully on the console. "Wait a moment, friends."

He lit an expensive cigar and took his seat. Wescott switched on the easel light, and in perfect silence we raised the robe, disclosing the picture.

For a long time nobody spoke, and then at last old man McGuire gave a low whistle.

"It's a wonder!" he said. "But what is it?"

"My dear friend," I said, "I am not going to make any comment until you do. This picture came into our possession under very peculiar circumstances; in fact, we are bound not to betray where we got it or how, save that we paid, though honestly, far less than what I believe to be its worth. Of course obviously it looks like a portrait by—well, you see for yourself?"

"It certainly does look like a ——"

Mr. McGuire gave a significant pause and looked wisely at Wescott.

"I think it does myself!" said that unregenerate scamp, shirking naming the thing.

"Do you really think it is a ——" said McGuire anxiously.

"A—a Benjamin West?" said I, plunging desperately. "Mr. McGuire, I will be perfectly frank with you. I do—but I couldn't prove it."

He drew a long breath.

"So do I believe it!" he said.

Which was just what I expected. Had I said Rembrandt he would have agreed in exactly the same way. The atmosphere was perfect and, as I have said before, atmosphere is really what the dealer sells. Well, he got that in good measure.

"Well," said the Old Boy after a close scrutiny of the wretched thing under the magnifying glass, "well, what do you want for it?"

Wescott and I exchanged puzzled glances. What should we say? Anything above five dollars, plus the cost of the taxi, was velvet. It was too absurd! But finally I took courage.

"*Eh bien, mon ami*," said I, "the price must be very low, because of the uncertainty. Of course, as you yourself have said, there is no moral doubt. But under the circumstances I cannot ask more than five hundred dollars. Of course if we can find papers regarding it—you have a bargain, that is all. And I, for one, shall be glad!"

He was silent for a moment, squinting at the monstrosity with a knowing air.

"I'll give you four hundred and fifty for it!" he pronounced at length; showing that Mr. McGuire had in truth become a connoisseur, having reached the point where he bargained. He drew a check for the amount, and when he had gone Wescott and I fell upon each other's necks and wept hysterically. The strain had been almost too much, really!

There is in the life of every dealer one dreadful period connected with any sale. And that is directly after it is made. Of course there is anxiety preceding it, but that is tinged with a sort of sporting quality, *vous savez*. The weeks immediately following the sale are the dreadful ones. The client may return what he has bought after, as he will say, "living with it" for a month or six weeks, and *voilà!*

You must accept his decision smilingly. And the game of getting rid of it has to begin all over again.

Of course such a period followed on the heels of the Benjamin West. But our nervousness was all for nothing, and the dangerous three weeks passed uneventfully. In point of fact several months passed without our even seeing the Old Boy. But that was nothing. Clients always come and go, in sort of waves of enthusiasm, and this was simply a lull.

Indeed, it was a dull time in every way. Absolutely nothing happened. True, the armistice was signed, necessitating our closing for a whole day. I put in the time profitably by writing a long letter to my dearest Lionel, pointing out the importance of his at once getting out of that horrid Army and immediately begin collecting while he was over there. Though I had had no word from him in months and months I felt that my instructions would simply coincide exactly with his own enthusiasm, and when I thought of his exquisite taste and unerring judgment, and the huge field awaiting him among the impoverished aristocracy of Belgium, France and England, not to mention what he might have legitimately got for nothing from Germany—I could scarcely contain my joy. Indeed I recall that I actually did a *pas seul* as I went to drop the letter in the mail chute. *La vie est si—er—er*—deceptive and misleading, *n'est-ce pas?* Too soon did I rejoice. Weeks went by and no reply came from Lionel. And then, like a bolt from *le ciel bleu*, came two letters—one from Lionel and one from his father.

Such was my anxiety to hear from the darling boy that I opened his first, and my feelings may better be imagined than described when I say that it announced his imminent arrival! He had received a slight wound which together with his long service had decided the authorities to grant him his discharge. He might even reach me as soon as the letter, for he was already at an American camp and would be in by Thursday, the day following. It was very brief and to the point. But oh, how glad I was to get it! I cried—positively—with sheer happiness; and then I opened the Old

(Continued on Page 57)

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

New Style Tourabout—Refined Sport-Model

THE reception already accorded this advanced Tourabout model, indicates how well we anticipated the public's peace-time demands for new styles, improvements and conveniences.

This low, graceful, roomy Lexington distinctly sets the season's standards.

It is a refined type of sport-model, narrower and rangier than the average touring car, with ample room for five passengers.

No previous model serves as an adequate comparison to the success achieved by this new Tourabout. When first seen it instantly attracts your attention and wins your admiration.

This impression is lasting.

You know this car will not soon be out of date in design.

As to its performance, it is impossible to fully appreciate what we mean, unless you are a Lexington owner, when we say, "it surpasses all previous Lexington models in its capacity and manner of performance—quiet, smooth, saving of tires and fuel, and unusually easy-to-drive and comfortable-to-ride-in."

Its light-weight construction, special springs, exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System (that increases power), unified frame, oil-less bushings, non-metallic universal joints and one-finger emergency brake are a few of the improvements that indicate its *worth* and *desirability*.

Let the Lexington dealer explain how, because ten large factories specializing in motor car parts are affiliated with and contribute to Lexington, we are enabled to build *better* cars for *less* money.

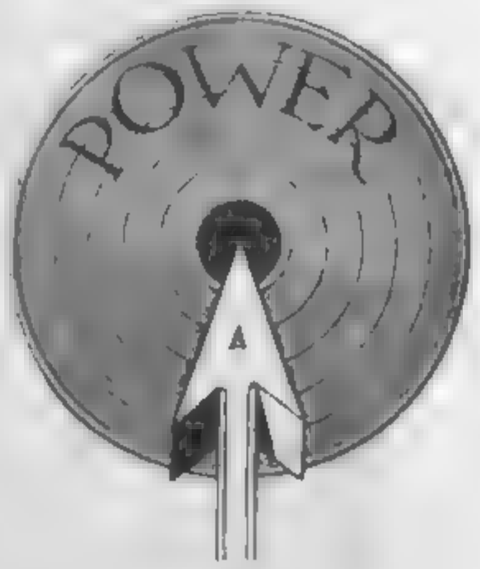
Or write us for complete information about this or other Lexington open and closed models.

Lexington Motor Company Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

PEERLESS

Two-Power-Range EIGHT

The "Loafing Range"



The "Sporting Range"

Modern Lightness—With Stability

THERE is much to be said for the closed car bodies that set the first high standards of coach building applied to motor cars.

Peerless leadership in Closed Car construction was established in the early days of the industry.

There is much to be said for newer methods—where they work real improvement.

The Peerless Closed Cars of today embody those fundamental principles developed by the old master coach builders, combined with all that constitutes genuine improvement in modern methods.

The result—modern lightness with stability.

Mounted on the famous Peerless Eight chassis, with its two separate and distinct ranges of power, the Peerless Closed Cars of today maintain their leadership.

In substantial comfort they are not to be surpassed.

In operation they give the most distinctive performance yet attained by motor cars.

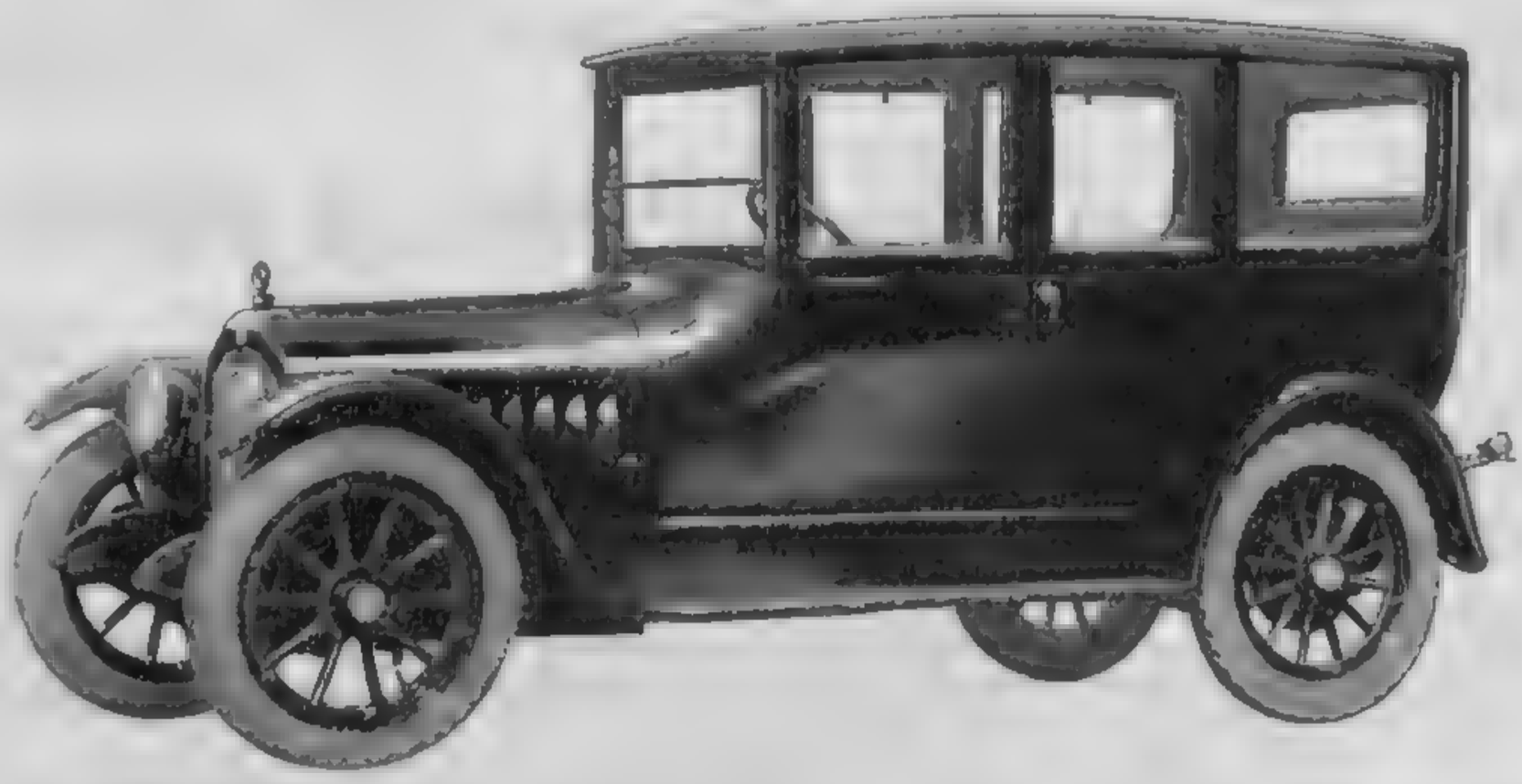
The "loafing" range offers the acme of soft, smooth, efficient, economical application of power.

The "sporting" range releases an abundance of power for emergencies and speed which few cars now possess.

Let the Peerless dealer show you its remarkable range of performance—those contrasts of opposite virtues which have made the Peerless Two-Power-Ranger the distinctive motor car of the day.

7 passenger Touring $2760 *4 passenger Roadster $2760* *4 passenger Coupé $3320*
7 passenger Sedan $3530 *7 passenger Sedan Limousine $3720*
f. o. b. Cleveland, subject to change without notice

The Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio



(Continued from Page 54)

Boy's note. I read it with horrified incredulity. Comment upon it is inadequate. Read it for yourself:

"MR. KENTT.

"*Dear Sir:* The picture you sold me as a Benjamin West, remember? I have found out about it. I'll be in on Thursday and tell you what's what. I have always been an honest man and hoping you are the same,

"Am yours truly,

"JAMES MCGUIRE."

Sacré bleu! Nom d'un chien! Can you beat it? I trembled; fairly trembled. But thank *le bon Dieu*, Lionel would be home and he could handle his father. The vision of that wrathy old man coming into the gallery like a bull into a china shop simply made my blood run cold!

On Thursday morning I dressed with particular care, partially as a welcome to the dear boy and partially because the psychology of clothes is so important in any business situation. For there was not only the Old Boy to deal with, but Eloise. Of course Eloise would have to be fired. Much as I liked her, and old friends that we were, it was an understood thing that she was filling Lionel's place; and now that the soldier boy was coming back she would have to give up her place to him since we could scarcely afford both salaries. I regretted being obliged to do this. But c'*est la guerre!*

I tackled the painful problem at once upon my entry into the shop, going directly to my private office and sending for her. She came in after a few moments and closed the door behind her. Such a pretty dark slip of a thing! It did seem cruel, what I was about to do! I even hesitated, but I might have spared myself my painful emotion. One almost always might better in this selfish life. For Eloise took advantage of my brief pause and spoke first.

"Hiram," she said with twinkling eyes—she had a horrid way of calling me by my crude given name—"Hiram, I have something important to say to you!"

"Well!" said I, "what is it?"

"I'm leaving you!" she said. "Don't be hurt, old friend, but it's nearly twice the money and a step up in the business. I know you've been awfully good to me, but I'm sure you will be glad to see me advance."

"*Eh bien, ça va sans dire!*" said I. "I—er—well, of course I am glad. Might I ask who has offered you this fine position?"

"Madame Cartier!" said the minx, and bowed herself out before I had a chance to recover my breath. And then, while I was still huddled in my chair, the door was filled by an enormous hulking shape, and I looked up into a vaguely familiar browned face.

"Well, don't you know me, old scout?" boomed a heavy voice. "It's Tom!"

It was Lionel, indeed it was! Lionel grown out of all proportion. He seemed positively to have added inches to his stature, and what had once been elegant slim height with a droop to it was now broad and firm as a young colossus. He was fairly bursting out of his civilian clothing too—a smart tweed which I slowly recognized as having once hung loosely on him; and his face was slightly empurpled by the close fit of the silken collar round his great column of a throat. It was plain that a tailor would be his first requirement.

But that was not all. Mere physical development was not so strange, though I confess I had not anticipated it in view of the fact that he had been wounded. But there was a spiritual change in him; er—one might say a lack of that delicate quality which he once so strongly possessed. His voice was deeper and he seemed curiously to fill my little office, and all at once I hated the smell of incense about it. Lionel had brought a breath of something else—I can scarcely describe what. He thrust out a brown unkept paw at me and laughed in a way which shook the Louis XV chandelier.

"Aren't you going to say how do?" he boomed.

Then I came to my senses.

"Lionel!" I cried. And springing to my feet I almost embraced him.

"Hey! You aren't pinning any medal on me!" he protested, thrusting me back and then shaking both my hands until I nearly wept with pain. "Gosh! but it's good to be home!" he went on. "Only no more of that Lionel stuff. Lionel was buried at Belleau Wood, and don't forget it. And it was Tom McGuire came out of the hospital afterward. So remember that! But tell me how are things? Do you know I haven't had a letter from you in ten months?"

"How dreadful!" said I. "And I have written regularly. But my boy, it is good to see you! I have a thousand things to tell you, the more so that you have not had my letters. *Eh bien, ça va sans dire.*"

"Say, Hank—do you know, you speak rotten French?" interrupted Lionel, as I must ever call him. "I got wise to that over there; and as a friend I want to tip you off. But never mind that now. Fire ahead about business."

"Well, we have been pretty well cleaned out by the munitions people," said I, ignoring his criticism for the moment. "The Gobelins are gone, and even that set of Spanish furniture. We have one old boy who ——"

Here I broke off and looked at Lionel in bewilderment. How was I to tell him—this new young Hercules—about his father? With the old delicate Lionel who was so fond of absinth and eighteenth-century needlework my problem would have been nil; but this bronze giant who had been given a medal for some beastly rough performance or other gave rise to a very different situation.

"Well, shoot!" said Tom. "What's eating you?"

"Er—nothing. Excuse me a moment, will you, dear boy?" I replied. For back of his head I had caught sight of Eloise making frantic signals for me to come out. Most unceremoniously and in a high state of nervous tension I obeyed, for I realized that Old Man McGuire had arrived.

Eh bien, imagine the state of nerves in which I walked forth to greet him. He stood there in his greatcoat, more like a bear than ever, and like—er—so like dear Lionel, as the boy now was! At the length of the shop he seemed a veritable tower of wrath, and I experienced a weak sickly sensation as I approached him, a ghostly smile frozen on my lips. But when I drew near I saw to my amazement that he was smiling too. Furthermore, he held out to me a slip of blue paper, which as I looked at it I gradually perceived to be a check for one thousand dollars. It was made to me and bore his signature.

"Mr. Kentt," he bellowed, "I said I was an honest man and I have come to prove it. I sold that Benjamin West at such a big profit that it was only decent you should get your share. And here it is!"

"But, but," I began, automatically accepting the thing, "my dear Mr. McGuire, I really ——"

I got no further. Lionel had heard the Old Boy's voice and rushed out of the office, completely upsetting a case of old jewelry on the way without even knowing he had done it.

"Dad!" he shouted; and the Old Boy took one look and held out his arms.

"Och! The damn young scoundrel!" he said; and this time nobody said anything about pinning on medals. In point of fact Eloise and I turned away.

"And you was in France, and here I've been buyin' out all the fool antique shops in the city looking for ye!" said Mr. McGuire. "And now you're home, praise be! And a good business you're in, my boy! I've bought a lot of pretty things and just sold one; and it's so famous a picture they've printed it in the paper!"

Eh bien, you may rest assured we all gathered round him at that and there on the cover of the Art Allowance was the reproduction of the picture from Smith's junk shop in the Bowery! On my word! Lionel gave one look at it and howled.

"But, good Lord!" he shouted. "That's that old piece of trash I wouldn't buy down at Smith's. Dad, you poor infant, where did you get it?"

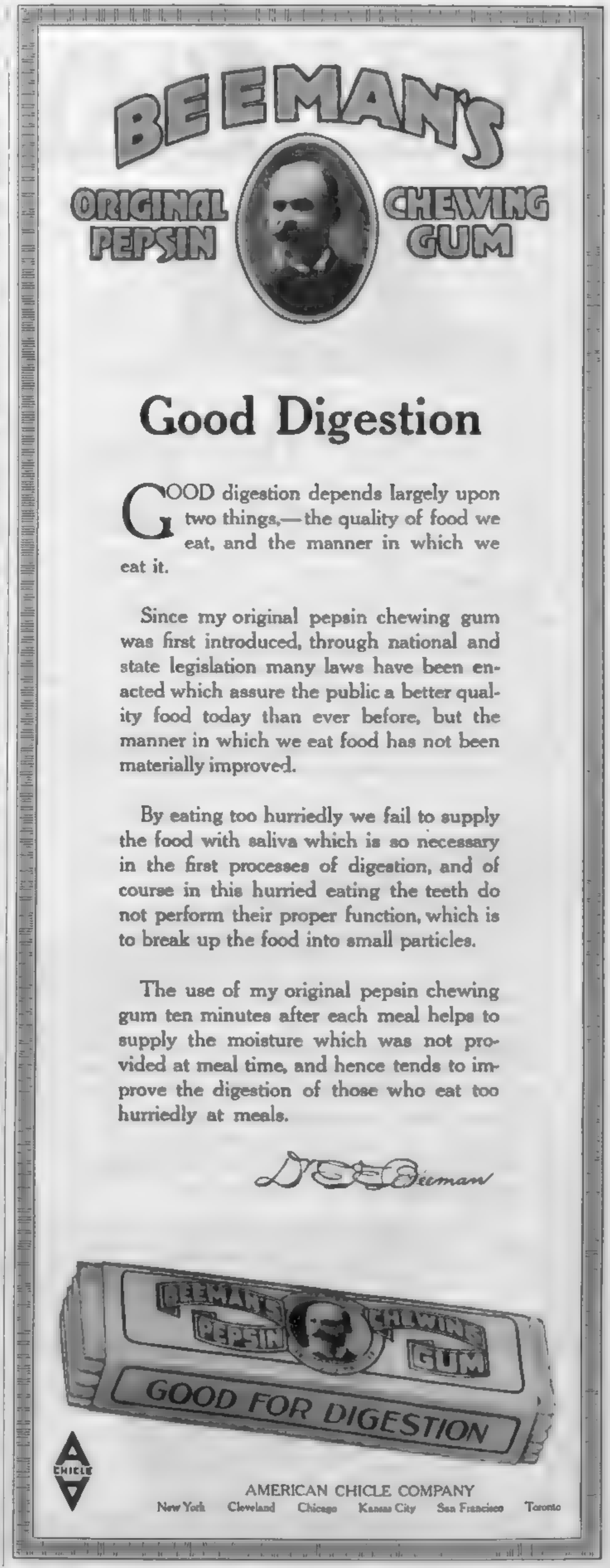
There was a moment of distinctly awkward silence, during which the Old Boy turned slowly to me and gave me a look that was most unpleasant. Then he thrust his finger at me.

"I bought it of him!" he said suddenly.

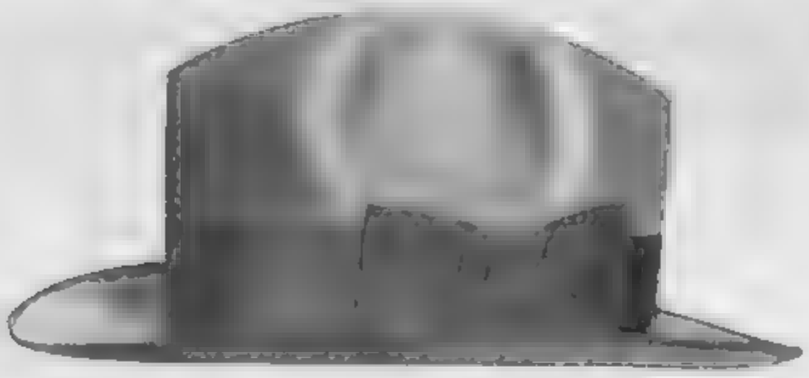
Lionel's brown face went nearly white and he stood over me in a way I shall not easily forget.

"You little crook!" he said. "You knew! And you sold it to him! Oh, this filthy business! Thank God, I'm out of it! Cheating, lying, robbing. What—what in God's name did you charge my poor old dad for that piece of junk?"

"Four hundred and fifty," I sputtered. "But I never told him a single lie about it; he can't say I did. And you have told many a one yourself, Lionel!"


BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN
CHEWING GUM
Good Digestion
GOOD digestion depends largely upon two things,—the quality of food we eat, and the manner in which we eat it.
Since my original pepsin chewing gum was first introduced, through national and state legislation many laws have been enacted which assure the public a better quality food today than ever before, but the manner in which we eat food has not been materially improved.
By eating too hurriedly we fail to supply the food with saliva which is so necessary in the first processes of digestion, and of course in this hurried eating the teeth do not perform their proper function, which is to break up the food into small particles.
The use of my original pepsin chewing gum ten minutes after each meal helps to supply the moisture which was not provided at meal time, and hence tends to improve the digestion of those who eat too hurriedly at meals.
Beeman
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN CHEWING GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION
CHICLE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco Toronto

MALLORY



The EARL

The Hat that goes with Good Clothes

MANY a man has said to himself—"I know what good clothes are. They're what I call 'all-wool' clothes. That means quality; style; long wear; economy. How am I going to tell when a hat has those things which I know I am getting when I buy 'all-wool' clothes?"

The answer is simple—

You can't tell wool from shoddy by just looking at it. So you buy clothes with a label in them that you can trust. And you get what you want.

The same with hats. You can't tell good fur from poor. So you should look for the Mallory Trade Mark. When you find it, you know you have the utmost in quality, in style, in wear, in economy. It remains only for you to get the right Mallory for your particular head.

There are many reasons why this is so, but the chief one is that the Mallory Trade Mark has existed since 1823. It meant quality then; it means quality now. No mark could possibly have survived for nearly one hundred years, without having given in fullest measure the value for which it stands.

Mallory Hats are sold in your town. Go and look at the new Spring styles. Surely, a hat that American men have bought for a century is worthy of your consideration.

Mallory Hats are priced at $5, $6 and up. Mallory Mello-Ease (very light weight) $6, $7 and up.

The Bernuth Braid affords extra protection against the weather, and can be had only in Mallory Hats.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York. Factory, Danbury, Conn.

Mallory Hats

"Don't call me that!" he snapped. Then he turned to his father.

"Who did you sell it to?" he demanded.

"Sure, to the Widow Cartiea," said the Old Boy dazedly. "For five thousand dollars!"

"*Sacré Nom!*" said Lionel—I mean Tom.

And suddenly I began to laugh. Here was my revenge. She, the omnipotent, the wonderful, the superior Mrs. Cartiea, who took my friends and customers and salespeople and hardly bowed to me on the street—she had paid five thousand dollars for a two-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent painting, and committed herself by permitting the Art Allowance to reproduce it! It was wonderful, perfect! Suddenly our young Hercules was shaking me by the shoulders, and at his words my mirth came to an abrupt end.

"Cut that!" he said. "It was bad enough to cheat my old man, but, by heaven, she is not going to be fooled! We are all going straight over there and confess, do you get me? Confess! She is as straight as a die. That's why she is so much more successful than we have ever been. And she'll announce the fraud like a lady and take her medicine. And you and dad will fork up her loss. Come on, we are going now!"

Never, no, never shall I forget that nightmare of a trip. It did not seem like crossing the street. It was like an ocean voyage, and it apparently occupied æons of time. So did our wait in the enormous sparsely furnished reception room of the Van Lippe mansion while a man in livery inquired if Madame Cartiea could see us. Tom paced the floor like a caged lion and his father sat with his silk hat on his knee muttering "Well, well, praise be!" over and over. Then at length the door opened to admit the widow.

She was splendidly and quietly gowned, as ever, and her stately blond beauty was as poised—until she caught sight of Lionel. Then she gave a little start and a wave of color swept her face, passing immediately and leaving her more pale than before.

"So you are back!" she said. "I hear you were decorated. I congratulate you."

"Thank you!" said Tom. "But this is not a social call, Mrs. Cartiea. A very terrible thing has happened. Eighteen months ago I would not have cared—I might even have laughed. But now it seems very bad to me, as many things in what was my business are going to seem, I am afraid, and we are here to repair the damage done as best we can. Mrs. Cartiea, you have been cheated. That portrait you bought from dad and which he bought from Kentt is a fake. It came from Smith's junk shop, and cost Kentt two dollars and seventy-five cents.

"It's a worthless old thing which I have seen kicking about there for years."

"And you have all come over to tell me this because you knew I would not intentionally deceive my public?" she asked quietly.

Tom nodded.

"And it was you who insisted on telling me?" she went on, looking into his eyes.

"Yes," said Tom. She drew a long breath and smiled.

"I am glad!" she said. "I am very glad you did such a thing. But to relieve your minds let me tell you that the portrait is genuine. It happens to be my own great-grandfather John Bolt, and hung over our dining-room mantel all my childhood. When we grew so poor that mamma was obliged to sell everything she didn't know enough to save it. I had been looking for it for years!"

It was Lionel's turn to gasp. They looked at each other a long time.

"I say, will you dine with me?" he asked suddenly.

At once her atmosphere changed. She seemed almost visibly to retreat.

"Not to-night!" she said. "I can't. I have a client. But some other time—perhaps!"

And so with no more ado we found ourselves upon the street. I looked anxiously at Lionel, and Lionel looked anxiously at me. Then he took his father's arm on one side and mine on the other.

"I say, old sport!" said he nervously. "Is New York dry, or can we get a suissess?"

How $1,500 invested in "85% Magnesia" saved 33 carloads of coal a year—

THIS striking picture shows the lofty steam-expansion bend of the great out-door steam pipe-line of the Gulf States Steel Company plant at Alabama City, Alabama.

The line is 750 feet long and 22 inches in diameter. It carries 150 lbs. of steam. It is insulated with "85% Magnesia" pipe-covering.

On that coal-saving insulation hangs a vitally interesting story.

Before and After

This plant started operations before the "85% Magnesia" coverings were put on. While the pipes were bare, careful tests showed that so much steam was being condensed that the coal wastage amounted to 6.6 pounds per minute.

But after the pipes were insulated with "85% Magnesia" the coal wastage was reduced to 1.6 pounds per minute. In other words:—

Exactly 5 pounds of coal a minute were saved by covering this pipe with "85% Magnesia,"—every minute in the day, 365 days in the year, for steel plants must keep up full steam day and night the year round.

Five pounds a minute (the coal loss which was stopped) equals 1314 TONS of coal a year—or within six tons of 33 CARLOADS at standard 40 tons each.

Or, in Dollars—with coal at only $5.00 a ton, that saving amounts to no less than $6,570 a year in coal, while the outlay for installation was *less than* $1,500.

Arrest the Invisible Thief of Coal

That was under the hot sun of Alabama, where the condensation by radiation is considerably less than in northern zones. For in all pipe lines and boilers, everywhere, housed as well as exposed, the condensation of steam due to radiation is the merciless thief of coal.

That applies to all power-plants, to all heating outfits from the biggest buildings to modest homes.

The Goodly Fellowship of Users

That is why the U. S. Navy has specified "85% Magnesia" for its Fleet since 1888, and why the U. S. Shipping Board followed suit. That is why all our powerful locomotives are "lagged" with it under their iron jackets. That is why central-stations, the greatest power-plants and innumerable smaller plants, the biggest hotels, sky-scrapers, public buildings and thousands of residences are protected by it. The goodly fellowship of users of "85% Magnesia" embraces all America.

Get complete information on "85% Magnesia"—

We will send you on request: Booklet, "Let '85% Magnesia' Defend Your Steam," also Table of Monthly Coal Saving in Dollars and Cents by Use of "85% Magnesia," worked out by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research; also, for engineers and architects, a Specification for scientific application of this master heat-insulation, compiled and endorsed by the same Institute.

85% MAGNESIA

MAGNESIA ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA
721 Bulletin Bldg. Philadelphia, Penna.

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DURABLE
DURHAM
HOSIERY
Trade Mark

Hosiery for all the Family— Long-Wearing and Good-Looking

You will really be surprised at the exceptionally long wear of Durable-DURHAM. And it is so thoroughly comfortable and good-looking that every member of the family will enjoy the wearing.

The carefully woven yarns, so thoroughly reinforced at points of hardest wear, will stand the hardest wear. The Durham dyes prevent fading or turning green after wearing and washing.

These qualities in stockings mean true economy and, besides, Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is surprisingly reasonable in price, selling at 20c to 50c a pair.

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

There are styles for every season of the year, for work, dress or play and the same honest wearing value is woven into every pair. The tops are wide and elastic; legs are full length; sizes are accurately marked; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even.

You should be able to buy Durable-DURHAM Hosiery at any dealer's. If you do not find it, write to our Sales Department at 88 Leonard Street, New York, and we will see that you are supplied.

A free Catalog showing the many Durable-DURHAM styles will be mailed upon request.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS, Durham, N. C.
88 Leonard Street, New York

Two of the many fine values in Durable-DURHAM Hosiery.

CARROLINA

A silk mercerized stocking of very fine appearance and wearing quality. Regular and out-sizes. Anti-run stitch to prevent thread running down leg, high spliced heels, special stitch knit in foot and ankle to hold shape, extra toe-guard splicing

Price 50c pair

TAR HEEL.

A medium weight sock with 3 thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white

Price 20c pair

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is not a product of child labor. No person under 14 years is employed. Industrial conditions under supervision of experts trained in U. S. Government courses on employment management. Average working day is 8 hours and 15 minutes

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 19)

The provost marshal said in reply: "Of course any friend of yours can have whatever he wants of me." And, turning to me, continued: "Come round to the office tomorrow morning."

Bravo! That was all I required. Then I thanked my fairy godmother and started to withdraw.

"Oh, no," she said; "General Dana would not forgive me if I let you go without his seeing you. He will be here presently." I was not so sure about that. I sat down rather crestfallen and ill at ease.

Then the miracle happened. Mamie and Charley had come down. With them a lovely girl, newly arrived from the East. "You are a pianist," cried Mrs. Dana. "We have a new piano. Girls, take him to the music room and have him play for us." Saved!

If ever a poor devil played for his life, I did. My only fear was that the black bombazine cloth with which my aunt had covered my gray uniform might make a breach somewhere. But the light and warmth and music—the girls bending over the piano—carried me quite away. All of a sudden the illusion was dispelled. Mrs. Dana ran in and said:

"The general is here—remembers you perfectly. Come and see him, Mr. Watterman."

He stood by a table, tall, sardonic, and as I approached he put out his hand and said: "You have grown a bit since I saw you last. But I remember you very well as a lad. How did you leave my friend Forrest?"

I was about making some awkward reply, when, the room already filling up, he said:

"We have some friends for supper. I am glad you are here. Mamie, my daughter, take Mr. Watterson to the table!"

Lord! That supper! Canvasback! Terrapin! Champagne! The general had seated me at his right. Somewhere toward the close those expressive gray eyes looked at me keenly, and over his wine glass he said:

"I think I understand this. You want to get up the river. You want to see your mother. Have you money enough to carry you through? If you have not don't hesitate, for whatever you need I will gladly let you have."

I thanked him. I had quite enough. All was well. We had more music and some dancing. At a late hour he called the provost marshal.

"Mehan," said he, "take this dangerous young rebel round to the hotel, register him as Smith, Brown, or something, and send him with a pass up the river by the first steamer." I was in luck, was I not?

IV

I HAD one other adventure during the war that may be worth telling. It was in 1862. Forrest took it into his inexperienced fighting head to make a cavalry attack upon a Federal stockade, and, repulsed with considerable loss, the command had to disperse—there were not more than two hundred of us—in order to escape capture by the newly arrived reënforcements that swarmed about. We were to rendezvous later at a certain point. Having some time to spare and being near the family homestead at Beechgrove, I put in there.

It was midnight when I reached my destination. I had been erroneously informed that the Union Army was on the retreat—quite gone from the neighborhood; and next day, believing the coast was clear, I donned a summer suit and with a neighbor boy who had been wounded at Shiloh and invalided home, rode over to visit some young ladies. We had scarcely been welcomed and were taking a glass of wine when, looking across the lawn, we saw that the place was being surrounded by a body of bluecoats. The story of their departure had been a cruel mistake. They were by no means all gone.

There was no chance of escape. We were placed in a hollow square and marched across country into camp. Before we got there I had ascertained that they were Indianians, and I was further led rightly to surmise that they were what we called in 1860 Douglas Democrats.

My companion, a husky fellow, who looked every inch a soldier, was first questioned by the colonel in command. His examination was brief. He said he was as good a rebel as lived, that he was only waiting for his wound to heal to get back into the Confederate Army, and that if they wanted to hang him for a spy to go ahead.

I was aghast. It was not he that was in danger of hanging, but myself, a staff officer in citizen's apparel within the enemy's lines. The colonel turned to me. With what I took for a sneer he said:

"I suppose you are a good Union man?" It offered me a chance.

"That depends upon what you call a good Union man," I answered. "I used to be a very good Union man—a Douglas Democrat—and I am not conscious of having changed my political opinions."

That softened him and we had an old-fashioned, friendly talk about the situation, in which I kept the Douglas Democratic end of it well to the front. He, too, had been a Douglas Democrat. I soon saw that it was my companion and not myself whom they were after. Presently Colonel Shook, that being the commandant's name, went into the adjacent stockade and the boys about began to be very hearty and sympathetic. I made them a regular Douglas Democratic speech. They brought some "red licker" and I asked for some sugar for a toddy, not failing to cite the familiar Sut Lovingood saying that "there were about sixteen round the door who said they'd take sugar in their'n." The drink warmed me to my work, made me quicker, if not bolder, in invention. Then the colonel not reappearing as soon as I hoped he would, for my fear was the wires, I went to him.

"Colonel Shook," I said, "you need not bother about this friend of mine. He has no real idea of returning to the Confederate service. He is teaching school over here at Beechgrove and is engaged to be married to one of the —— girls. If you carry him off a prisoner he will be exchanged back into the fighting line, and we make nothing by it. There is a hot luncheon waiting for us at the ——'s. Leave him to me and I will be answerable." Then I left him.

Directly he came out and said: "I may be doing wrong, and don't feel entirely sure of my ground, but I am going to let you gentlemen go."

We thanked him and made off amid the cheery good-bys of the bluecoats.

No lunch for us. We got to our horses, rode away, and that night I was at our rendezvous to tell the tale to those of my comrades who had arrived before me.

Colonel Shook and I met after the war at a Grand Army reunion where I was billed to speak and to which he introduced me, relating the incident and saying among other things: "I do believe that when he told me near Wartrace that day twenty years ago that he was a good Union man he told at least half the truth."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of Colonel Watterson's reminiscences. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

THE FILM OF FATE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, rot! Really, Mr. Hunt, you are too absurd! Plenty of my friends aren't married and don't intend to be," she would inform him. "They have a much better time as they are!"

"I guess the less said about that the better," he would answer briefly.

"And just what do you mean by that?"

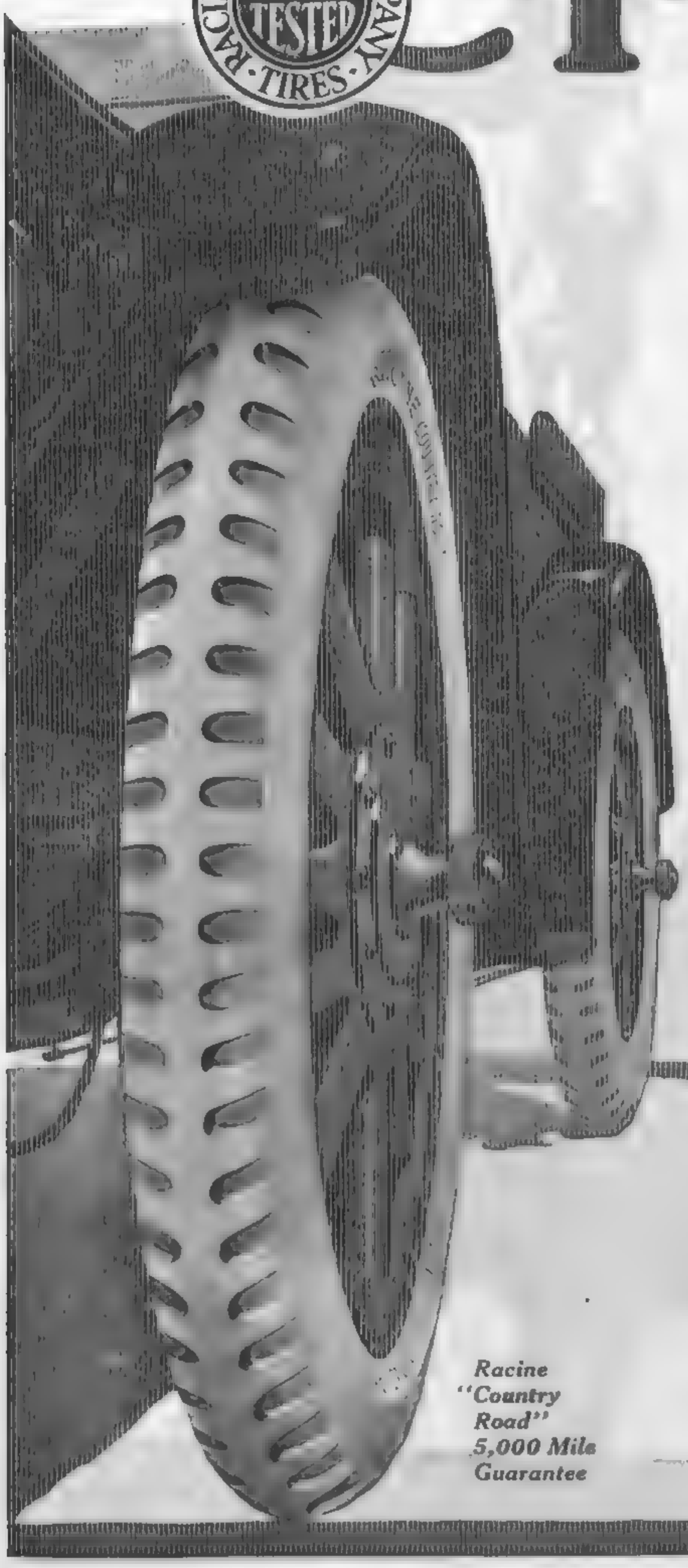
"I've nothing more to say. No, ma'am."

She would walk to her tent with dignity and compose speeches witheringly ironical before she slept, but he never heard them. At last the job was done. The scattered bits, so jerky, so unrelated, which Mr. Ficken assured her would fit neatly into a smoothly flowing story, were ready to be assembled, and in a burst of lollipops and cheering they left the camp—a nearly disorganized community.

"Good-by, girls; keep off the stage!" Lieutenant Hunt called cheerily, turning

(Concluded on Page 63)

RACINE TIRES



EXTRA TESTED
To Yield Your Money's Worth In Miles

THERE is only one right way to buy tires—on the strict basis of character. Then you run no risk. You're sure to get your money's worth in miles.

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TRADE MARK
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(Concluded from Page 60)

with a defiant glance from his seat beside the chauffeur to meet Fifi's eyes.

"Why does he look at me like that?" she wondered to herself, and later, at their lunch in some noisy wayside inn, she marveled still more at his stiff apology.

"I shouldn't have said what I did back there," he said abruptly. "But I meant it—before God, I meant it! And I can't help it. So you can take it or leave it."

"I haven't the least idea what you mean, Mr. Hunt," she answered with her most insolent Amory intonation.

"I guess you know well enough. I'll be saying good-by here. I'm sorry we haven't been better friends, Miss Amory, honest I am. But my ideas are different."

She glanced up at his tall, slim, young stiffness from under her bobbed hair.

"When you've been longer in the East, lieutenant, you'll learn that we don't pick our friends in quite—quite such a casual way," she drawled smoothly.

"You might do worse," he said. "Good-by."

Alone with Ficken and the photographer, a great and nervous fatigue caught her and her throat swelled and ached. She put her face against the dingy cushions and cried quietly from Yonkers to the Little Sisters' headquarters.

"Don't you be worried about the film stuff, Miss Amory," the director reassured her; "it's only the stills that may be rotten. That young Kansas doughboy mixed those plates for fair, I'm just about certain. He's good in some ways, but I made the mistake of my life not to manage my own camera on the stills. He thinks he knows it all, that boy!"

"He certainly does," said Fifi. "I'll bring the young ladies up to the studio to-morrow. Have you your list of everything?"

"Kitchen set," he shot at her, "bed for invalid, sheets, and so forth; poor cottage interior; got to hunt round for outside house, somewhere in the Bronx; report to-morrow on that; baby—any particular age, did you say? bathtub; piano; soldier, non-commissioned officer's uniform; turkey, ready for stuffing; mother, in widow's costume. Have 'em all up there at eleven sharp. Don't let your débutantes make up. Absolutely unnecessary."

"I'm afraid I can't do much about that," said Fifi with a wan smile; "but I'll do the best I can for you, Mr. Ficken."

She was bitterly sorry she had ever gone into the thing, which is a state of mind common at one time or another to all uplifters. Nor was her disillusionment relieved by the contingent of Little Sisters sent her from headquarters on the morrow.

"*Dear Fi*," wrote her best friend on the Board, whose presence she had counted upon to share any amusement there might be in the day, "we have decided to send up for the picture five or six girls I don't think you've ever met. They're a little bit sore about their local branches' not getting any notice, and we thought this would be a fine way to square them, do you see? Leila Betts is the only one from our crowd. I know you and she don't hit it off very well, but Mr. Betts has offered to give us a big benefit performance of the film in his village casino and serve tea to the entire audience, so please put up with her. They're all crazy about it. It must be too exciting for words. Best love."

Fifi grinned stoically. Mr. Ficken had promised to work it all into one day.

When they arrived at the great barnlike studio, the Little Sisters, giggling hysterically in their terra-cotta capes as they dismissed their chauffeurs for the day, the first shock of their professional careers awaited them. Instead of the humble soldier's cottage they had expected to find awaiting their sisterly ministrations, a lordly town house of the decorative period, consecrated to the moving picture, filled two-thirds of the place. A butler, a husband and a French maid posed under great clustered lights amid the tapestries and statuary of the wealthy screen family; as the butler resembled Macbeth and the maid was clearly a chorus girl and the husband looked like nothing in the world but a moving-picture star, the initiated might readily conclude that this was a successful society drama.

The lights hissed and roared; the carpenter pounded and built; the directors took off their coats and yelled at each other and everybody else; under the great signs which read "No smoking!" the cast assembled and lit one cigarette from another, tossing the unextinguished ends on the floor. And in an obscure corner Ethel, the moving-picture baby, wailed unceasingly.

For years afterward, whenever anything that resembled the hiss and roar of those terrible lights sounded near her, Fifi instinctively listened for the voice of Ethel.

"Always what you may expect up here," Ficken yelled at them. "Here's our date all made, and what do we get? They have an eighty-thousand-dollar picture on here and naturally they can't take it down. Been at it all night. Through to-morrow, they swear. Suppose we go out with the car and hunt up our exterior somewhere. Get that out of the way."

So they all packed themselves into the car somehow and rode about for what seemed like endless hours, searching for the humble, neglected cottage of Fifi's scenario. One would have supposed it a fairly easy goal, but here the artistic temperament of Mr. Ficken rose and asserted itself incredibly. House after house was suggested to him only to be scornfully discarded. The Little Sisters giggled.

Somewhere round Pelham Bay he consulted his watch.

"We got room for one more?" he inquired. "I asked Kansas to turn up about lunch time for the stills. Just go to that subway that's somewhere round here, will you, Henry? He'll be there, I hope."

Fifi drew a quick, uneven breath. So he was coming again, after all! It would be amusing to hear his comments on the Little Sisters.

"It's a lovely day for a ride, anyway," she said good-naturedly to Leila Betts.

At the subway entrance Mr. Hunt stood at ease, surveying the loaded car condescendingly.

"All you need is a few passengers!" he suggested. "Morning, Miss Amory! Hope you're well?"

He stood on the running board and totally ignored the young ladies, exchanging professional amenities with the director. Fifi felt immensely entertained and threw in a joking comment now and then. It all seemed rather a lark again, and the Little Sisters were not so bad, after all.

Some obscure inspiration led Mr. Ficken at last to select for his exterior a neat, prosperous little cottage within two miles of the studio, and he and his mild, middle-aged assistant proceeded to busy themselves at dismantling and untidying it, so to speak, in which process they collected loads of assorted rubbish and dumped them about in conspicuous places, so that the angels of mercy and reconstruction in the terra-cotta capes and aviators' caps could have a field for their regenerative labors.

While they did this Fifi and Mr. Hunt talked in low tones on the steps of the side porch, and the Little Sisters adjusted the angle of their caps and powdered their little noses.

"Isn't that terrible!" said Kansas in a concentrated sort of way.

"What?" she asked innocently.

"'What?' Oh, Lord, I suppose it seems little enough to you—I forgot," he muttered. "But to me—I tell you, Miss Amory, if I had a sister and she did that—well, I'd wash her face for her, and in a way she wouldn't forget in a hurry!"

"How funny you are!" she said gently. "Why, that's nothing, really, Mr. Hunt. All girls do that. If you could see some of them, now!"

"I'll bet there's one there that doesn't," he answered obstinately; "that lovely one with the yellow hair. She's a peach, if there ever was one, she is! I wouldn't mind meeting her. You can see what a lovely, innocent girl she is, all right."

And just here a curious, painful thing happened to Fifi. Inside her something tightened suddenly, squeezed together as if a hand had grasped it. It cut her breath off, whatever it was, and hurt her abominably. Her lips tightened and a slow, unbecoming red crept up to her cheek bones, flooding out the little crimson disks of excitement that betray all Crownlanders, and that Mr. Hunt supposed to be artificial.

"You think so?" she said lightly. "Dear, dear! I say, Leila, come here a minute, won't you?"

Leila Betts, whom Nature had provided with a skin like milk, but who preferred, not entirely unreasonably, to look like a Killarney rose, hastened willingly to the side porch.

"Anything I can do?" she asked, gazing with a kindly, open, somewhat childish stare at the tall, well-poised young gentleman.

"Have you got your vanity box with you?" said Fifi easily.

"Surest thing you know," Miss Betts returned good-naturedly, holding out a little silver case. "Take the pale pink if you like; it's my own special, and I don't often lend it. This dust is awful."

"Thanks," said Fifi; "I only wanted some powder."

"That isn't the lip stick on the left, so don't try it; it's my cigarette holder," Miss Betts volunteered, "but I left my case in the car, worse luck!"

"Let me present Mr. Hunt, Miss Betts," Fifi remarked smoothly. "I must run away and see how far Mr. Ficken has got. I'll leave you to entertain Mr. Hunt, Leila; he directs the still pictures."

"I'm sorry, but I have to go," interrupted the Kansan gruffly, and stretched his long legs toward the group round the camera.

Leila stared. "A bit abrupt, your young friend?" she suggested.

"They're a funny lot," said Fifi, and turned away.

"What a *pig!* What a beast I am!" she muttered to herself. "Why—why did I do that? I wish I'd never seen him!"

She stumbled off behind the house, and there in a little woodshed he stood, smoking furiously. "A nice set!" he muttered at her, glowering; "there's not much to choose between you! Actress or society girl, you're all the same thing."

"What do you mean? Who's an actress?" she demanded, as roughly as he.

"You are, aren't you?" he asked.

"How do you dare say such a thing! Of course I'm not an actress. None of us are."

"You're not?" he cried, his whole face softening. "Honest?"

Then, as she shook her head wonderingly:

"Wash that paint off your face, then!" he stormed, and took a step toward her.

"Paint?" she cried angrily; "what paint? Are you crazy? I never paint!"

And as furious as he, she drew out her handkerchief, scrubbed it over her crimson cheeks and lips and held it, trembling, out to him. "There!" she cried.

He took her hand with the piece of linen in it and appeared to study it. An unbearable rage possessed her.

"Oh!" she gasped, and lifted her hand and slapped his bended cheek full and fair.

"Ah, would you?" he muttered. "You little spitfire! I'll show you!"

And pressing her arms helpless to her sides with one of his, he turned her face round and kissed her mouth.

And then, and then only, did Fifi understand what had happened to her, and her professor and her poetry and her dramatics all melted out of her life forever.

On the next day a tall and reasonably handsome young officer in freshly pressed khaki stood in her father's library.

"This is Lieutenant Hunt, papa, from Kansas, but I'm going to marry him just the same," Fifi said. She had a coat and skirt and a silk shirtwaist on, because he liked them better, and the ends of her short hair were pinned in, somehow, so you would never have guessed it was short.

Mr. Amory looked at them with interest.

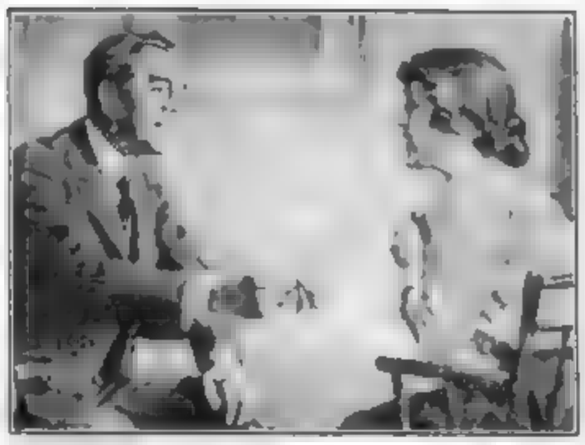
"Well, well!" he remarked genially, "and what's the matter with Kansas? I'm charmed to make your acquaintance, lieutenant!"

You see, it was nothing like the books. He neither curled his lip scornfully nor rang for the butler to kick the young man downstairs. Instead, he told that uninterested menial to bring some whisky and soda.

Nor was Mrs. Amory any more what you would have supposed. She had a long talk with Mr. Hunt, pronounced him a fine, intelligent young fellow, and expressed the conviction that he could manage Fifi if anybody could. And his father was not a crusty old farmer, but the president of a bank in Kansas City; and he himself could grow up in the bank, if he liked, but he didn't like, because he was an inventor; and interested Mr. Amory immensely, the first hour, with an account of an entirely new noninflammable film he had invented, which was going to revolutionize the motion-picture industry.

Indeed, he became highly popular with the entire family, and Patsy flirted shamelessly with him, which embarrassed him horribly, and Pipa wanted to model his head, for the sake of the sittings.

But Fifi loved him as she had never loved anything on earth, and prayed every night on her knees that she might make him a good wife—which, so far as I know, she did.



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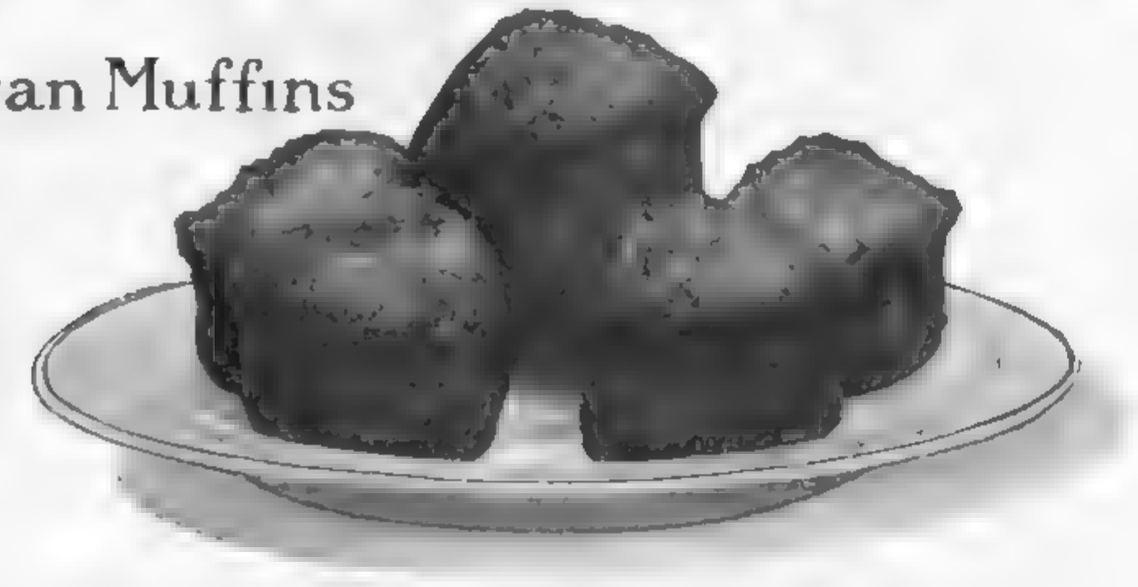
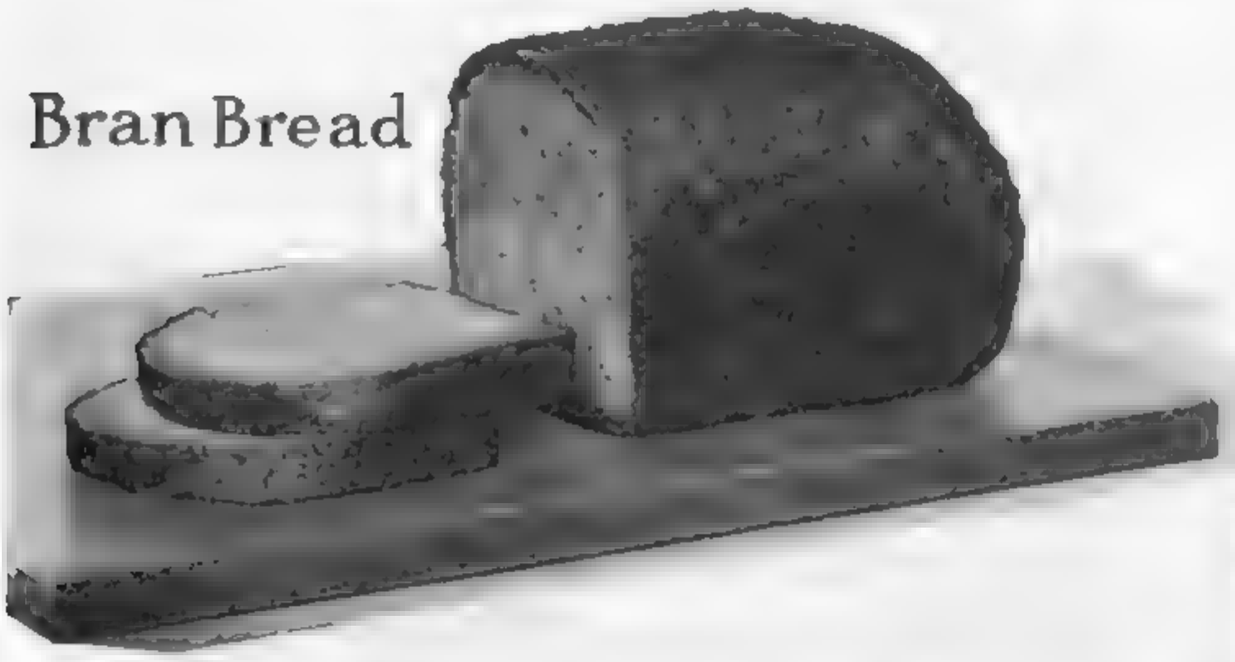


Bran Bread



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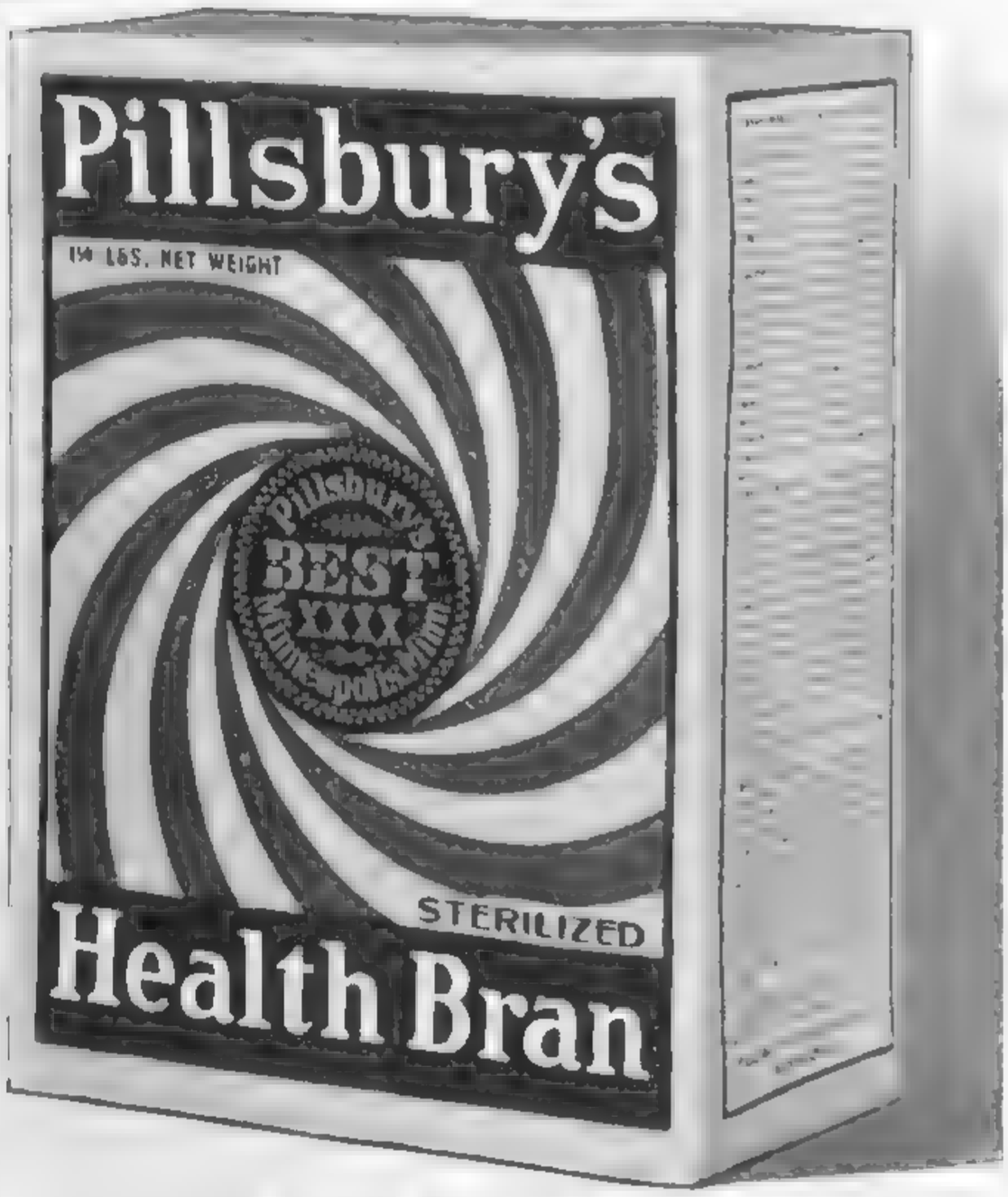

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RAISING MONEY BY THE BILLION FOR CHARITY

(Continued from Page 8

a third and new idea, the war chest. All three are closely related and all three are engines of formidable and really awe-inspiring power in extracting vast sums of money with efficiency and dispatch from large portions of the population.

Just as a completely victorious army mops up a few opposing stragglers so these powerful engines of money harvesting may be used literally to annihilate opposition and indifference. It goes without saying therefore that the object, the movement, must be based on fairness, equity and justice. It must be not only worthy but it must appeal to the sympathies of a large proportion of the people. It must be a really great object. And it can be a really great object only when the money raisers are able to say: "Give to your university or hospital or church or to the development of your city—not to ours."

So, too, the money must be wisely spent or its sources will suddenly and mysteriously dry up. Unless really sold on the uses to which his money is put the giver, like all other animals, will develop his "protective behavior."

"Because the money came so easily in wartime," says one of the country's leading authorities on the subject, "there is danger that the moneyed men in many cities are going to feel that all they need to do is to maintain the old wartime organization and practically forget the necessity of carefully considering what is to be done with the money after it is got. If they do make this mistake they will be amazed to find suddenly how hard it is to get the money again. After all the giver is a pretty canny person who finally is interested in results."

But assuming that the money will be wisely spent for a noble and inspiring purpose, of which there is no lack, we now have in the hands of the leading men of every community a wonderfully developed method and technic of separating folks from their dough. The bulk of the work, it is understood, must be done by volunteers, by the leading business men in each community. But if the campaign is of any size there should usually be a professional or semiprofessional paid campaign manager in the background. He does not actually collect money or take, as the old-fashioned professional solicitor did, an outrageous rake-off. He does not touch the money at all. He merely plans, and directs to an extent, the work of the volunteers.

The Professional Money Raisers

These professional money raisers, or campaign managers, have been developed by the hundred during the war. They came into the work through different channels. Some were Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and had their first experience in trying to obtain funds for new association buildings. Many others were newspaper, advertising and publicity men. One of the most experienced in this group was formerly managing editor and later editor of one of the largest New York papers. But whatever their origin there is now for all practical purposes a new profession, the campaign or drive manager, ready at an instant's notice to raise any desired amount of money.

One of the veterans who antedates the war was imported into England a number of years ago to raise the then unheard-of sum of one hundred thousand pounds for a certain London charity. The English were astounded by his mild, quiet manner of speaking. They had expected a cross between a cart-tail orator and a second-story man. An eminent divine who was describing the American money raiser at a luncheon said, half in jest and half in earnest:

"He is not the sort of man that many of us imagined an American organizer to be. As the Americans would say he is no 'chestier' about his accomplishments than if he sold tickets at a church fair. But he has the hundred-thousand-pound look. I am afraid, however, that we expected something in line with the story of the American rector who engaged a train robber to take up the collection. The first man approached gave the equivalent of our three-penny piece"—a dime—"and the professional collector held up his six-shooter, saying:

"'Young man, none of your nonsense! This is a dollar show.'"

These professional money raisers, or financial farmers, who make millions grow in the place of an aching void, do not use six-shooters, but they now have complete records and files of every step that was taken in the great war drives. They have every form, letter, paper, rule, order instruction, and all the publicity and advertising matter. In one drive no less than thirteen or fourteen separate booklets of instructions were issued. All of these are available. Everything has been tried out and the experimental stage passed. Theory and practice alike have been satisfied. Not only has the foundation been laid but the technic has been developed to the minutest detail. What the pioneers accomplished is now at everyone's service.

The professional drive manager is ready alike for a local or a national campaign. He will raise a few hundred thousand for a little local denominational college in a quiet county seat or he will undertake to supply a great university with ten or twenty millions. He is ready alike for Methodists and Episcopalians.

"The next time we do it," said one of them, "we'll have all the stuff ready."

Nor is the campaign manager ready only with the big broad ideas. He knows how to handle the little things, little, however, only because the public does not hear about them. He knows how to handle the central warehouse where the publicity and advertising matter is stored in advance, and he knows the quickest ways of routing out this matter of the local committees, whether by freight, express or post.

Expert Advice

Like an iceberg there is more to these campaign organizations under the surface than appears above water. The mere physical work attached to collecting and handling vast sums of money after the givers have decided to let go is a masterpiece of organization in itself. In one of the war-relief drives three tons of small change were collected in one city in a few days' time, and a small-change panic resulted. This is but one of scores of technical details that the public does not hear about and that the campaign manager must be prepared to cope with.

Now the first great essential of modern money raising is organization; or to express the same idea differently, the application of modern business principles and methods to the task in hand.

"All spontaneous movements are the result of careful organization," said one campaign manager. I thought it a rather cynical remark, and I asked another money-raising professional for his opinion.

"Ninety per cent of all the results," he replied, "are due to organization."

The same thought was put in different form by a banker of country-wide reputation who had served as chairman of one of the national committees that secured great sums during the war. Without knowing that I had even talked with the two professionals he said that ten per cent of the money contributed to his cause, one of the noblest in the war, had been due to the natural impulse of the givers, and ninety per cent had been "induced."

"So we have to hand that ninety per cent to the organization," he added.

Of course the public at large must not know at any given moment the extent of the machinery that is at work upon them or they would think there was too much machinery and too little spontaneity, and so lose their interest. A religious denomination recently desired to raise a large sum through the local churches and called upon a firm of campaign managers for advice. These experts suggested three separate steps or stages in the campaign: First, a careful planning of the whole movement; second, a selling campaign directed at the local clergymen to induce them to go after the congregations; and third and last, the actual canvass of the congregations. The committee in charge suggested that the experts get up a circular that could be sent to both the clergymen and the congregations.

"That will never do," was the reply. "We must get the ministers lined up first and absolutely sold on the proposition well in advance of any approach to the people

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themselves. It must be so planned and arranged that when the clergymen all preach eloquent sermons on June first, appealing for funds, the congregations shall not know that we lined the clergymen up on April first."

It is pointed out by all those who have to do with these movements that long before the war a well-known revivalist who is supposed to appeal to the emotions conducted his evangelical activities by means of an organization so precise, careful and mechanical that he would not even hold meetings in a city unless the local committee there had made preparations as far in advance as he considered necessary. It is stated that in one of the drives for perhaps the best known of the war-relief bodies the proportion of residents which subscribed in different cities varied all the way from one and a half to ninety-five per cent. Who can doubt that this tremendous range in results was due chiefly to the relative effectiveness of local organization rather than to differences in loyalty and patriotism?

In a confidential book of instructions sent out to those who seek the advice of a well-known professional money raiser this statement is emphasized: "To make every man's work effective, to prevent duplication, annoyance, disgust and failure requires a military precision of organization, with a commanding general, staff officers, commanders of divisions and of subdivisions."

Nothing should be left to chance. If it is desired that employees of corporations be solicited for funds it is not left to the local or trade committees to use their own judgment entirely in approaching the presidents of the corporations. A suggested form of letter to write the presidents is supplied to the local and trade committees. If store window displays are desired the general scheme of decoration cannot be left to each shop. If it is desired that children earn money and give it to the cause the zeal of the local committees must be checked to the extent of showing them how to avoid conflict with Federal and state child-labor laws. It may be desirable to raise funds from college students, but a whole circular must be got up showing the most effective way of reaching that special kind of animal.

Practical Considerations

A certain worthy organization recently wished to raise two hundred thousand dollars. So it held a large meeting and sent for a professional. When he arrived he found the members bickering over the question of whether the best way to appeal for funds would be by means of typewritten or mimeographed letters. The moment the professional got a chance to break in on their debate he made this straight-from-the-shoulder speech:

"Hold on a moment, gentlemen! You have no business discussing that subject. Now if you are sure you want the money and know what you are going to use it for, the first thing for you to do is to appoint a committee of your own number with full power to act. If it is appointed from your membership it will be your kind of a committee and can be trusted. You know they will do a clean, straight job for you because they will be your kind of men.

"Now after they are appointed the first thing they will do will be to adopt a plan. Then for goodness' sake give them permission to keep their mouths shut! For if you don't, the first man who comes out of committee meeting and runs into another member of this organization will be asked to tell what the plan is. The moment he explains it the other fellow will say:

"'Yes, but you've left out so-and-so.' And it will go on like that indefinitely. You'll never raise any money at all because the committee will always be trying to tinker with and improve the plan at someone's suggestion.

"Remember that no plan is perfect. If you hire my firm we'll give you a corking good plan all right, but it will be far from perfect. You can punch it full of holes. But you'll never raise a cent if the whole membership continues to discuss this subject, any more than a city editor can get out his first edition if he always waits for the last possible item of news. If he waits he'll get out a better paper, but it will miss the train and the subscribers won't get any paper at all.

"I know what I'm talking about because I used to be a magazine editor and I learned that a magazine could not be edited by a board of directors. Nothing got in because someone always objected. You've got to have an editor who says 'This goes and that doesn't'; and it's the same way raising money."

Now the moment we begin to apply modern business methods of organization to money raising it becomes apparent that many if not most of the old-fashioned methods are expensive, wasteful, undignified and perfunctory.

The next thing we discover is the very simple fact that if large sums are wanted they must be obtained by the leading men in each community. If a professional solicitor or a person utterly unknown to me comes and asks for a gift to the new hospital in our town I will turn him off with a dollar or two if I am stingy enough. But if the president of the bank where I keep my account and occasionally seek a little loan comes and asks for fifty dollars I will hesitate quite a while before refusing him. The same would be the case if I, or you, were approached by the richest and most powerful citizen in the place, or by the one with the highest social standing.

It is the personal touch that counts, especially when the touch is applied by someone whom the touchee highly respects or even stands in awe of. It is direct face-to-face contact of business man to business man that brings the big money. You can throw a begging letter in the wastebasket or turn away an unknown solicitor, but you can't throw the president of the local bank out of the front door.

The Intensive Drive

Naturally the bank president, leading manufacturer and big merchant can give only a little of their time to begging money. But the problem is simple when modern business methods of organization are applied to it. Why not concentrate on the job? Why not ask these leading men to give up five or six days to canvassing, and then have it all over with?

Thus the modern intensive or whirlwind drive evolved. Usually it occupies eight days, or two weeks, or three weeks in the case of the mammoth Liberty Loans. The idea is to start with Sunday, to give the preachers a chance to sermonize on the movement. Several of the campaign managers believe, however, that Sunday makes a slow start, and future drives may begin on weekdays. No one man invented the intensive drive, though Charles Sumner Ward, who is perhaps the pioneer and granddaddy of modern professional money raisers, had as much to do with its development as anyone.

Ward was originally a Y secretary, and gradually became drawn into money-raising work. Having once started the ball rolling he never got free from it. For a long time it is doubtful if Mr. Ward realized what a huge engine he was developing, and he always expected until recently to get back into regular association work. But of course that is now out of the question.

"The intensive drive is not a thing that any man invented," said Mr. Ward recently. "It developed from the absolute necessity of getting money raising down so as to take less time. At first I tried a month's campaign, but after a little experience all the workers agreed that the fourth week was a dead one. The teams got tired, so I said: 'Let's drop the fourth week out'; and then the third week was dropped out in the same way.

"Why don't you also drop out the second day?" I asked. "I have heard that you consider it the slowest." But this facetious question could not be answered.

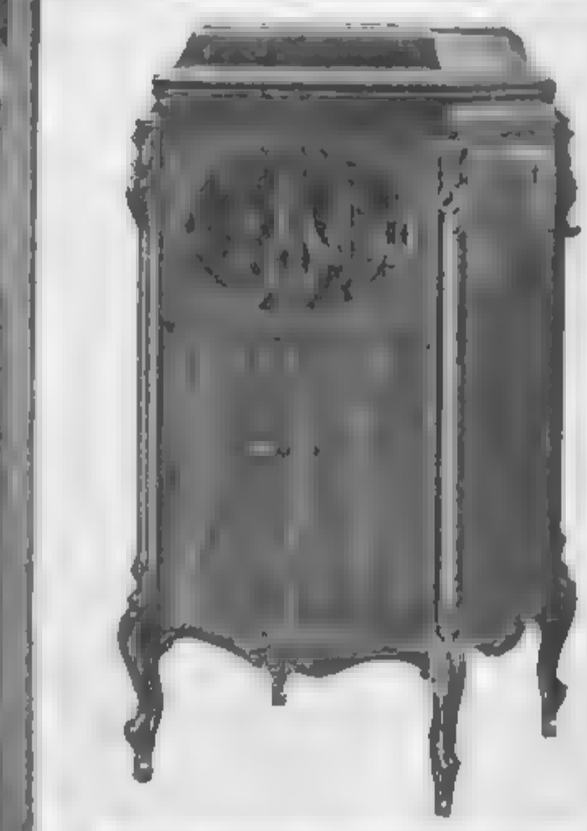
"It has been proved over and over again," Mr. Ward went on, "that more money can be obtained in a week than in a year. Concentration on the part of the workers and concentration of attention of the people of a community upon the project. You can't beat that combination.

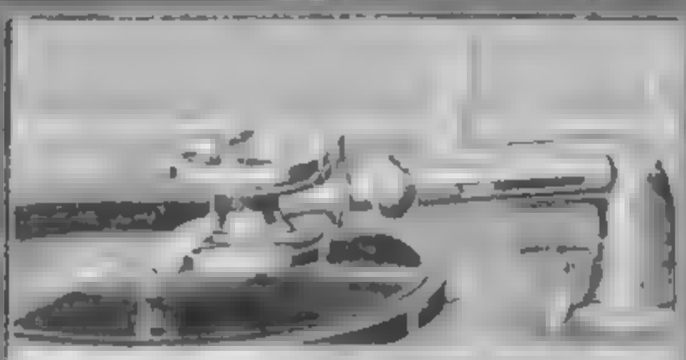
"In a city where one of my first campaigns was held we learned that the Y building had been under foreclosure many years before, and it took a year or so of desperate effort to raise the few thousands necessary to save it. The movement had been led by a Civil War veteran, who said that his efforts to get that money had tired him more than all the forced marches of the Vicksburg Campaign."

Many of the devices—such as competitive teams, noonday luncheons, reports on a blackboard, clocks, quotas and the like—which are used so extensively in Liberty Loan and other big drives, seem to have

(Continued on Page 69)

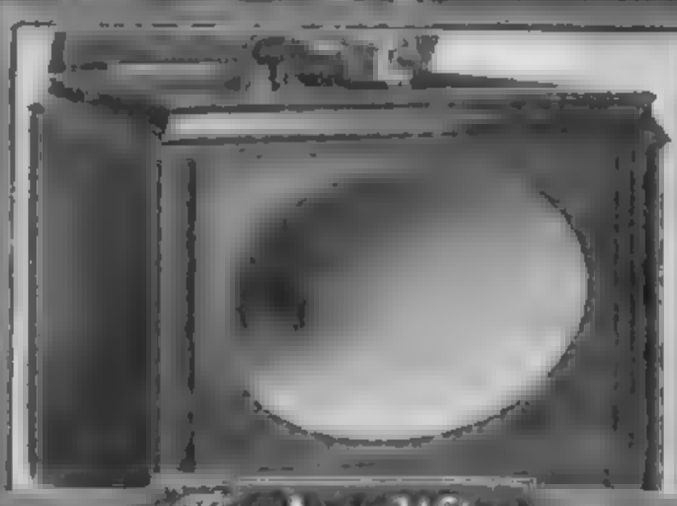
The BRUNSWICK Method of Reproduction





The Ultona

Brunswick



The Amplifier

Two New Ideas

Which Won Millions of Friends

WHEN the now-famous Brunswick was announced, most people believed that the utmost had already been attained in the phonographic art.

Hence they expected, and rightly so, that The Brunswick would have to bring out overwhelming betterments in order to win a place among the leaders.

And this great expectation was realized. The Brunswick created a memorable sensation. It commanded instant respect and admiration.

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Of the major instruments, The Brunswick was the first to play *all* records with faithful regard for different requirements. This feature alone created thousands of admirers. For it meant that a Brunswick owner could buy and play *any* record, whatever make.

Since different makes offer different artists, and no one make offers them all, music lovers saw in The Brunswick the opportunity to select their own library of records, without restriction.

The other outstanding Brunswick betterment was in tone production. By a more scientific amplification of tone waves, The Brunswick overcame many old-time crudities and brought out lovely tones hitherto lost.

Today The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is a recognized triumph. It means perfected reproduction to all who know it. And the news is spreading fast.

Two Famous Ideas

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes The Ultona, an all-record player. This master invention can be obtained on no other phonograph. The Ultona presents to each make of record, the proper needle and diaphragm. All at a turn of the hand. It is a unique reproducer, not an attachment nor makeshift.

The Brunswick Method also includes The Brunswick Amplifier, an all-wood sound chamber built with scientific regard for acoustic laws. No metal is used because it muffles sound vibrations.

Before you decide *which* phonograph for your home, hear The Brunswick. Compare its tone. Note the Ultona.

A Brunswick Dealer will gladly assist you in making a tone test.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

General Offices: CHICAGO and NEW YORK

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors, Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto

TO ride in the Liberty "Six" for fifteen minutes is to recognize beyond question the notable difference in the way it rides and drives.

This revelation of its in-built goodness is as conclusive as the attraction of its individual beauty of design and charm of style.

As a result, the Liberty has won from its owners a friendly feeling for its superior quality that cannot be expressed without seeming to exaggerate.

The profusion of wonderfully kind letters from Liberty owners indicates an appreciation that grows stronger and deeper as the miles roll up.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 66)

first evolved in Mr. Ward's earlier campaigns, though he is very modest about claiming any originality for them. His drives, numerous as they were, had been practically confined to single localities, and when the war came along others had to take his ideas and apply them on a nation-wide scale, though he was often consulted by the leaders of these national movements. Quite the most interesting fact about Mr. Ward, however, is his continued enthusiasm over money raising, though he has been connected with sixty drives or more, enough to make most men rather cynical. He says that no one can fail to retain enthusiasm who comes so much in contact with big men.

Some idea of the interest which even Ward's earlier drives aroused may be judged from the fact that he furnished the city of Montevideo, Uruguay, with a set of all the publicity matter of his London drive; and Cape Town, South Africa, asked him for the same material regarding his Detroit campaign.

Obviously a great advantage of a concentrated campaign for money occupying only a week or two is the willingness of newspapers to report it fully. They can afford to give space for one or two weeks to the efforts to finance the local hospital or college, but not when the agony strings out over a whole year.

Having once decided upon a concentrated effort it is then possible to enlist the active participation of all the leading business men in a locality. Of course the paid professional manager has been hard at work for weeks and even months making detailed plans. A chairman and an executive committee have also been chosen. It is of the utmost importance to have a distinguished chairman, for his name adds weight to the many statements and messages to the public which are usually written by the paid manager and his assistants or by the volunteer executive secretary if there is no paid manager, but are, of course, signed by the chairman and put out over his name.

It is well for the chairman to be rich, but not too enormously rich, for then the workers will lie down on the job and expect him to come across to make up any deficit. In one recent campaign a man of fabulous wealth and excellent standing but little known personality was chosen as chairman. In one respect he proved a splendid chief. He worked like a horse himself, kept his hands on the reins, had an abundance of ideas and resource and induced several other rich men to subscribe heavily. But what everyone feared happened. People in general took the attitude that this rich man could do the whole job himself, and though he did not literally do it all himself he did have to come across for several unexpected millions at the last moment.

Getting the Right Leaders

In every town there is a crowd that can put anything over, usually the group that controls the banks. All the young men are eager to become acquainted with these leaders and work with and for them. Therefore these leaders must always constitute the executive committee. They are the queen bees, the bellwethers. Where they go others follow. If it is desired to have the steel companies contribute ten million dollars to a cause the only way to go at it is to get the United States Steel Corporation to give five million dollars, and have its chairman write a letter to the other companies telling what he has done. The rest is easy.

So it is in the different localities. If the central, leading group can once be sold the rest follow. Besides, if this group once forms an organization for money-raising purposes the next drive will come easy because such organizations remain more or less permanent. As Mr. Seward Prosser, a New York banker and chairman of one of the first of the nationwide war drives, says: "The secret is to get a number of the right kind of people to close their minds to everything else for a short time. First get the leaders to do it and then have them impress the idea upon the people."

Getting down to details the one essential is the competitive team, and the secret of the competitive team is the noonday luncheon. Early in his work Mr. Ward made up teams of young men, usually those who were interested in the Y; but now the most important and dignified man in the town is the first one to be put on a team. In New York, for instance, no big drive would be considered successful unless J. P. Morgan and Jacob H. Schiff, perhaps the two best-known bankers in the country, Gentile and Jew respectively, were team captains. The point is first to get the men whose time is the most valuable so that others cannot raise the objection of not having time enough. If Morgan can afford to give his time John Smith hasn't the face to refuse.

In one recent campaign the man chosen as chairman accepted the position only on condition that J. P. Morgan would agree to be a team captain. In one of these campaigns the only man put on a team who was not expected actually to get out and solicit subscriptions like a book agent was Joseph H. Choate, then eighty-five years old.

"I don't really expect you to do any work," said the chairman to Mr. Choate, "but I want to be able to say to all the workers that Mr. Choate is not too old to be in on this." Mr. Choate agreed not only to go on one of the teams but said he hoped he could do some work. He died only a few days later, however.

A large city university, engaged in a useful work but loosely organized, lacking that intense loyalty among its alumni which characterizes some of its sister institutions and with only a few rich alumni, nevertheless was able to raise a large endowment in an incredibly short space of time. Meanwhile far better-known universities, whose alumni put loyalty to alma mater above nearly all other sentiments, were almost bankrupt. The successful institution canvassed with teams, and the others sought money by old-fashioned methods.

The Competitive Spirit

The basis of the team system is ten teams of ten men each. In a large city the number can be increased to any desired extent. The captains are first chosen and then they pick their own men, usually along lines of business and financial connections, race and social and personal affiliations. The president of the First National Bank, which finances the local water company, chooses the manager of the water company, and allows his rival, the president of the Second National Bank, who is captain of Team Number Two, to pick the treasurer of the electric-light company, which is financed by the Second National Bank.

Only one pledge is exacted from the men who are put on the teams—that they will attend the noonday luncheon, usually at the Chamber of Commerce. These are held every day as long as the drive lasts. The men are not asked to promise anything else; they are not expected even to agree to solicit any fixed number of persons. But the little detail of the daily luncheon does the trick. It is the real secret of success and has saved many a battle. It economizes time, but it does more than that. Each team captain reports daily the amount which his team has collected, and the result is to enthuse and buoy up the workers and fill them with the competitive spirit. In the early days these luncheons were held only occasionally, but now they are held on every weekday throughout the drive.

What the luncheon does is to show the business men that raising money can be turned into a sporting proposition. It ceases to be a dreary grind, especially as it lasts only a week or two. The same instinct is aroused in the successful business man by the failure of his team to stand first as that which surges up in him when he fails to hit a golf ball. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, though well along in years, gets just as much excited about the progress of his team as anyone, and reads his daily reports to the assemblage of millionaire section gangs with great care and precision.

Of course all the team members must put in their own subscriptions before they go after outsiders. A man cannot solicit successfully until he has made his own gift. For all the team workers to turn in their own subscriptions at the very beginning makes an impression upon the community such as nothing else will do. It is obviously impossible for a worker to exert much influence if he has not himself made his largest possible sacrifice. It is a great talking point to be able to say: "Before our teams started out to ask anybody else they themselves subscribed a total of —— dollars."

If there is an especially tough customer to deal with, an especially hard-skinned millionaire, he should be put on a team and sent on the trail of another stingy rich man. In his efforts to sell the other fellow he is sure to persuade himself unconsciously to give more generously than

For Every Kind of Boring

Here's the bit brace that should be the third tool in every household because it will do every kind of boring you have.

With a gimlet bit or auger you can bore the smallest or the largest holes in wood—with a flat drill you can bore tile—with a twist drill, metal or plaster. Then you can use it with a reamer, a counter-sink or a screw driver bit.

All because it has a patented chuck that holds either auger bit or round shanks with bull-dog grip.

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It is the handy tool around the house that will help you do dozens of jobs you used to think you couldn't do yourself. Lasts a life-time for there is nothing about it to get out of order.

Ratchet is protected. Ball-bearing head gives full power to your boring. Cocobolo with nickel-plated finish.

Use Millers Falls Auger Bit with our bit braces. They bore faster and better with or against the grain in all kinds of wood. All the better hardware stores have these Millers Falls tools or will get them for you.

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160 pages of mechanical information—valuable formulas and helpful hints. How to figure paint, shingles, board measure, brickwork and stonework and 50 other useful subjects. Pocket catalog of all Millers Falls tools on request

We also make breast drills, mitre boxes and other boring and cutting tools.

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Let Figbuds Carry your message

Every little FIGBUD has a message all its own.

This sweet and sunny messenger from California will carry your message as nothing else can.

Express *your* good wishes and tender messages with this expressive confection.

50 Figbuds 50c

A most attractive package of generous size.

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If you cannot buy from dealer we will mail package of fifty Figbuds, prepaid to any P. O. in the U. S., for 50 cents in stamps. Anyone not satisfied with Figbuds will have their money refunded. Other Calarab products—Figs, Oranges, Apricots—each 50 cents by Mail

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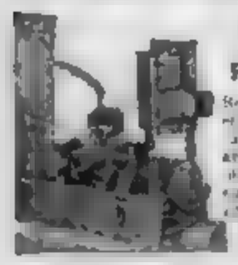

MATTHEWS AUTOMATIC
PRIVATE LIGHTING PLANT
The Matthews Engineering Co., 1 King St., Sandusky, Ohio

he had intended to. Every word he says to the other man is two to himself.

Always the team members are delighted at their experience when the drive is over. One man who had objected that he could not neglect his business that long remarked afterward that he had abandoned it, which he said turned out to be a good thing because he discovered his associates were able to run it in his absence. One of the largest rubber manufacturers in Rochester, New York, was asked to go on a team and objected that he often had deals to consummate during the noon hour. He was told that he would not have been asked if he had not been a busy man; and finally he agreed to attend the first luncheon. That was enough. He turned out to be one of the most consistent and successful workers, and after the campaign thanked the captain for asking him. In another city the captain of one team was able to fill it up only because the men he asked accepted as a personal favor to him.

"In the first few days," he said later, "only two or three did any real work. In the last two or three days every man was doing his best. Only a day or two ago a committee representing my team workers called upon me and in a beautiful address presented me with a silver platter as a token of their appreciation of the invitation to join the work. They said that when they went on the team few of them had ever taken any interest in the object of the drive and they had entered the work solely because I had requested it, but that after the first week they were enthusiastic for the object itself."

Now it must not be supposed that these team workers ask for funds on the streets or in other public places or attempt anything like a house-to-house canvass—at least in the large cities. Far from it. They go after the picked prospects, the men and women of largest financial possibilities—in the largest cities only those who it is hoped will give one hundred dollars or more. The house-to-house canvass and street solicitation are merely the gleanings that follow the harvest.

The teams do not even suggest or originate the names of persons they ask for funds, though additional suggestions from them are welcomed. The list of prospects has been made up weeks or even months in advance. At each luncheon each team member is given a small section from this picked list to solicit. Most authorities consider it a fatal mistake to allow street solicitation, a house-to-house canvass, booths or any other form of public collection until after the teams have had a chance to cover their lists pretty well. In the last few days there is plenty of time to give full scope to the more varied, petty, annoying and miscellaneous methods by which no one is permitted to feel that he has been neglected or excluded. People of means will nearly always give more to team members because of personal and business connections of an influential nature than they will to strangers on the street.

The Meanest Man on Earth

A rich man may give twenty-five cents on the street and get a button that will protect him from further solicitation. He will be like the negro's idea of Cæsar. Asked by a friend who was the meanest man on earth he answered Cæsar, and explained by saying that someone showed a penny to Jesus, inquiring whose subscription this was and was told that it belonged to Cæsar. There are rich men capable of this type of subscription, but if they are approached by their banker or by a business rival they will give far larger sums. Indeed most authorities regard street solicitation, which annoys countless people and brings in only petty sums, as a real hindrance to most campaigns.

It is just as important to furnish the team members with a good list as it is to secure the teams. In New York City the lists of those who were expected to give one hundred dollars or more ran up to twenty-seven thousand in a recent campaign. In smaller cities the lists usually run from one to six thousand. In the case of a university like Harvard there might be ten or fifteen thousand names. These lists are made up well in advance of the drive from the names of former subscribers to various funds, from club rosters, commercial agencies, stockholders' lists, telephone directories and other similar sources.

Often it is possible to arouse interest in the cause well in advance of the drive by sending a questionnaire to the prospects. This perhaps was not possible in the case of the big war drives, which were emergency affairs, but it might be entirely feasible in the case of an endowment fund for a university. There are many debatable subjects in the conduct and policy of a university, and all the thousands of men and women who for one reason or another ought to be interested in the institution can be given an opportunity to express their opinions. By permitting them to do so their interest is aroused and they are in a more favorable frame of mind for solicitation.

To prepare peoples' minds in this way is merely part of the selling appeal. It is not a method of going out and soaking specific individuals. The bulidozing, slugging, soaking, compulsion method is justified, according to all authorities on money raising, only in wartime if at all; but of that more later.

Two burning questions, somewhat related, which come up in every drive have to do with the wisdom of publishing the names of all the givers and of assessing or allotting a quota to each giver, especially those who are known to be comfortably well off. Though there have always been many large givers who preferred to remain anonymous the whole tendency of the huge war drives has been to drag giving out in the open.

Suggested Amounts

A man of large wealth told me a few days ago that a young man of his acquaintance, probably his son or son-in-law, had been generous enough to give fifteen thousand dollars to a certain cause and that it would have been a calamity if the youth's name had been published. The millionaire added that he hoped that in my article on money raising I would not advocate the publication of names, as had been done in a large city in his state, much to his disgust.

"I suppose you are afraid that the young man would have become a mark for every stock salesman and life-insurance agent in the country?" I asked.

"That's not the worst of it," replied the millionaire. "What I would be most afraid of is that every small college in the South and West would have gone after him."

It is estimated that one hundred million begging letters are written in this country every year, mostly to people of means. It is common for men of large wealth and well-known charitable inclinations to receive five hundred begging letters a day. Perhaps it is no harder on them to receive begging letters than it is for the poor man to be poor. At any rate modern large-scale giving through intensive drives, war chests and charity federations makes for increased publicity, and whether he likes it or not the rich man has to face publicity.

The larger the movement the greater the demand from the public and the newspapers to know who and how much money and conviction are back of it. Then too the publication of the names of specific givers spurs on their personal, social and business acquaintances and rivals to give. Generosity is infectious. The majority of givers prefer to have their names published, and in the actual work of a campaign the managers have more difficulty in getting the correct spelling of the names of those who desire publicity, and the correct amounts of their gifts, then in persuading the few large anonymous givers to come out in the open. Frequently the members of the smaller teams will go to the managers and say:

"I can get five hundred dollars from So-and-So if you will promise me to put his name in the paper."

Many if not most of the Jewish federations of charity publish the names and amounts of all givers. It has been said that in some Jewish communities men cannot get into the clubs if they do not give to charity as freely as the club leaders think they should. Otherwise they are told: "Your gift shows that you can't afford to belong to this club."

As the result of numerous war drives an exceedingly tactful, judicious and successful method of assessing or appraising individuals—that is, of giving them a quota—has been evolved. It can best be described in the actual words of a book of confidential instructions sent out to workers in one of the great drives:

"The General Committee in each community should appoint a subcommittee, preferably credit men of the leading banks, to go over the cards, and make an estimate of the amount each person might reasonably be expected to give under the most favorable conditions. It is important to make these estimates because this is a national affair requiring the largest sum of money ever raised by voluntary subscription in the history of the world. People generally do not know how to appraise themselves in such a vast enterprise. Business men nowadays do not object to being asked a definite amount. In most cases they prefer to have a definite amount suggested. One prominent business man in a recent Red Cross campaign emphasized this method as the most important factor in his wonderful success. It suggested that in approaching a man for a definite amount some such introduction as the following be used:

"'In securing our allotment of $—— the Committee has carefully studied the situation and has determined that it will be necessary to have 500 [or whatever number it many be] men who will give $—— each. The Committee wish us to ask whether you will not be one of the subscribers to this amount.'"

One of the best known and most philanthropic multimillionaires in the country when asked if he approved of the appraisement and assessment method replied:

"I never like to be put in a hole. If anyone tries to dictate to me what I shall give I get just as mad as can be. Nor do I like to have anyone criticize me after I have given. It is a matter of my conscience alone. I think these principles should be applied to everyone else. But I do like to have people suggest amounts for me to give. I suggest to others and I am willing to be suggested to. Some committee has got to appraise every giver quietly, not for publication of course. It has to be done in a small church affair and it must be done in a nationwide drive."

The idea of suggesting an amount to the individual is capable of indefinite expansion. When it comes to industrial workers, employees in factories, and the like, a great difficulty arises from the shifting about of workers. A man may agree to pay two dollars on a certain date, or one dollar the first of next month and another dollar a month later. But he may have gone to another job in another city by that time. Therefore a great shrinkage is inevitable.

Buttons and Tickets

To overcome this difficulty the idea of asking workmen for one day's pay, or a percentage of a week's pay, or some other simple, fixed amount has developed. In one of the relatively smaller campaigns for relief purposes workmen were asked to give one per cent of the amount they subscribed in the last Liberty Loan. In other cases the overtime pay for a week was suggested. Ingenious minds will probably ring all manner of changes on this general idea as time goes on.

There are just as many fine points to be considered in dealing with small as with large givers. Much experience has taught the campaigners that money cannot be taken away "cold," especially from the small giver. He must be given something in return to show for it. That is one great advantage of buttons, window cards and the like. Managers have sometimes started out on a campaign with the idea of eliminating buttons, but they usually have to resort to them. It has been learned also that an immediate and appreciative acknowledgment of every subscription is necessary. In dealing with children, tickets are used with much success. A boy of twelve is always proud of a ticket with its reminder of the circus.

The wealthy classes are not above the human trait of wanting something in return for their gifts. Many a man will give a dormitory or stadium bearing his name to a university, though he would never think of adding to the endowment fund.

Fully as important as the idea of concentration expressed in the intensive drive is that of coöperation, unity and get-together, which is the foundation of the federated-charity movement and its more recent development, the war chest. In the past the more well-to-do residents of cities have had their lives made miserable by innumerable appeals for charity. Tickets to balls, concerts, bazaars, and the like, were thrust upon them at every turn. Most of the appeals were from causes they knew nothing about. Now it is possible for all these various charities—at least all of those which can pass the scrutiny of a committee of the Chamber of Commerce or some other

(Concluded on Page 75)

Re-decorate with Light

Good lighting certainly does make home more "homey." With no change in the furniture, the rugs, the draperies or wall paper—you can give the whole house a new appearance, just by altering the lights. A new lamp here; a new shade there; a different direction or color in the light—and you have fresh new rooms for *very* little money and *very* little effort.

Keep plenty of MAZDAS on hand—and study out new ways of using them! Enough light for good vision is of course the first requirement, but you are not getting full value out of your lighting until you use it also to *decorate with*.

Buy NATIONAL MAZDA lamps where you see them displayed. Buy five at a time in the handy Blue Carton. Ask the lamp man about lighting—he'll help you get the best light for your money.

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
20 Nela Park Cleveland, Ohio

Any of the labels below is a guaranty of National Quality

Protection—two ways

In the larger sense, Certain-teed means protection both property and to the buying public.

Its products—paints, varnishes, roofing, and related materials—are providing efficient and economical protection against the elements and the weather; against decay and deterioration.

Its name—to a larger and larg each year—is proving a prote trustworthy guide-mark to pro and genuine economy.

The Certain-teed system of distribution is international in scope. Through it, Certain-teed service and Certain-teed products can be q

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices in the Principal Cities of America

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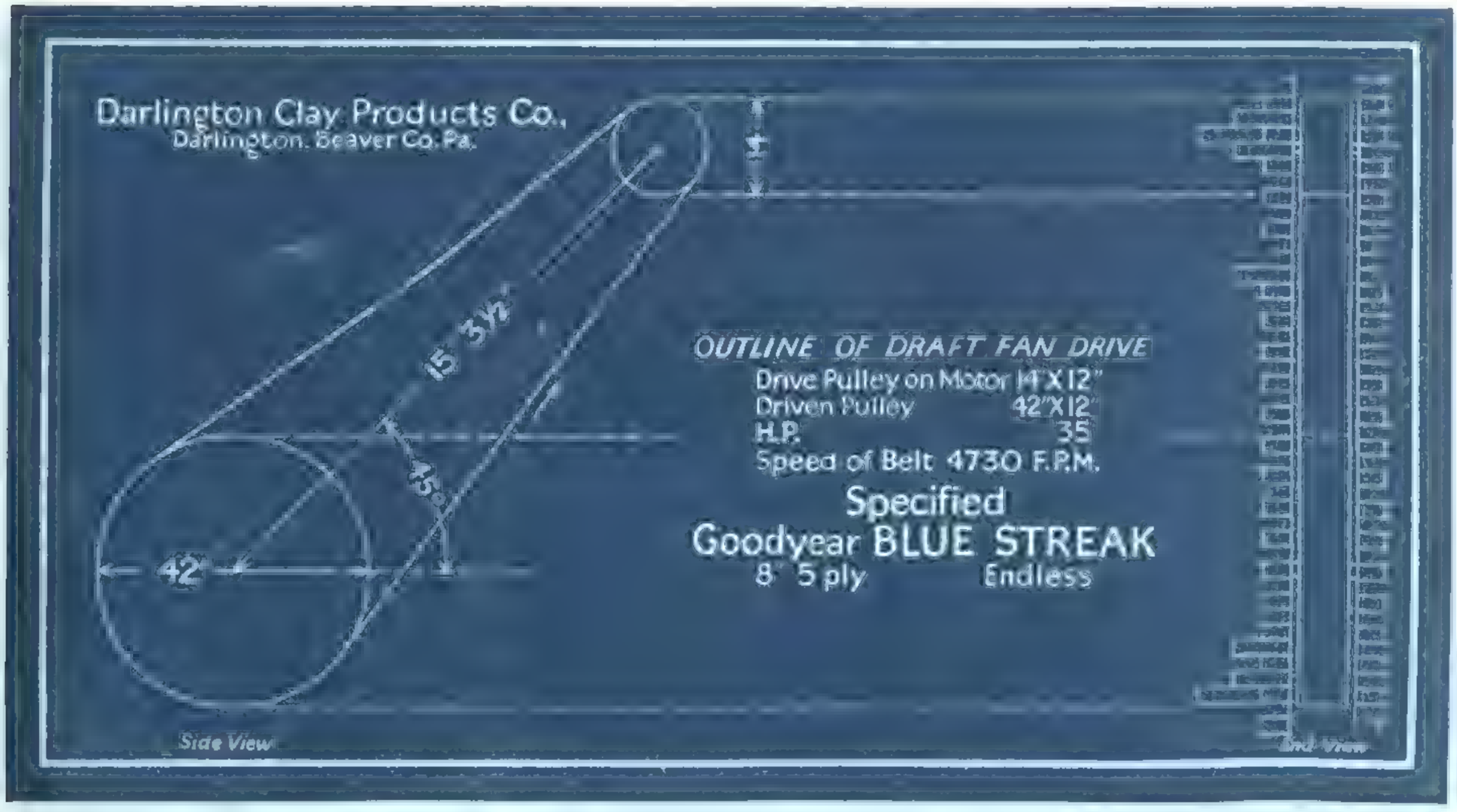

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

What Came of a Letter—and a G.T.M. Call

$123.83 has been saved in seven months on the draft-fan drive of the Darlington Clay Products Company. The best belt they had ever had on that drive gave service at a cost of $25.32 per month. The Goodyear Belt recommended by a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—has cost only $7.63 per month. In the last seven months, therefore, the G. T. M.'s service has saved $123.83—and will save more in the months to come. Even more important to Mr. Tefft, the manager, there is no more trouble on that drive. A letter of inquiry written to Akron by Mr. Tefft was the first cause of these gratifying results.

In it he described his draft-fan drive and the trouble and expense it was causing. He wrote that the belt ran between the brick walls of a pit—coming to within an inch of walls often at a temperature of 300 degrees. He stated that sulphur fumes—SO_2—went over the belt; and that the nightman in oiling the fan bearings generally let oil drip on the belt. He added that the best belt he had been able to get gave about 8 months' service at a cost of $202.61—$25.32 per month—and lots of trouble and repairs thrown in for good measure.

We sent a G. T. M.—our Mr. Hunter—to look the drive over. He decided that *as it stood* it would always be expensive and troublesome—even if Goodyear Belts specified by a G.T.M. were used. So he put up an oil guard at the right place—had a hole cut in the wall to provide a draft to carry off the heat—and after careful measurements specified an 8-inch 5-ply Goodyear Blue Streak made endless. It cost $53.41 and was applied June 5th, 1918.

On January 5th, 1919, at the time this advertisement went to press the belt was still running. It had given seven months' service at a cost of $7.63 per month—had never required repairs or other attention, and to Mr. Tefft looked good for months more of perfect service. It does better work than the former belt which cost at least $17.69 more per month of service. Mr. Tefft attributes the consequent saving of $123.83 in seven months, and the relief from trouble, to the G. T. M.; he has had a G. T. M. analyze and prescribe a belt for every drive in the plant, and has already ordered the prescribed Goodyear equipment for five drives.

If you have a belt-devouring drive that is eating too many dollars, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when he's in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a hardware man sells nails. We are able to give the G. T. M.'s services free only because the savings they effect for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants analyzed is sure to result within a year or two. The G. T. M.'s analysis and prescriptions do not obligate you in any way.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

(Concluded from Page 70)

responsible body—to maintain their separate organization and work, but to raise funds in common.

Once you put all the good causes of a city into a federation or chest you can command the leading men in the city as backers, chairmen, committeemen, and the like. Givers then know that they are subscribing to something which the leading men stand sponsor for. Grafters, fakers, busybodies and cheap social climbers are eliminated, because only persons who are already on the top of the heap are in command. Inevitably in every town the crowd before referred to, which can put anything over, runs the federation or charity.

Under former conditions the rich man had a road map when he went on a motor trip or a stock list when he bought stocks, but he had no guide to giving. A rich man who has a charity of his own, a hobby in which few are interested and to which few others give, went to a meeting of another charity, and to the horror of the ladies present broke out in violent language as follows:

"I think it is shameful that the rich will not give. The rich people of New York have behaved disgracefully. Why, we went to a man who gave two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a picture, and he would not give us a cent for our work. You must shame such persons into giving money."

Of course this peppery old gentleman had trouble in raising money. Nobody knew or cared about his baby fund. While writing this article I was summoned to the door to see a solicitor who was selling for seventy-five cents a magazine I had never heard of and therefore did not want. She said that part of the proceeds would go to one of the churches in the town, a church I have never been in and have no personal interest in. Of course I refused to subscribe. But if all the churches in my town would unite in one campaign to raise funds for the extension of their work I should be compelled to give a substantial sum—by the mere social pressure of a united public opinion if from no higher motive.

The lone-hand player, the little lone-hand charity, has no chance. The appeal is cold and the doors are slammed in his and its face. Money raising can be successfully carried on only when "everybody is doing it," when the thing is in the air, when it is the fashion, when people's thoughts are concentrated upon it; and only the big cause can afford to create such an atmosphere.

Generous Jews

Nothing is more striking than the increase in individual subscriptions when the cause is big, united, federated, cooperative and backed by all leading elements. One of the chief reasons is a ridiculously simple one. Many different appeals always make the giver feel that he has contributed more than he really has. If you are asked to give a dollar each to fifty different charities in a year you will feel far more burdened, annoyed and aggrieved than if you are asked to give two hundred and fifty dollars to one great object which covers the whole field for a year.

The Jews have demonstrated these facts many times in their federations. When approached by the new federation in his city a Jew gave ten thousand dollars, assuming it was about the same as he had given before the charities were federated. But he learned to his amazement upon looking up the figures that he had given only a few hundred dollars in previous years. He had supposed he had given largely because it had gone in driblets. Another man gave forty thousand dollars a year more after the federation was started than before.

Naturally, any united movement for a city or town gets far more publicity in the papers, more advertising, both paid and unpaid, than do the separate movements taken together. The papers print more about the united campaign, the federation or the war chest than they do about the separate oganizations, not only because a big thing has more news value but also because they can depend more upon the reliability of what is sent to them.

When all the ablest business men in a community, state or nation are mobilized to put a big drive over, results are sure to follow. The corporations proved an enormous source of funds for all manner of relief purposes during the war. In numerous cases there were doubts as to whether corporations had the legal right to subscribe, but such doubts were set at rest by the passage of special laws at the instance of these leading citizens, permitting such a practice. In other cases it was necessary only to secure the opinion of eminent counsel. A socialist newspaper in New York City commenting upon one of the big drives and the use of clocks to indicate the amount of subscriptions said:

"Though we hate to admit it, it does seem as if these great clock faces, ticking off their thousands of dollars every minute, were something more than mere cash registers and were in reality registering most conclusively the fact that the superior intelligence claimed by capitalists for themselves is anything but an empty boast."

The real test of any money-raising method, of any drive or chest, is not the amount of money raised, but the number of people who are reached. The democratization of giving is just as necessary as that of government.

"I can help you raise all the money you need from yourselves and a few other rich men," said an expert who was engaged by the Y for a big drive, "but it will be a liability to you. It will teach the people that they have no responsibility. It would be better to raise a hundred million dollars from a hundred million people, if that were possible, than the same amount from a hundred people."

The Small Contributors

In the past the curse of giving has been its exclusiveness. It has been confined to the few. The world had to be saved by the millionaires. Each charity worked the other charity's list. Solicitors stuck to lines of least resistance. They went for people known to be generous rather than for those who might be persuaded to become generous. The rich man was besieged out of all proportion to the moderately well off and the comfortably well off, which latter class was almost wholly neglected and gave very little.

There were a few people who gave both time and money. A few gave money and no time, and a few others gave time and no money. But the great mass gave neither. They were fans rather than players. The chief centers of money giving had long been located, and the money raisers continued to exploit the resources already developed rather than explore for new ones. No effort was made to crystallize or realize upon in terms of money the untold stores of human sympathy, interest and joy in giving happiness that lay in the masses.

Before the war money raisers were perfectly cynical about the situation. They knew that the great bulk of the money would come from a small minority of people. But the huge scale of the war drives and the war chests has brought a rapid change.

"The sums were so big," said one of the richest men in the country, "that a few men couldn't handle them. There are a few men who can give a million dollars each to a charity, or even in some cases two or three millions, and the same men can subscribe perhaps twenty-five millions or more for Liberty Loans. But none of us can give five or ten millions to a single charity or subscribe several hundred millions for government loans."

The great advantage of the big drive or the war chest is that it gets way down. The little fellow can't afford to give a dollar to every charity that comes along, but he can afford a dollar for a combination of them all. And the beauty of it is that the money reached by such methods is for the most part absolutely new money which would not otherwise have been given.

The drives and the war chests have taught everybody to give more and to enjoy it—rich, middle classes and poor alike. Once started people will continue to give. Aroused for one kind of giving they are easier to interest in another. Never was the American public in such a favorable state for cultivation as now.

"There is a man in this city," said one worker, "worth a million dollars, who never before gave anything to speak of. We got a good contribution out of him on the biggest of the war drives, and we have him forever now. We will go after him next year for the Charity Federation and we will teach him how to give regularly once a year."

There is considerable difference of opinion among the experts as to whether the larger gifts should be lined up before the campaign begins. One of the older campaigners contends that it is useless to go ahead with any canvass until from one-tenth to one-third of the entire amount has been secretly arranged for. It is the same old question of the free-will offering. A certain prominent evangelist takes up no collections until just before he leaves a city, and then it is a free-will offering. But he once told a friend that unless that free-will affair was organized long before the last day—that is, unless a few large gifts were arranged for—he would not get enough to pay his board.

To a certain extent it is probably necessary to arrange for a few large gifts beforehand. Announced at the beginning of a canvass they set a high standard and inspire confidence and enthusiasm. Without such a start the managers would probably feel as helpless as those in charge of a Liberty Loan meeting and auction with no subscriptions planted in advance.

But it is necessary also to hold back some of the big advance subscriptions and not show too much at the beginning. The managers must hold something up their sleeves to feed out as the interest lags. Yet it is a mistake to lay too great stress upon this matter of advance subscriptions. The rich have to be educated as well as the poor. One of the best known of the country's millionaires gave a round million to a certain cause, but it took so much education to bring him up to the point that his associates were both astonished and delighted when their efforts were rewarded.

"The whole community must get the idea," said a banker who has headed many drives. "The rich have to be educated. The only difference between them and the poor is that they usually know about the cause for which the money is being raised. They know the goods which we are selling better than the poor, but we have to educate them just as much, perhaps more, on the crisis itself."

The final triumph of modern money raising is the joy which it brings, not to the Belgians or Armenians who are saved from starvation, but to the givers themselves. This is not pious cant or bunk, but a cold business proposition. A small town in Iowa was in the throes of a campaign to raise funds for the local college. A professional money raiser from New York was in the midst of his work when his attention was called to the case of a well-to-do garage owner who resolutely refused to give a cent and who had not only never given to any cause but had never shown any civic interest. The manager dropped his office work and went to the garage.

Happiness Through Giving

"I want to meet you before I go back," he said to the owner. "I want to buy a car to ride back in and I tell you what I'll do. I'll buy the car if you'll give five hundred dollars to the college. You must be a strange fellow. Everybody speaks well of you, but they all say you have no public spirit at all."

The garage owner was very nasty for a few minutes, but he wanted to sell the car, and so he gave the five hundred dollars. Then in a few days he began to look at the bulletin board on which the gifts were posted, and soon he was seen taking a look at the board three or four times a day. Then he called upon the manager and asked how the drive was going.

"I told him it was going very badly," said the manager, "though in truth it was going finely, but I wanted to clinch that fellow's interest."

The automobile man then offered to double any other gift that might be made, and from that time on he went up in the esteem of all his fellow citizens and probably in his own. In a few months he was elected director in one of the leading banks.

"This has happened again and again," said another manager. "A man noted as a tightwad in the church, who was literally forced to give a tidy sum because of the social and business pressure brought by his fellows, has shortly after his gift come to feel so good that his whole character and soul have been enlarged and loosened up. He has then become so much happier than before that he soon became the chief donor of the church, or the builder of a new one, without any pressure at all."

A young man of no particular business success once challenged the tightwad millionaire president of the local Y to duplicate his own gift of one thousand dollars. "But he can't afford it," said the president. The young man, however, scraped the money together somewhere, and the obligation involved so stimulated his ambition and thrift, neither of which had ever been at all active before, that he soon began to push ahead in business.

Campaign managers tell endless stories to prove their contention that thrift follows giving and that prosperity follows thrift. They say the slogan should be "Give until it feels good" rather than "Give until it hurts." Obviously there is danger in laying too much emphasis upon the selfish benefits of giving, such as business and possibly social advancement. But there is no danger in insisting upon the enlargement of one's soul, the renewed interest in humanity and in one's own community; and, to be frank about it, the better standing with the public that always results. One veteran always tells his workers that the only way to save the rich man's soul is to take his money away from him.

There seems to be a pretty constant progress toward the use of real salesmanship in money raising rather than the old-fashioned methods of slushing and slugging. Mr. Whiting Williams, who has been actively connected with much of the pioneer work in Cleveland along these lines, describes the slushing and slugging methods and the evolution away from them most interestingly:

"The head of the Babies' Home, which may be inefficient, unnecessary and positively harmful, depends upon her ability to draw tears as she pours out a highly sentimentalized version of some service rendered in a particular case by her pet institution. Or she hires somebody who can do the trick successfully in the office of Mister Gotrox—at fifty cents commission on every dollar collected."

Loading the Stick

"There are many ways of putting the punch in the big stick used by the adherents of the 'slugging' method. It is built on the idea that no one wants to give away a dollar. He must, therefore, be made to. The simplest loading of the stick is downright nerve and gall."

Mr. Williams points out the increasing tendency to use the more refined power of social pressure rather than crude slugging, the careful allotment of a particular quota, and the exceedingly careful assignment of the job to the person who is able to exert the utmost pressure. This may be the man who decides upon the victim's loan at the bank, the leader of his social set or his superior officer in the factory or firm. Then too there is the pressure of publicity.

Of course during the war the crudest kind of compulsion was used in many places. A cigar-store proprietor who had thirty-one hundred dollars in the bank of a small town in the Northwest was assessed fifty dollars for the United War Work campaign by the local committee, and out of indifference and stinginess refused to give more than one dollar. The next morning his store was covered with yellow paint and he promptly came across with one hundred dollars. Countless instances of even more violent methods might be cited.

I asked a man of very great wealth what he thought of these methods, assuming that he would be disgusted. A resident of New York, his name is just as well known in every hamlet in the country. Though generous, unassuming and modest, he is the target of every anarchist bomb and every crank letter.

"I see nothing wrong in such methods—in wartime," he replied with much vigor, much to my astonishment. "The money simply had to be got. If the man next door refused to do his share you had in a sense to smoke him out. Every man had to fight or give, and if he was too stingy or too disloyal to give I believe it was perfectly right to compel him to do so. Ordinarily, however, I do not believe in anything stronger than moral suasion."

Returning to the question of money raising in normal times Mr. Williams, after asserting his belief in the selling rather than the slushing and slugging methods, goes on to say that as the large war funds have on the whole given a pretty good account of what the money was for, why it was needed, how it was obtained, and so on, an impetus is likely to be given the still more extensive use of the selling method

Many phases of the methods used in raising money on a large scale, and many of their details, as shown not only in the war-relief drives but in the Liberty Loans, have not been described in this article. To a large extent the lessons that have been learned are just as applicable to business as they are to charity, and this will be the subject of another article.

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

Gaining 4,000 Miles By Caring for Tread Cuts

ON a large car, the right-rear tire had run only 2,000 miles by May. Then a small tread cut was noticed. The owner had his chauffeur repair it. The tire is still in service after having already served for 8,000 miles. If the tread cut had been neglected, 4,000 miles would have been the utmost of mileage for the injured tire. Timely care meant a clear gain of 4,000 miles—more than enough for a run from Boston to San Francisco. Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or write to Akron, for Lesson 2 of the Goodyear Conservation Course—telling how to care for tread cuts.

NOT even the Goodyear All-Weather tread can absolutely protect tires from tread cuts and their costly consequences.

The toughness of its thick studs can do no more than diminish the number of cuts, and delay materially their effects.

Scraps of metal and glass, switch-points in car tracks, and sharp chips of stone will cut the best of treads when squarely struck.

◇ ◇ ◇

If such cuts are not promptly and properly repaired, they enlarge rapidly, and deepen.

Sand and moisture are forced in and tread separation soon begins.

If the injury is still neglected, the moisture penetrates the body of the tire and after a few months, causes fabric rotting, ending in a blowout.

Proper protection of your tire investment demands that you do away with the losses due to tread cuts.

◇ ◇ ◇

Inspect your tires regularly and frequently. As soon as a fresh tread cut is noticed have it repaired, or repair it yourself as directed in Lesson 2 of the Goodyear Conservation Course.

You can get this and other lessons at any Goodyear Service Station.

If the tread cut is an old one, do not repair it without getting the advice of a tire expert.

Tread separation may have already set in, and sealing up the cut would have the same disastrous effect as sealing up a decaying tooth.

To avoid all possibility of neglected tread cuts and their costly effects, make a can of Goodyear tire putty a part of your car's equipment.

With it you or your chauffeur can repair tread injuries quickly and at a cost of only a few cents.

Any Goodyear Service Station can supply it and many other Goodyear Tire Savers—inexpensive little things that save big tire bills.

A small tread cut. If neglected it will cause a bad blowout.

Goodyear Tire Putty and Cement with which anyone can repair tread cuts.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or us, for Lesson 2 of the Goodyear Tire Conservation Course—dealing with the care of tread cuts.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

TIRE SAVERS

When Your Spring Breaks put on VULCAN QUALITY

VULCAN

The Replacement Spring

The springs under your car are proportionately as vital to your safety and peace of mind, as the foundations under your home. Only the best springs should satisfy you.

VULCAN Springs embody "built in" quality. They represent the highest degree of spring "character."

VULCAN Service is nation-wide. Ample assorted stocks are carried by over 5,000 live dealers. There should be a dealer near you who can supply a spring which is an exact duplicate in shape and design, to replace your broken spring. Look for the VULCAN Service Sign.

Demand our metal name plate as shown in this illustration.

Jenkins VULCAN Spring Company

FACTORY

RICHMOND, INDIANA

BRANCHES

St. Louis, Mo., 1402 Chestnut Street.
Minneapolis, Minn., 1024 Hennepin Avenue.
Dallas, Texas, 209 Houston Street.
Reading, Pa., 538 Franklin Street.
Sumter, S. C., 29 Caldwell Street.
Atlanta, Ga., 48 Auburn Avenue.

THE SOLDIER IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 17)

are doing over here in France, and back home, as I read about it, and know about it first-hand.

"Now then, knowing that, I feel, and so do the other boys, that there won't be any harm in taking a look when we get back home and finding out just what sort of stuff these government folks have been handing us, and doing a little reorganizing here and there if we can, in order to get better results. We never thought about it before, but we are thinking about it now, and we've got four million or so lads who are having their eyes opened. We are plumb sure that we have got the greatest country in the world, but maybe our Government doesn't measure up to our country in all of its parts and systems. Maybe the men who run it are not the right sort of men to run it. Maybe we think we can run it pretty good ourselves. Maybe we can put a few improvements on it or change it here and there to help in some ways. Maybe there are things in it we don't know about that we ought to know about. Maybe not. Anyhow, it is in the minds of a lot of us to have a look-see.

"And there's another thing I want to tell you, and that is to lay off on all this stuff about a big standing army and such. I'll say there won't be any big standing army in the United States, nor anything that looks like the extension of military control or militarism; nor even the suspicion of it. We're wise to militarism over here, and all it means, and what it is, and how it starts; and we're off that for life."

The two men I have quoted—my gilded young friend and the driver, Jim—are not exceptional, though they are not typical members of the Army. There are plenty of rich chaps who enlisted or were drafted and went willingly, and there are great numbers of business men like Jim, but the rank and file of the organization was and is of somewhat different caliber. By and large the Army was made up of four million average American lads who were mostly between twenty and thirty, and who were largely boyish in their thoughts and ideas, not particularly consequent in their relations to the Government or especially impressed with their duties as citizens—just healthy, happy boys. It is probable that not ten per cent of them ever had any specific political experience or thought. Many of them had voted, and some of them had belonged to political organizations, but they had been more engaged in getting along, and having such fun as they could, and holding such jobs as they had than interested in politics. A good many of the National Guard officers who were taken into the Army had had political experience and practice.

Potential Political Forces

The idea that these soldiers would be able to exert a great political influence after the war spread easily and rapidly, and the reason for that was simple, notwithstanding the lack of previous political thought. These men had been taken out of civil life, where they had worked and played and lived as individuals, each for himself, and fused into a great solidarity of thought and action. They were organized, disciplined, directed and used effectively in the mass. The men who were thus built into a fighting machine learned, first of all, that unity of action compelled by organization is the way to get results. They didn't know it, but they learned the lesson of homogeneity as opposed to heterogeneity. Hence, if things can be done by means of organization in war, things can be done by means of organization in peace also—all sorts of things for the benefit of the men who did the fighting, and for the men who were ready to fight when their turns came, including political things; for no matter how little a young American may have concerned himself with politics he subconsciously, it may be, is politically amenable—that is, he is potentially political.

They awoke to the value of organization early, and they soon began to rate themselves as tremendous factors in the well-being and progress of America. The fact of their glorification, the praise of them, the enthusiasm among the people for them, the heroic attitude given them, and the spur of an awakened patriotism increased the aggregate ego of them. It was but natural that they should think that when they returned home they would be able to exert a great force on public and private affairs; and it was even more natural, viewed in the light of our system of government, that the first and only way that occurred to them for the exertion of this force was through the medium of politics. Hence, no matter where one encountered a soldier in France, if the subject was gone into, it was learned that that soldier was confident he was to be a power when he returned home; or, rather, that he and his comrades would be powers; that by continuing their organization they could do much in a political way.

Their ideas were sketchy, nebulous, vague. Many of them had no ideas at all save the central one that it is up to the Army to "show them a few things" when the Army is returned to civil life. They don't know how they are to show them or what they will show them, but they are confident they can some way or other. They talked about it among themselves. The plan was formless, but it was persuasive, and it permeated. It was a sort of stirring, an indefinite feeling that there is a chance to do something. It was abstract, inconclusive, almost intuitive, but it was widespread.

The World by the Tail

It is probable the idea began to spread in this formless way as soon as we began to organize an army. Certainly, those of us who have had experience with politics expected it. However, it did not attain concreteness for a long time. It just hung about, referred to casually here, there and everywhere, but not attaining form or directness, not getting much beyond the conversational stage. The soldiers sensed rather than saw their opportunities in a political way, in the main; but not all of them. There were a good many men in that Army who had definite ideas and plans; men who had keen realization of what might be done with four million voters fused together by ties of comradeship and with incentives properly applied—the incentive of reward for labors—with eight million voters really, because the correlated women must be counted.

These men kept the idea going. Roughly, the argument was like this: We fought this war. We won it. We withstood the dangers and horrors of it. If we stand together we can get what we want. All we've got to do is to organize and we'll have the world by the tail with a downhill drag.

At the same time the American buck private is not so primitive in his mental processes and ideas as not to be subject to certain psychological trends and influences, and he was so affected. He arrived at a sort of status as to his home Government without really knowing why. He didn't realize that the things he saw and knew and felt and experienced were setting his mind for him in political lines, but they were; and the explanation of it is not far to seek.

First off I desire to say that the great outstanding success of our part of the war—indeed, of the war itself—was the American buck private. He won it. The reason Germany quit was not any other reason than the American soldier, the private. He was there. He was fighting like a demon. He was in inexhaustible supply. With four months' training he became good enough to whip the Prussian Guard, the uhlan, any and all of the picked and veteran German troops. He won that war, and he won it off his own. He was sometimes handicapped by inefficient leadership, by inefficient support, by inefficient transportation, by supply; but in spite of all that he won the war, won it by fighting under the most adverse conditions and in the roughest, toughest areas of France. Moreover, it is plainly apparent that many of the inefficient will ride into immunity from criticism and punishment on the shoulders of the buck private. So be it. The shoulders of the buck private are broad and sturdy, and, more than all, victorious.

I trust I make myself clear. I saw a great deal of the American Army in France, in most of its phases and operations—not preparations, operations—and set these statements down as the clarified result of my observations.

Also, I learned just what is in the backs of the minds of a large number of the men who were privates in that Army, why those mental processes and conclusions are what they are, and can deduce what that will mean in a political way in this country after the men get back and turn their attention to civil affairs.

I do not pretend to say that the thing is formulated as yet. Indeed, it probably is largely subconscious, crudely psychological; but it exists, and it will be developed into lines of action. That is inevitable, and this is what I mean: An army functioning is a government functioning in the expression of force. An army is a government organization. An army is the expression of the military power of a nation. It is governmental in every feature. Its commander in chief is the President. Its officers are governmental servants. Its whole theory, inception, formation and operation are governmental processes. It has no other attribute than a governmental attribute. Of course it is national, but being national it must be essentially and particularly governmental, for the nation is the government at the time being no more and no less.

Therefore, when four million men, young men, inexperienced of either the theory or facts of government, come directly into contact with a governmental functioning that is entirely governmental in every aspect—are parts of it—they necessarily, naturally and inevitably judge and assay the entire government by the operations of that portion of it with which they are in intimate association.

It isn't likely that the average private argued it out concretely, but he got it impressionistically. It was borne in on him He thought about it now and then. He wondered. He was justified in wondering, and every time he wondered he planted something in his mind that will bear fruit when he gets back home and his political organization is perfected, as it will be.

What do you suppose, for example, the ordinary private thought when he saw officers who were over him transferred? He knew that many of these men had been trained by the Government for the very work in which they failed. He knew the Government had educated them, the War Department had selected them, that they were supposed to be efficient; and he saw officer after officer, not only from civilian life but professional soldiers, taken from their commands. He knew that generals had been sent back; that some of these experts were not experts at all; that they were not up to the work which they had spent their lives under governmental direction in fitting themselves for.

Blaming the System

Don't you suppose that the privates, who had every reason to feel that these men were fitted by training and education to lead and direct them, went a little further in their comment on this most apparent demonstration of unfitness than the personal equation, and put the blame in a measure on the system rather than on the men? If you do not you underestimate the intelligence of the American soldier. And is it not likely that, observing these weaknesses, both in theory and in practice, the privates who expected better leadership realized that a Government that failed in so many instances in training officers for war might conceivably be weak in some of its peace manifestations, in its local and domestic operations?

Do not misunderstand me as saying that by any means all the officers failed, or that the direction of the men was universally bad. Nothing of the sort. There were a great many officers, both of the regular organization and from private life, who were fine soldiers, capable and effective. That isn't the point. The point is that there were many especially trained men who were found inefficient.

Let me put it another way: The United States Steel Corporation may be compared to a government functioning in various ways. Suppose that on the eve of beginning work in a rail mill, say, the workmen saw the superintendents removed summarily, not only once but many times men who had been especially trained for the work of directing the making of rails taken out and others substituted. Isn't it likely that in the course of time the men in the rail mills would begin to think that perhaps the fault wasn't so much in the men removed as in the parent organization that gave them their jobs at the beginning; and that if this condition prevailed in the rail mills it would probably extend to the gun shops, the bridge shops, the structural-steel shops, and so on all through the organization? Isn't it likely that the men would comment and wonder whether the remedy should not come at the top, in the system and its manifestations as well as specifically in the rail mills?

That is what I mean when I say that the whole experience of these men in the war has had a psychological effect on them that will be translated into political inquiry and efforts to change when they get the stimulus of an organization behind them.

This demonstrated inefficiency of many men set above these privates gave them their fundamental cause for consideration, and those considerations were made acute by other experiences they had, all tending to set them thinking along similar lines. They had some specific grievances—not hardships: grievances.

Doughboys' Pay Held Up

In all my experience in knocking about the world, which has been considerable, I have yet to see men who take their hardships so easily and so good-humoredly as the American buck privates; and they had plenty of them to take. Any visitor to the Front found them cheerful in the most depressing circumstances. At the rear in even gloomier case at times their spirits were not damped. They did their job better than ever will be told, and grinned their way through it all They took the discomforts, the hurts, the sickness, the incredible labor of it all with smiles. They fought like heroes. They died like men.

They looked on the hardships as incidental to the job, making their happy best of everything. If they were hungry and the mud and the slime and the lice and the dirt seemed unbearable they made a song about it all. They endured everything with a good-natured stoicism that was as marvelous as it was universal. But there were things they did not understand, things that gave them food for thought and for complaint, and that roused resentment and predicated crusades, later, for redress. There were things they felt were the fault of the men who should have looked out for them. There were things that were of graver import to them, came home closer, reached further and were more potent than mere killing or being killed, than the misery of the trenches, the wallowings of the camps, the slime of billets, the burdens of marches.

One of these was the question of pay. Some of them went for weeks and months without a cent of money—a great many of them. The pay machinery bogged down. I do not know what happened, but I do know that hundreds and thousands—a great many thousands—of our fighting men were not paid for weeks and months at a time. They felt they had earned their pay. They felt the Government should keep its promises and send the allotment money home to their folks. They had no money of their own in most instances, and there were many little things they needed that the Government did not supply. In many cases they could not get their money after they had earned it, small sum that it was, and earned it in the most heartbreaking and dangerous sort of work.

Put a regiment of young men in France promised thirty dollars a month by the government that sent them there, and needing small comforts to make life endurable, and hold them there without keeping the promise to pay them that thirty dollars regularly, and you get the makings of a protest that will be translated into action sooner or later if you multiply that regiment by hundreds. These men knew it wasn't because the Government did not have the money to pay them.

Now that is a vital thing, more vital than it may seem to those of you who are comfortably at home. These men did not understand specifically what the reason was, but they did know they didn't get their pay, and they resented it, and still resent it; nor will they forget it for many years.

Another failure was mail—letters from home. It did seem that the Army had a positive genius for falling down on the

(Concluded on Page 82)

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(Concluded from Page 79)

personal things that had the greatest effect on the men. Literally hundreds of men have told me that they had no mail for months upon months; not only privates but officers as well. Already the charges back and forth have begun as to where this responsibility lies, but that cuts no figure with the doughboy. He didn't get his letters. That is his side of it.

He knows that the mail is a matter in the hands of the Government. He was over there, homesick, lonesome, and he wanted to hear from his mother and from his girl. In his opinion it was up to the Government for which he was fighting to get that mail to him.

These boys are human beings. They may have been fighting for an ideal, but they didn't lose their individualities or their personal wants or hankerings in the process. The inspiration that he was fighting to help make the world safe for democracy didn't help a buck private any when he needed a couple of dollars for some comforts for himself, and hadn't a cent in his pocket because his Government wasn't getting his pay to him. It didn't make him any less homesick because he had not heard from the folks at home for three months or from his girl for four, to sit down and ponder on the fact that the outcome of this struggle is to be a League of Nations that shall banish all future war from the earth. He wanted to hear from his mother and he wanted to hear from his girl; and the folks who kept him from hearing from home are very likely to hear from him when he gets a chance to send them a message or two via the ballot box.

Another feature of army procedure that made them sore and resentful and roused their bitterest protests was the so-called administration of justice by the trial boards of the Army—the courts-martial. This matter has been ventilated at home recently. Senator Chamberlain's speech in the Senate arraigning the system and the exponents of it in the Army is fresh in the public mind. Quite recently Gen. S. T. Ansell, Acting Judge-Advocate-General of the Army, speaking before the Chicago Bar Association, condemned the system and the results of it, declaring that while courts-martial are "courts of criminal jurisdiction second to none," holding in jeopardy the lives and liberties of citizen soldiers, "they proceed to execute their sacred trust without the aid, guidance or control of any person in the least qualified in the law."

The Keystone of the Arch

Discipline is the keystone of the regular professional soldier's arch of army performance; but the soldiers in the camps saw their comrades, often for very minor offenses, given sentences of the utmost severity. They saw officers sitting in these courts who had no other idea apparently than to impose as severe sentences as possible on the soldiers brought before them. They held the honor and the efficiency and the discipline of the Army as highly as these officers, but they could not understand the severities in many cases, could not figure out the reason for the extremes of punishment. They did not protest over severe sentences for desertion or treachery or absence without leave in the face of the enemy or for real crimes, but they did feel that the ordinary peccadillos of boys were not crimes and should not be punished as such.

This severity of these officers had its reflex. It prejudiced more than any other one thing the minds of the soldiers against the professional soldier and his system and his methods. It inculcated in their minds an opposition to things military, made them hate war as much as war itself did. They felt that justice was subordinated to discipline and militarism. They were right, too, in many instances, as the investigations before the Senate committee will show when they are made. The private soldier didn't so much get justice in many cases for his derelictions. He got discipline, that fetish of the narrow mind of the professional soldier. He saw comrades sent to prison for terms of years for small offenses, and the exact reverse to the result expected by the administrators was obtained. Their courts-martial didn't scare the private or make him any better soldier. He did not need that, for he was the best soldier there was in any event.

The No-Promotions Order

There are bound to be offenders among four million men, both among privates and officers, and there is no sympathy for real criminals; but sticking severe sentences on men who have been derelict in minor matters does not make for discipline. It makes for resentment.

The order issued by the Secretary of War, at about the time the armistice was signed, forbidding all further promotions, was considered unjust and arbitrary by the rank and file of the Army. The men who had been doing the fighting were just coming into their own. They had won their promotions by valor. Great numbers had been recommended for advancement because they had gone through the hell of the field and had done brave deeds that entitled them to higher rank

Secretary Baker stopped promotions as soon as the armistice was signed. The reason that came to France was that this would save the country a lot of money. This added to the resentment, for the men who were due for promotion had only to walk to any place in France where the United States was operating to see evidences of the spending of money with a prodigality unequaled in the history of the world. Those in authority protested against this to Baker and the War Department. They knew the spirit of resentment that would be roused, and was, by this order. They felt what is the fact, that the men deprived of their promotions would never forget what had been done to them. And they were right. Late in January of this year the War Department modified the no-promotion order somewhat after these strong representations had been made, but even that modification will not take away the feeling that an injustice was done to the fighting men, or allay the resentment.

These are palpable grievances that will be translated into political incentives later on. There was also a universal babbling about prohibition, and the coming of it in the United States, and much muttering because this had been done to the Army during its absence. Not much attention need be paid to that. Prohibition is too far along for this Army or any political organization coming out of it to make a dent in it for many years if ever.

When a country that has only a small professional army finds it necessary to raise an army to be made up of millions it must get both its officers and its privates from civil life. Hence the great bulk of the officers in the lower grades in this present Army are not professional soldier men, but civilians transmuted into soldiers by such processes as were available. It is quite likely that the coming political organization of this Army, or its coming political endeavor—for it is to be doubted if the organization will be *per se* or openly political—will be managed and directed by these very civilian officers.

The regular officers, the West Pointers, are professional soldiers and cannot mix openly in politics.

The regulation and regulated military way of doing things is incomprehensible to the man from business or professional non-military life, especially the army methods of doing business. The civilian officers are not critical of military affairs, because they do not know, albeit they have suspicions that men who do business the way many professional army men do it, with such circumlocution and in such archaic manners, may not be exactly top-side in military affairs. These civilian officers know how to get things done, how to tackle big jobs of supply and manufacture and distribution, and they have been astounded at some of the slow, red-taped, unwieldy, ineffective manners of army business. Also they have had experiences of the West Point mind, which goes by the regulations, by the book; and they do not understand the necessary limitations of that book-guided, regulation-controlled mind at all.

Some Great Civilians

War is the business of the professional soldier, and the business of this war was begun, at least, in all its vast operations according to the plans and processes of professional soldiers. The young civilian business and professional men who went into the Army have watched those processes and have observed their limitations, their red-taped intricacies and all the rest; have seen great American business and professional men hurriedly called in to help, and know how much of the success of the war has depended on these men drafted from civil life for the executive positions. With the impetuosity of youth the civilian officers say that the system is all wrong.

I do not know whether the system is wrong or not, but certainly in many of its workings it is incomprehensible; and I do know that without civilians like Stettinius, and Atterbury, and Dawes and Carty, and dozens more, it wouldn't have been much of a war, so far as the army business end of it was concerned. However, no matter how good most of the civilian officers hold themselves to be, a lot of them were not any too good, but they have the advantage of being able to get out and think they were good, while the professional soldier must remain to be the target.

The Canadians have already organized their Comrades of the Great War, which will be a powerful political factor in the Dominion. After Lloyd George declared for a general election following the armistice I talked to a number of British soldiers, possibly a hundred at different times. Elaborate preparations had been made by the British Government so the British soldiers might vote in the field. Blanks were sent to them, and they were urged to exercise their suffrages. Most of those I talked to told me they had thrown away their blanks and did not intend to vote. The election has been held since then, and I suppose statistics are made showing just how many soldiers did vote. I have no record of that. The soldiers I talked to were of the opinion that Lloyd George had snapped an election on them, that he was shrewdly and politically trying for the indorsement he received so overwhelmingly through virtue of the victorious armistice.

"Wait until a year or so from now," they all said. "Wait until we get out of the army and back home to England where we can do as we please, and we'll take a hand in this business."

The Dawn of Understanding

These are the ideas that the American soldier, as I found him—and I made it my business to talk politics with a great number of them, both officers and privates—holds, tentatively for the most part, but constructively so far as getting an organization is concerned. He has some grievances. He sees some rewards to be obtained. And among the best minds there is the concerted opinion that inasmuch as their experiences have shown them the governmental lacks in the business of war there probably are governmental lacks in other directions and places—lacks that it may fall to them to remedy.

The big fact of it is that this war and our entry into it have caused hundreds and thousands of young men who never gave the matter a thought before, to ask themselves—and one another—just what this thing called government is—this power that can seize them, put them in an army, send them to France, make them fight, get them wounded and killed, submit them to rigid limitations as to life and conduct—what is this thing called government anyhow? What makes it? Where does it get its powers? Who is responsible for it?

Dimly, gropingly they are beginning to know that government derives its powers from such as they, instruments of it in its exemplifications in war and in peace—that they are the government. When they get the full realization of this, and sense the method of conferring governmental powers on governmental persons—officials—they will be quick to avail themselves of that method for which they themselves hold so formidable an agent—organization and concerted endeavor; quick to try to impress their own thoughts upon it, to shape it to their own ends and uses so far as may be.

Finally, and there need be no misconception on this, the men who fought that war for us, and the men who were ready to fight it, but especially, the two million who were in France, are coming home with this firmly in their minds: They are against war. They know that the so-called glory of it is swallowed up in death and disease and in nameless horrors and hardships. They are against militarism because militarism means war. They are against militarism because they know what militarism means, having had experience of it. They know and, knowing, will be guided by what they know.

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THE BLOOMING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 4)

assurance that Carlotta would presently appear returned to his cabbage. Dishes clattered behind drawn doors. Fervently Chester hoped that they didn't compel a wonderful girl like Carlotta to wash dishes.

True to her father's promise, Carlotta did presently appear. She must have scurried upstairs by a rear way, for she entered majestically from the front stairway. She seemed terrifyingly formal and was wearing a fur-collared cloak which Chester was sure he had seen on Mrs. Beam.

Half the way over to Adelphi Hall Chester's attention was centered on his right elbow, which he had crooked like the handle of a jug in the event that Miss Beam might see fit to take his arm. It was the demand of etiquette, he knew, that a lady and gentleman should walk forth so linked. But Miss Beam remained obtuse. She chatted harmoniously on the topics of the day; Chester had no ears for the music. His arm was becoming numb from the wrist to the shoulder blade. At last he became aware that she had paused in her monologue and was asking him a question.

"What was that?" he inquired, straightening out his elbow and experiencing immediate relief.

"Are you familiar with Robert's Rules of Order?"

"Why, no. I didn't get that far in the book."

"It's not in the book," she informed him more coolly than he liked.

He found his mind straying—seeing red with a pompon on top, and annoying, yellowish eyes dancing below. He wondered if it had gone out of style for girls to take people's arms.

"This is my first try," he grunted. "Maybe I'd just better sit and watch."

"By no means!" There was no appeal against that decision. "You've begun none too early. I merely wished to warn you of one of the rules. When the informal discussion begins several people will probably rise and ask for the floor. You must wait till you are recognized."

"I know that," said Chester rather shortly. "That's the way they do at the class meetings."

"Splendid!" chimed the superlative Carlotta; which so cheered his heart that he ceased caring whether she had taken his arm or not.

A number of students were crowding in when they entered the hall, and Chester's first vision in that temple of thundering eloquence was of a life-size oil painting which hung over the rostrum. It was a portrait of William H. Barbour, eminent jurist, once a presidential candidate, and known in Dyak as donor of the Barbour Oratorial Medal. The aspirant's heart sank another notch when he saw that the audience was about equally divided between the serious thinkers and the lighter set of the college. Which of the two he had more to fear he knew not at that moment. Later he found out.

"Sit here," whispered his spiritual guide, pointing to a vacant chair halfway down the aisle. He sank weakly into the place she had chosen for him and saw her settle herself among the speakers of the evening in the row nearest the platform. The chairman was a lean, tall Scot whose clan name, McNabb, had been shortened by the lighter set to the convenient monosyllable Gabb. Freshmen were shoving into the back seats. The lofty Gabb strode to his place on the platform and rapped resoundingly. The air was vibrant with doom.

"The meeting will please come to order!"

Was it a coincidence? At the instant the gavel dropped and the words were spoken Red Tam-o-'Shanter came dancing in under an increased convoy of adorers. Apparently she was playing fraternity against fraternity, for she had added Kappa Kappas to Gamma Gammas, and in the rear straggled The Spiggoty, jealously glowering.

"Oh, I didn't think we'd be so conspicuous," she giggled over the hush.

There were eight vacant seats right in front of the place where Miss Beam had set her Chester. Red Tam-o'-Shanter snuggled in between two gigantic Gammas, while Ramon de Silva, who was not athletic, occupied an end chair and turned pale with disappointed ambition.

It was not until the exercises began that Red Tam changed from a mild annoyance to an active nuisance. All was dignity with the exception of this Floss thing. On a front row, one finger supporting her expansive brow, Miss Beam sat in concentrated reflection; Gabb the chairman rose, and though he had an accordion-plaited face which he alternately bunched together and pulled out as he spoke of the treasurer's report no normal Adelphian would have considered this fair fruit for satire.

But he had no sooner opened his collapsible countenance than a smothered giggle from the row just ahead deflected Chester's attention. It seemed that Red Tam was giving one of her apparently inimitable imitations. The subject of her sketch was quite apparently Mr. McNabb. She did it with her hands. She pretended to be playing an accordion accompaniment to the speaker's words. Every time the face of Gabb closed up she would bring her hands together; when it lengthened out she would pull them rapturously apart, her little fingers going busily over imaginary keys. The two big Gammas were rocking with joy. The dark-browed Gamma, out in the cold, permitted himself a nervous smile.

"Cheese it, Floss!" gleefully warned her right-hand lummox. "We'll all be chucked."

"I don't care, do you?" responded the musician. "Wait till Hazzie reads the minutes of the meeting ——"

"Dod gast it!" muttered Chester. "If she does that when I'm speaking ——"

But the behavior of this Floss during the treasurer's report was of such a nature as to warrant a rebuke. Chester fidgeted as long as he could, then he leaned toward the scarlet headdress. He was tall enough to look over her shoulder, and while he was hesitating for words he spied that which turned his annoyance to a sort of panic fear. She was wearing flowers—an exaggerated bunch of marguerites. Chester's hands grew cold as along the base of his nose there passed a tickling itching thrill. Marguerites! The very thought of those flowers, which had always spelled hay fever for him, sickened his soul, brought swift tears of influenza to his eyes. His mother had been right. That box of Ajax Hay Fever Balm ——

He huddled himself back, as far as possible away from the menace. Desperately his eyes sought the rows of chairs. Not an empty seat in the hall. The place was packed to the doors. The agony of self-control kept his mind off the rostrum; but he was quite unable to restrain an occasional glance in the direction of that being whom he so passionately longed to kill. Strands of honey-colored hair showed under the red tam; her complexion was high and clear, like that of a child who has been playing in the wind; once she turned her impudent glances far enough for him to see her eyes, which were bright gray with little golden flecks across the irises. How pretty she was; and how unspeakable!

At some indefinite point of time he heard applause and was aware that the cocksure affirmative had got down to give the negative a chance. Chairman McNabb unfolded himself to announce that Miss Carlotta Beam would next be heard from. Chester's sympathetic heart stood still. Carlotta laid aside her cloak and undulated to the rostrum—saffron clad, serene, indifferent of fate. She brought her right hand, half closed, to her breast in a gesture she had learned at a Delsarte school two seasons before. The room lay in a hush.

Red Tam was heard distinctly to clear her throat. Chester held his gaze toward the platform, but something told him that Flossie had struck that very pose, and that Gamma and Kappa were equally enthralled.

Words of wisdom flowed from a deep well-pitched voice where every "a" stood out broad and splendid, every paragraph enjoyed the advantage of a full stop. As winner of the William H. Barbour prize of last year Miss Beam held an advantage over lesser orators and showed it. She began with a simile of Pegasus and worked easily into the legend of Abraham Lincoln and the pine-knot fire. Chester's thoughts flew rapidly to the subject of himself.

"And before I close, Mister Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to repeat that application is but the work of man while genius is given to us by the grace of God. Application is merely the wick by which the light is thrown, genius is the oil which ——"

The chairman's gavel came down. It was evident that she had overtalked her time. Chester thought he heard a voice say "Coal oil." Was it that awful Red Tam-o'-Shanter? It didn't so much matter then, because an idea had leaped full grown from his skull; one of those dangerous things by which reputations are made or shattered at a stroke. Little he cared then for the rest of the debate; Chester sat rapt in contemplation—possibly he would not be able to get out the whole idea within the three minutes allotted to such as him according to the rules.

The seconds finished and the principals leaped to the rebuttal. Even the precious words of Miss Carlotta Beam were wasted on her admirer, who crouched as though for a spring.

He had quite forgotten the Red Tam and her talent for discord.

Carlotta sat down at last. Then there fell an awful hush during which several officious ladies and gentlemen rose and filed into an anteroom.

The collapsible Gabb unfolded his face to announce: "While the judges are retiring to formulate their decision the rules permit of an informal discussion from the floor. Each speaker is limited to three minutes. If there are any members who wish to speak ——"

"Mister Chairman!"

Several new members had come to standing postures in various parts of the room, but Chester A. Framm seemed to have leaped halfway to the chandeliers in the wildness of his attack. Other voices were clamoring, but the distracted bellow of the inspirational laundryman drowned out all competitors.

"Mr. Framm has the floor," decreed the inexorable Gabb.

Competition thus swept aside Chester found himself standing alone in the isolation of greatness. He had already decided to employ Gesture Twelve, expressive of hatred, but in that flash of intelligence the devil in a tomato-colored cap caused him to look down on the little tormentor of the seat in front. The look of exaggerated interest she was turning up to him merely added to his confusion.

He must have stood there an unnecessarily long time, for he heard Gabb's generous offer repeated through the room: "You have the floor, Mr. Framm."

The aspirant still stood, mentally thumbing the pages of Platform Elegance. Should he employ the gesture described in Cut Eighteen as Remorse or Pity? In a sort of panic he brought his hands to the proper position, but in the urgency of the moment clenched his fist quaveringly in an imitation of Cut Forty-six, descriptive of hatred. His arm came up to a stiff right angle; an unhappy impulse caused him to glance again at the girl in front. She, too, had brought her arm up to a stiff right angle.

Chester A. Framm saw red, but maddened by the thought that something must be said and that immediately, he opened the floodgates and roared: "Ladies and gentlemen, enthusiasm are not ——"

He paused, cold with the fear that his audience was not with him.

"If it aren't, what are it?" came a still small voice right under his ear.

"Enthusiasm," he resumed in a desperate bellow, "is not the normal state of man."

With that he resumed his chair—or would have resumed it had not the chair turned traitor and slid out from under him, permitting Chester to take his seat heartily on the floor. Adelphi howled. Above the storm the gavel sounded like the blows of a hammer on a coffin lid. Blinded with his shame the boy orator got up and got out; but not too soon to hear Red Tam's appreciative comment:

"Isn't he fun-ny? Went off like a regular old alarm clock. I wonder who ever told him he could make a speech?"

Once in the open air Chester hugged a Doric column until the meeting broke up, and he could at last pick out Miss Beam chatting easily in a setting of serious-minded students.

(Continued on Page 89)

"Enthusiasm," He Resumed in a Desperate Bellow, "is Not the Normal State of Man"

The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk

Powdered Milk—you have been using it on your table every day for 10 years

Yes you have, too—

That thin, brown, tender crust on the best baker's bread is due to powdered milk.

Those pancakes that you mix so easily by adding water only, are so good because they are "ready mixed with powdered milk."

The best cream candies, caramels, or milk chocolates and the smoothest, richest ice cream in most cases are made of powdered milk.

Powdered milk is milk—without the water

Milk is ⅞ water and ⅛ solids. These solids are in solution and are what give the milk its flavor, its color, and its food value.

It is these solids that give us butter and cheese.

It is evident that if all the water should be removed from milk, the solids would remain, and if the water were replaced it would be milk again, just as it was in the first place.

The water is removed without boiling the milk

Every housewife knows that "boiling down" is the easiest way to get rid of water. She boils down her soup stock to concentrate it and adds water when she makes soup. But boiling changes the flavor of milk.

The problem for years was to find a process of removing the water from milk without cooking it—so that when the water was replaced it would be milk of natural flavor.

The Merrell-Soule Company found this process after years of experiment and research.

The result of this process is Klim Powdered Milk.

A blizzard of milk in a warm room

The process by which milk becomes Klim is simple, and knowing the process anyone can understand why Klim is milk.

The original milk is put into a cylinder and forced out through a tiny pinhole by great pressure, so that it comes out in the form of a cloud or mist, just exactly as from a huge atomizer. This milk spray enters a chamber or room through which are blowing strong currents of filtered warm air. The milk mist is whirled about the chamber just as you have seen the wind blow clouds of snow or fog.

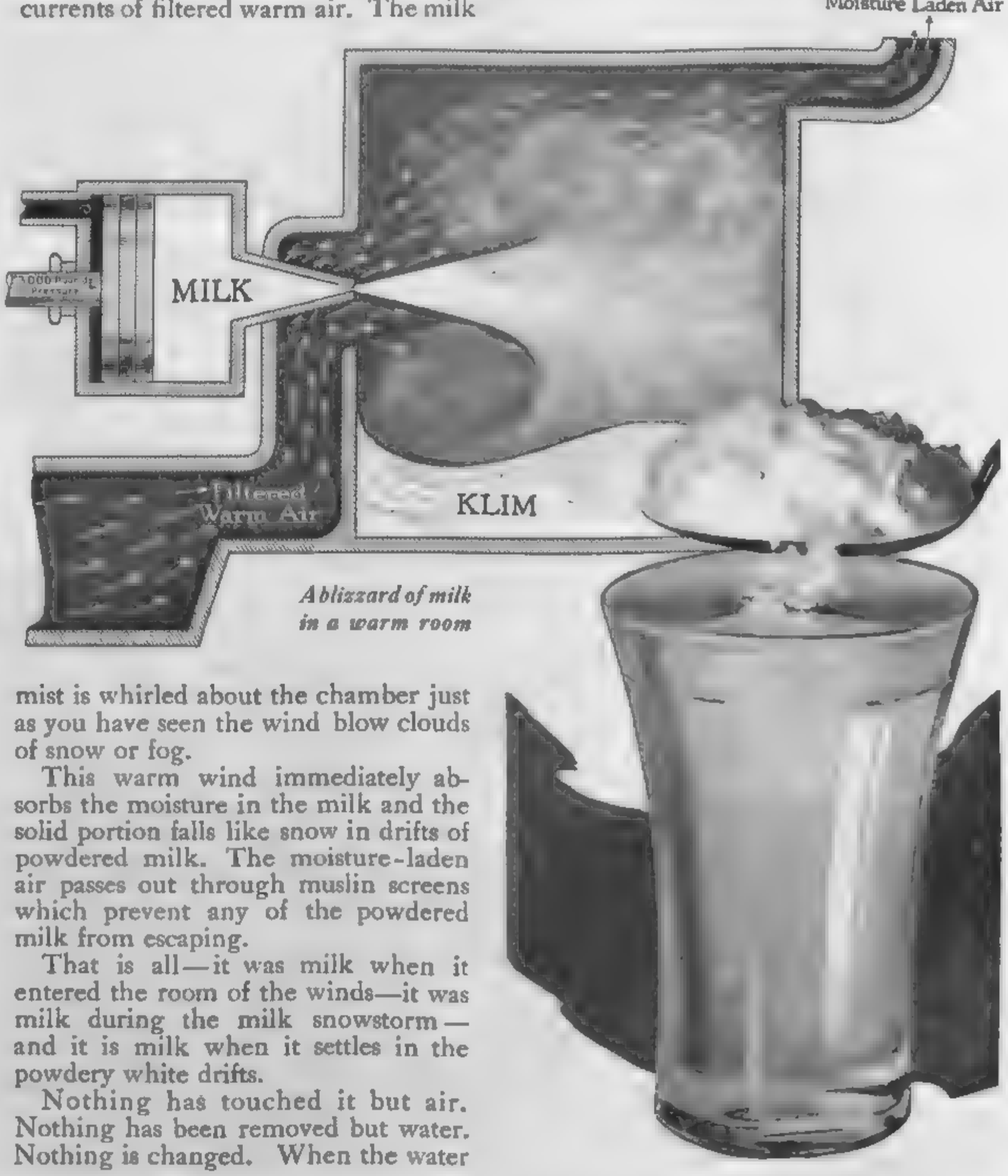
This warm wind immediately absorbs the moisture in the milk and the solid portion falls like snow in drifts of powdered milk. The moisture-laden air passes out through muslin screens which prevent any of the powdered milk from escaping.

That is all—it was milk when it entered the room of the winds—it was milk during the milk snowstorm—and it is milk when it settles in the powdery white drifts.

Nothing has touched it but air. Nothing has been removed but water. Nothing is changed. When the water is replaced you have milk as you have always known it—milk of milk flavor—milk you can drink and enjoy.

The name KLIM is MILK spelled backward, because the fresh milk is restored by reversing the process which made Klim out of milk.

It was given a name simply for



A blizzard of milk in a warm room

Milk becomes Klim when the water is removed

KLIM
BRAND
POWDERED MILK

Klim becomes Milk when the water is replaced

identification, but it really should be called MILK because that is exactly what it is.

Milk can be powdered where it is plentiful and used where there is a shortage.

In the form of Klim, milk can be transported great distances in any climate or season. It can be shipped by freight instead of fast express. It does not require refrigeration until it is restored to fluid form.

Milk in powdered form, for these reasons, has been a great convenience during the war. Hospital-ships and military hospitals have by this means always had a supply of fresh milk for drinking and cooking regardless of distance.

Bakers, confectioners, ice-cream makers, hospitals, hotels, institutions, and governments have been using powdered milk during the last 10 years because of its quality and convenience.

Approved by food expert

The following is quoted from a newspaper article giving an interview with Dr. Wiley on the subject of powdered milk.

Dr. Wiley approves sending powdered milk to Europe

Food expert declares plan will save lives of babies in France now without needed nourishment.

* * * "When asked whether he thought the powdered milk being sent abroad was as valuable as a tissue builder as milk in its original form he gave his unqualified approval to the plan.

"'Emphatically it is so,' he said. 'In fact, I have always contended that it is the best way to treat milk. In such form you preserve all that is pure and wholesome in it, and the treatment to which it is subjected expels from it any matter calculated to do injury to the consumer. Of course, the process should be of such a character as to guarantee that the proportions of fat to protein shall not be disturbed. But that is a simple matter to determine—I mean, of course, simple to science.

"'I have often thought that I would like to install a milk-drying process at my farm in Virginia. If I did this I could send a couple of pounds of powdered milk by parcel post to a consumer in Washington for six cents transportation cost, and this would probably last a week.'"

Bakers, confectioners, and ice-cream makers should investigate powdered milk.

It will pay those who are not already using Merrell-Soule Powdered Milk to write for booklets explaining how their product can be improved, time saved, and shortage prevented.

A demonstration by an expert can be arranged at your own plant.

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

This can makes 5 quarts of skimmed milk

How to get Klim for use at home

So many housewives wish to get Klim for home use that we have decided to fill orders by parcel post.

Klim is not for sale at stores

Klim comes in 2 forms—
Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream).
Powdered Skimmed Milk.

Send the coupon and One Dollar for a can of each kind, sufficient to furnish your customary supply for several days. Write for interesting booklet telling about Klim for the home.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Klim Powdered Milk is manufactured and sold in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd.
Principal Office, Toronto, Ontario

Merrell-Soule Company
Syracuse, N. Y.

Enclosed find One Dollar ($1.00) for which please send me

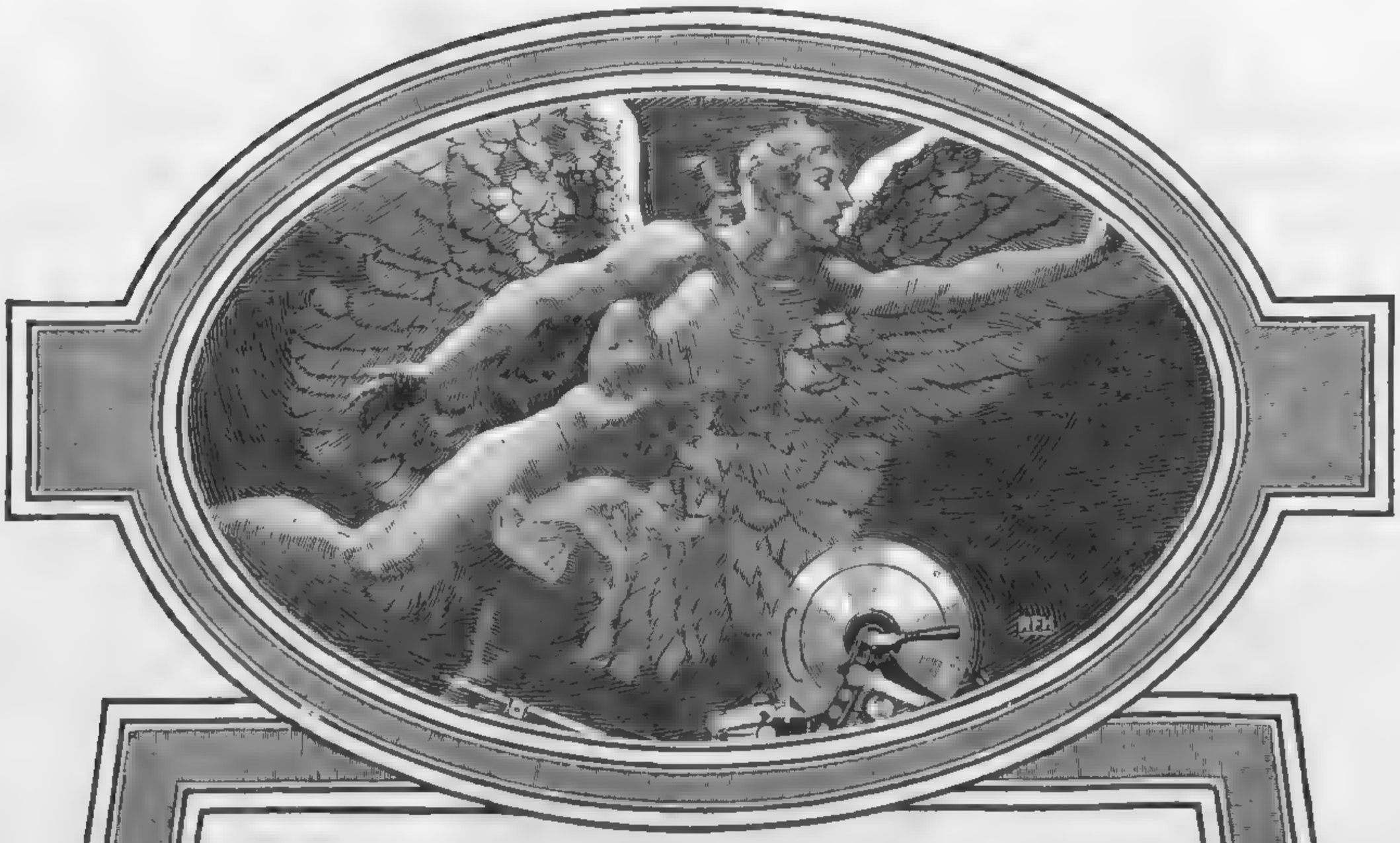
1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Whole Milk (Full Cream).
1 lb. Package of Klim Powdered Skimmed Milk.

It is understood that this quantity when restored to fluid form, according to directions, will produce 4 quarts of full cream milk and 5 quarts of skimmed milk.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Time-thrift! Speed is man's means of saving that most precious of all commodities—*time.* Because Mimeographing is the speediest method of duplicating all kinds of letters and forms it has taken its place among the *great economies* of modern business life. Dictate a letter and within the hour the Mimeograph will deliver thousands of completed copies ready for distribution. Its steady grist is nearly a hundred duplications a minute—exact and well printed facsimiles of the original typewritten or handwritten sheet. Drawings too may easily be included thereon. With the least possible delay the Mimeograph bridges the distance from your thought to the many who should receive it. Real time-thrift, that! Booklet "S" is now ready. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH

(Continued from Page 85)

"What happened to you?" was her very natural question as soon as he got her disentangled. The fact that she took his arm added a little warmth.

"I got started all right," he lamely apologized to his instructress. "And then that Floss girl ——"

"She's been a disturbing influence ever since she came to college!" Carlotta informed him with nearer a show of temper than he had ever before seen in her. "Girls like Florabel Brannon take all the dignity out of coeducation. Last Wednesday in English 2-B she told father that she thought the Decameron was Scott's best novel. She insisted that it must be by Scott, because Decameron was such a Scottish word. Fancy!

"Please overlook her. She won't be here long. And don't let yourself be discouraged. Demosthenes, you know, started with a pebble under his tongue."

"A pebble!" he groaned. "I swallowed a sand wagon!"

But he was ever so grateful to her just the same.

"You have something over two months to prepare for the Barbour medal contest," she said before bidding him good night by her little jig-sawed door.

"You don't mean to say I've got any chance ——"

The thought stunned him.

"Why, surely! I fully intend that you shall enter for the contest and win it."

"By ginger, you have got faith!"

"Yes—a great deal—in you," her rich contralto rolled out as she gave him her hand.

And this was the first time that it ever dawned upon Chester A. Framm that women are peculiar.

He repeated the reflection, however, as soon as he got back to the flat over the Bon Ton Laundry and found his mother, clad in her best widow's frock, waiting for him under the lamp.

"Where in the world have you been?" he asked, for never before in his college days had he seen her in formal costume.

"To the Adelphi meetin'," she told him. "I stood up for hours a-waiting for you to begin. I just told you to take that box of Ajax salve."

Chester groaned and went to bed. Neither Ajax nor Helen could salve his wound.

But he was no sooner between the sheets than she came to him, intent upon the maternal process known as tucking in. It always made Chester feel like a freshman.

"That Carlotta Beam is a smart girl," she insisted. "Sort of wonderful and full of brains. I bet she'll make a President of the United States out of the man she marries."

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Chester, his thoughts already wandering toward possibilities.

"Not one of them cigareet-smoking chits with circus clothes. No, sir-ree!"

"She's different," said Chester, hoping his mother would leave him alone and permit him to follow the glowing progress of his dreams.

"I wonder if she ain't just a mite older than you?"

The son made no response; therefore the mother went out and closed the door softly after her.

II

HOW Carlotta Beam did have faith in Chester A. Framm and did coach and groom him to the point of perfection whereby he was able to outface fate and win an oratorical medal—one of those solid-gold trophies as big as a dinner plate and engraved with laurel wreaths in high relief—constitutes nothing more than a climacteric point in a college career. And since college days bear but a faint resemblance to real life the oratorical medal is entitled to merely a semicolon's worth in the history of Chester A. Framm.

Something like two weeks after the Adelphi fiasco he came again into actual contact with that pestiferous Red Tam-o'-Shanter. It was a sloppy day, and Chester, coming round a corner of the old Chemistry Lab, was attempting to manage a cotton umbrella and a notebook with the same hand. With every struggle to open the umbrella he lost a little influence over the notebook, which had a slippery cover and a passion for getting itself lost. At last he succeeded in spreading the canopy over his head, but upon the instant the sly little book popped out from his elbow and landed plump in a coffee-colored pool beside the path.

"You've lost your notes, Mr. Cicero," came a naïve treble out of the bole of an ancient live oak by the corner.

He tilted his umbrella and got the drip down his collar as he leaped to one side and beheld the wet little dryad of the oak. Red Tam, after the manner of chameleons, had turned to green; or, to be more explicit, Miss Brannon was wearing a greenish waterproof creation with just one rubbery yellowish flower above the brim.

"Thank you," said he haughtily, groping with his hat as he leaned down to salvage the wreck.

But as he was shaking out its dripping covers, what should this Flossie do but come over and take it away from him.

"If you turn it that way," she said, "the mud gets inside. And then who can tell what great big thoughts will be all gummed together!"

As she was only a girl, and a small one at that, Chester could neither hit her nor swear aloud. So he stood in the wet and watched her deft little fingers as she tore a shred of paper from a damp candy box and set about drying the notebook. It was one of those irritating situations in which an enemy offers a spoonful of good to indemnify a continent of evil.

"There," she smiled—oh, so adorably!—as she gave it back to him. "And now you aren't going to offer me half of your umbrella or anything as far as Miss Thompkins'?"

"Ah. May I have the pleasure?" he asked, stiffly changing the umbrella to a sheltering position.

"If you call it a pleasure," she said; and got very close to him under the cotton eaves before informing him: "Umbrellas are a joke—unless you're in love."

"Oh."

He looked shyly down at that mobile, flashing little face and wondered what she was driving at. Was she hinting that he turn the umbrella over to her?

"Of course you've never been in love." Something about her inspired him to this impertinence.

"Me?" She gave one of those awful little trills. "About a hundred and twenty times, I guess."

He strode grimly along, carefully manipulating the umbrella so as to keep her dry.

"I bet you're a noble character," said she after a while.

"Why?"

"You're letting the cutest waterfall run onto your hat—all on account of poor little me."

He adjusted the handle in such a way that poor little she should get her share of rain after that.

"You're not really truly awfully mad at me, are you?" she chirped as soon as they had got halfway down the path. He felt uncomfortably like The Spiggoty, whom he had overheard fuming at the same question.

"Why should I be?" he asked, looking down from his exalted plane.

Her eyes, he found, were neither gray nor yellow. Gold dust had been spilled into liquid crystal. Her nose was slightly snubbed. She had prankish eyebrows, tweaking up at the corners.

"'Course you shouldn't," she was quick to respond. "I always go to the debating society because it's more fun than amateur night. And say—you were wonderful! Your arm went up like a traveling crane, and then the steam drill started in. Oh, you Cicero!"

"If I afforded you amusement I feel myself fully repaid," he assured her.

"I knew you would!" she chimed. "It's just what I've been thinking about you."

"About me?"

"Oh yes! I think about ev-erybody." She gave him a stare which at that moment was as blank and as innocent as a baby's.

"What have you been thinking about me?" A little shutter in his heart had come loose and was flapping.

"I think you're a great big noble grand man," she eulogized. "You wouldn't mind anything I could do any more than a splendid iron statue would get mad at the katydids skipping round it having a good time."

"Are you laughing at me?"

"Cross my heart."

No crease of mirth was apparent upon those wonderful cheeks, sweeter by far than Hybla's honeyed roses. This seemed a fair moment in which to say his say with her.

"There are things in life," he began, "much more important than having a good time."

"Oh, is there?" she asked, her eyes widening to a look of wonder.

"Yes, there is—are, I mean"

"You always get your 'is's' and your 'are's' twisted, don't you!" This time her giggle was unmistakable.

He shut up like a clam. Whereupon she snuggled very close against his wet sleeve.

"What's more important than having a good time?" she coaxed; and Chester was truly frightened by the heady sensation it gave him.

"Well," said he, "there's ambition."

"Oh, I forgot about Napoleon," was the way she took it. "What's your ambition, Mr. Cicero?"

Despite the implied insult he stuck to it.

"I'm going in for a public career."

"Sure. I know—one of those great big howling whooping orators like Horace Greeley ——"

"Horace Greeley was a journalist," he corrected her.

"I always mix up my historical heroes," she told him with the little-girl humility of which she was capable. "I haven't got any mind. But I know what you mean. Oratory is won-derful. There was a gentleman lived next to us in town. He drank. On Saturday nights—rain or shine—he'd get full on Bourbon and begin orating. My Cousin Nannie and I used to crawl out on the veranda roof listening to him. He was splendid—especially when he got profane. It was per-fectly delicious until one night he thought he was Julius Cæsar, put on a nightshirt and crawled out on the roof and began —— Hello. Why, here we are at Miss Thompkins'."

Sure enough, they were. Chester found himself at the gate, actually shaking hands with her and lingering as he shook. He wondered what Carlotta would say, if anything.

"You're in the laundry business, aren't you?" inquired the remarkable being, bringing the thought out of the nowhere. Chester's neck grew hot with a sudden flush.

"Yes. That is, temporarily ——"

"Until you can move into the Hall of Fame. I don't see any reason why you should be ashamed of it."

"Who's ashamed of it?" he asked with inelegant directness.

"I should think the laundry business would be great. The Chinese think of all the fine things first. If I had a business like that I'd work it up into the wholesale and be the biggest laundryman in the world, bar none. Say, can you blow water through your teeth onto the shirts the way the Chinamen do?" Getting no encouraging response she went right on: "I'd rather be a crackajack laundryman than Shakspere or any other of those tin statues on top of the museum."

"Shakspere isn't on top of the museum," he corrected her again.

"He ought to be," said she; and by the way she said it it was easy to infer that she regarded the museum as a storehouse for discarded reputations.

"I'm pleased to meet you," he fumbled.

"I bet I know exactly what's the matter with you," she insisted, holding on to his hand.

"Matter with me?"

"Yeah. You never have any fun after dark."

"Don't I?" He had never thought of that.

"This college is a morgue. I've flunked in four subjects this week and if I stick another month it's because God loves the Irish. If I go home now Aunt Het'll tie a flatiron to my leg and drop me in the bay. She wants to make a school-teacher out of me. Can you beat it?"

"I can't," he heartily agreed.

"I tell you what let's do—why don't you come round to-night and pretend you're helping me with my psychology?"

"To-night?" The prospect was wild.

"Sure! Just stick round until Miss Thompkins turns the hose on you."

"I shall be pleased."

He got away under his soggy umbrella. Behind the bleachers he paused and considered his case. He had promised Carlotta to come round at eight with the first draft of his oration, the subject of which was to be William of Orange.

III

IT WAS on the evening of the twenty-seventh of January that Chester A. Framm with the aid of Ajax Balm got his semicolon's worth of glory in the shape of the William H Barbour medal, which when it was pinned on by a loquacious dean looked bigger than a barrel head and felt twice as heavy. For a full half hour he had thundered on episodes mostly cribbed from Motley's Dutch Republic, for a full half hour he had painted the Duke of Alva as black as he undoubtedly was and the Prince of Orange as white as he probably wasn't. Miss Carlotta Beam had sat in the front row in order to give him courage. Chester, from hypothesis to conclusion, had kept his eyes on a pink spot in the balcony which, so he imagined it, represented Flossie Brannon in an evening gown.

The dean predicted very fine things for Chester's future as he fastened the elaborately engraved decoration upon Chester's swelling breast.

The rostrum smelled of cut flowers, escaping gas and sachet powder. The evening was pitched in the highest key of glory, but like all earthly glory it stunned rather than exalted.

After the exercises the faculty gave a reception—think of it!—to Chester A. Framm. It was held in the college library. Who's Who in Dyak assembled to shake him by the hand, and Chester, who should have been a proud and happy man, experienced the first pain of a breaking heart.

They were standing right under the bust of Robert Burns, fitting witness to such a plight, and the young orator was trying to look interested while his triumphant mother held his hand, bidding him listen to Surrogate Judge Foster and the Reverend Mr. Smiley quarreling over whether the boy should go in for the law or the ministry. Carlotta, impressive in her white muslin, held aloof among the young instructors, and Chester would have thanked her then and there for what she had done for him had not Mrs. Beam come hissing up to gloat like a cultured vampire. Her changed attitude toward Mrs. Framm already indicated that the match was as good as made.

In all the tumult and the shouting Chester's mind was not on his success. His eyes wandered round the room seeking that which was not worth worrying over. He got a glimpse from Carlotta which plainly said "Come hither," but he remained disconsolately between Mrs. Beam and Mrs. Framm, to be embarrassed by the latter's cluttering on:

"As I was saying to Ike Whittell: 'They're as cozy as two peas in a pod, them two. It takes a girl like Carlotta to bring out Chester's fine points,' says I; and Ike says ——"

Everybody in Dyak came to shake hands with Chester. Everybody, did I say? Chester's attention continued to wander. Could it be possible that after the froth of gossip she had whipped up round the university, after the tantalizing dance she had led poor Framm, after the pangs of jealousy she had created in the Beam household—Flossie Brannon was too indifferent to his well-being to show up?

He caught the flash of her pink gown at last as she came in at the far end of the room, closely followed by The Spiggoty, who wore a dinner jacket, as became a worldly Gamma. She never looked toward the hero of the evening; Ramon de Silva seemed all in all to her at that moment. As though sharing the sweetest secret in the world the two sauntered through and disappeared into the auditorium beyond. A moment later the notes of a piano throbbing ragtime violated the dignity of Chester's reception.

"Mercy!" hissed Mrs. Beam. "It's quite against the rules."

"It's that yellow-haired hussy again," intimated Mrs. Framm.

"I'll see that it's stopped."

Chester volunteered this noble service and strode away toward the shocking noise. He had frequented Miss Thompkins' sufficiently of late and attempted to outsit de Silva often enough to know The Spiggoty's skillful touch at the keyboard. From the great square piano behind the palms his notes were capering merrily, and through the exotic foliage Chester could see scraps of pink chiffon performing evolutions quite at variance with the rules. Once behind the sheltering palms the self-appointed censor saw what he saw: Flossie was executing the cakewalk, then in vogue.

"Listen at him, Cicero!" she crowed. "Spig's new piece—The Potato Bugs' Parade."

"It's against the rules," said Chester severely.

"Who cares for the rule? I'm fired anyhow," quoth she caressingly. "Let 'er go, Spig!"

(Continued on Page 92)

THE VOICE OF

THERE is a greater awakening for America in the return of the young man than there was in his going to war. He comes back the same boy perhaps, but a different man. His ideas are changed. He has reached heights and sounded depths unknown to the rest of us.

He is old in tragic experience, but young in spirit and daring; and with a strangle-hold on a few fundamental truths. Many of the old things do not matter to him, but he has a new sense of the things that are worth while—and he must be right, because he has faced stark facts. Life to him is more sharply accentuated—at once lighter and more serious.

A Truer Sense of Values

He has a better measure of men and things. He knows how to gauge a store or a maker. He is a keen judge of motives. He knows something of the war profiteer, and peace-time repentance leaves him unconvinced.

He knows the difference between price and value.

There is no lure in the thing he does not want.

He knows the war-record of The House of Kuppenheimer through their service uniforms, as well as their civilian clothes.

He knows "it's steady as does it," and that throughout the whole war period, as well as now, Kuppenheimer prices were based on the cost of material and labor with a small profit on an enormous turnover.

A Clothes-change Not Merely a Change of Clothes

We know this: the best is not too good for him, and the old ways, the old styles, will not do.

He wants all the "dog" he can get and he is entitled to it. It is not *he* that needs readjustment, but America must be readjusted to him. There is far too little recognition of this in the things offered for his use and wear—a mere continuation or modification of

The HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
A National Clothes Service
CHICAGO U. S. A

THE YOUNG MEN

the old rather than the ringing challenge of the new.

A Different Type of Man

His very physique is changed. He is down in the waist, with short back and full chest. This means entirely new designing of his clothes as well as a new and true interpretation of his mood. Why don't all the makers see this?

The style restrictions that hampered the genius of design are now removed. The wanted fabrics in beautiful patterns are here.

Must the war-cloud still darken the sun?

Must one still pad around in "military models" or in clothes cut on the old civilian proportions? Is there no end to dull monotony?

Must the Spring sunshine reveal nothing in the show-window but a style-name and an alibi?

With the House of Kuppenheimer the Lid is off.

The dominant note in young men's styles for Spring had to be struck by a virile, living hand.

It comes from The House of Kuppenheimer, the fastest growing clothing house in America, the house that has doubled its business in the last four years, and speaks with authority as the designer of styles for young men.

A Live Issue for a Live Concern

The right of a retail clothier to sign under his firm name the legend—The Kuppenheimer House of New York, or Boston, or Detroit, or any other town or city—is a definite property right, and a powerful asset to a store. It is so recognized throughout the mercantile world.

It means the right to represent the style-creations and tailored product of this house: the right to sell clothes of guaranteed quality and known merit.

It means a franchise unsurpassed by that of any other trade-building, trade-marked specialty in America.

The HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
A National Clothes Service
CHICAGO U. S. A

The limit has never been found to the number of things you can do with

Red Devil Pliers

They are truly your "*Etc.*" tools.

Repair:
Locks
Clocks
Toys
Jewelry
Guns
Etc.

Hang:
Pictures
Bells
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Pull:
Nails
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Needles
Etc.

Turn:
Valves
Keys
Nuts
Etc.

Make:
Lamp Shades
Hat Frames
Etc.

Cut:
Wire
Cord

Etc.

Every day you find new uses, find yourself doing things around the house with "Red Devils" that you thought you couldn't do yourself.

Ask your hardware dealer to sell you the particular kind of "Red Devils" which will serve you best—and put them to work today.

SMITH & HEMENWAY CO., INC.
262 Broadway, New York City
Factories: Irvington, N. J.

"Red Devil" is the Expert Mechanic's guide to Known Quality in Pliers, Electricians' Tools, Hack Saw Frames and Blades, Auger Bits, Chain Drills, and other Hand Tools, all of a class with "Red Devil" Glass Cutters, the biggest sellers in the world.

The Most Famous Confection in the South can now be had
BY MAIL *Parcel Post Insured*

ORIGINAL
CREOLE PRALINES
(GRUNEWALD)

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(Continued from Page 89)

"Look here, Framm, on whose authority are you giving orders here?" growled the Spaniard, staying his harmonic fingers and wheeling on the piano stool.

"On the authority of the college," replied the boy orator.

The Spiggoty had come to his feet and his beetling brow was drawn down almost to the base of his nose. He was considerably smaller than Chester. This, possibly, had saved him on several occasions.

"I see." The Spiggoty's teeth were large and he showed them to advantage. "You're the dean, I suppose; and the Committee on Student Affairs and ——"

Flossie spluttered her wild delight, for trouble was her natural element.

"Spiggy-Wiggy's got another brain storm!" she giggled, dancing in between the dangerous pair. "Gosh, Spig, if you only knew how funny you look ——"

"I should like to know by whose authority ——" he was taking up the refrain when she cut in: "I'll tell you, Spig! Why don't you go and look it up?"

"What—look up what?"

"The authority. Possibly the dean would know; or the registrar."

"I see"

"Now run along, Spig. That's a dear kitten."

And the miracle of it was that Spig did run along, spitting like an angry leopard, yet undoubtedly obeying. She was a hypnotist, nothing less. Chester would have laughed, but the occasion for him held no humor.

"Don't ask me to have another glass of lemonade," she went right on, as soon as they were alone. "It hasn't even got lemons in it. Gee! Isn't it lucky you don't dance! Because it's awful to know how and not be allowed. It's just the way drunkards must feel when they're locked up with saloons all round them. There's one next to my aunt's house in San Francisco—a drunkard, I mean."

"Yes, he thought he was Julius Cæsar and crawled out on the roof."

"So he did. I always repeat my stories."

So she rattled along, obviously temporizing. She had a way of snuggling, and tonight she was practicing her art on Chester as the two leaned against a window sill. His heart stood still, waiting for something it was breaking to hear. Not a word. He might have been a casual guest instead of the orator of the evening for all the importance she gave to his so recent triumph or to the large gold plaque conspicuously pinned to the front of his frock coat.

"What's this about your being fired?" he asked after one of his looming pauses.

"Yeah," she agreed; "I flunked out two weeks ago."

"You didn't say anything about it—to me."

"Didn't I? I didn't think you'd be interested, maybe."

The yellowish gleam of her half-closed eyes got him—a fatal wound. It was then that he gave up; knew why he had treated Carlotta so shabbily to-night; realized that these unworthy weeks he hadn't been devoting his evenings to Miss Thompkins' boarding house merely for the intellectual upliftment of Miss Florabel Brannon. Intellectually she was irreclaimable. And yet ——

"Then I suppose you're going home," he managed to say after clearing his throat.

"This morning Old Goggles"—by this she meant the registrar—"notified me. The darling was sore as a boil. I'm an outlaw. I don't know why he let me come to this party—unless he's afraid to leave me unwatched."

"When do you go?" repeated the unfortunate.

"On the eight-thirty-one to-morrow. And how I hate to get up!" She yawned in anticipation.

Not a word for him! Her eyes were roving toward the library door, through which, too apparently, she expected The Spiggoty to return, cooled and repentant.

Vanity strangling pride, he shuffled his pose and asked as carelessly as he knew how: "I don't suppose you heard the—er—speaking?"

"Didn't I, though! Wasn't it a scream?"

Of course. That was how she would take it.

"I wasn't aware ——"

"That was what made it so funny," she giggled. "You weren't aware—not the least little bit. What was the name of the gentleman you stood up and shouted about?"

"William of Orange."

"What a peculiar name! Now if I was going to be a historical hero I wouldn't name myself after any kind of fruit. All during your sermon I was thinking how awful it would be to have people call you Henry of Lemons or Charlie the Apple Man. Now you're going to get mad again."

He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and took a shuffling step away. It was fortunate for Dyak and for him that she was going to-morrow morning.

"Chester!"

She called it after him in the sweetest little voice. It was the first time she had ever called him anything but Cicero. The perfumed anæsthetic unsteadied him and when he turned toward her she was giving him the full benefit of her gaze; her lovely cheeks were bright as peonies.

"You're an absurd sort of kid," she took up her theme as soon as he had got back to the window sill. "With your hair trimmed and a snappy business suit on I think you'd really do."

"Do for what?" he growled, trying to back away. But she was holding him fast by the broad lapels of his frock coat.

"Oh, just do. You're a regular handsome wretch, Chester A. Framm. But you do need trimming."

He stood there like a mass of putty between her soft white hands; a passionate mass of putty which longed to clasp her and make romantic avowals that would have been wasted on her frivolous ears. One of those mischievous hands had now strayed up to the William H. Barbour gold medal and had given it two swift downward jerks, after the manner of a conductor starting a street car.

"Jing-jing!" she chirped.

"Great Scott!" groaned Chester, covering the trophy from her further profanation.

"Oh see the pretty badge! The Grand High Mookum of the Refreshment Committee at the Sons and Daughters of Ararat Annual Barbecue. Poor old Cicero! Have you got to wear it round everywhere, even to bed?"

"Floss, you're—awful," he told her with less severity than he had intended.

"Did it take you all this time to find it out? Well now, you'd better go back and join your tragedy queen."

This, then, was to be good-by. With all his suspected genius Chester had no avowal worthy of the occasion.

"I'm—I'm sorry you didn't like my speech," he blurted.

"Whew!" she whistled and burst into a peal of laughter. "Who in the world ever told you you could make a speech?"

"Good-by," said he shortly, holding out his hand.

"So long," responded Floss. "See you in heaven, maybe."

He now took his departure to avoid the approaching Spiggoty.

"Chester." Again that sweet small note rang after him. He came rapidly back.

"Won't you give me that badge just as a—you know—one of those souvenir things?"

How wonderful is man! Without a word he loosened the golden pin from his coat and with trembling fingers fastened the William H. Barbour medal to the cluster of pink chiffon over the place where her heart should have been. There were some five or six fraternity pins already there.

"Why can't I see you to the train in the morning?" he pleaded quite deliriously.

"Oh, that will be splen-did!" she cried. Spiggoty was now within hearing distance. "Of course there'll be quite a bus load, but do come!"

Next morning at a little before eight he picked up the bus just as it was rounding the museum toward Miss Thompkins' boarding house. The bus contained but one other passenger so far. It was The Spiggoty, and over his hateful knees he held a long box, obviously bearing flowers. They were as nothing to one another, though the drive was some minutes long and they were permitted to sit out in the cold while Flossie kissed Miss Thompkins, forgot her hand bag, went back for her umbrella, remembered she had packed it, and kissed Miss Thompkins again before she smilingly announced that she was ready.

On the way to the station Chester sat in uncomfortable expectancy that the Gammas and the Kappas might at any moment storm the wagon in competitive good-bys. But their ride was unmarred by any such incident. Apparently Floss had sifted the college down to the present pair. She took De Silva's flowers and called him a sweetheart. They were barely in time for the train, and the picture of Miss Brannon being tossed aboard a moving coach, followed by hand bags and flower boxes, was not a romantic last glimpse. Just a flash of pinkish feather and of eyes that were intoxicating like yellow wine. Her voice and her influence were submerged in distance.

Chester A. Framm and Ramon de Silva, equally young, equally disillusioned, stood a moment in all the pathos of their heroic attitudes. Chester had an impulse to speak to The Spiggoty and suggest that their bygones should be wiped out in what was too plainly a bygone. Instead the unmedaled orator turned toward the east gate of the campus.

Splashing through the seasonable mud he could descry a lone bicycle, female in sex, winding its way from Faculty Row to the Quad. Carlotta Beam, even though engaged in the undignified work of pedaling, still looked the goddess that she was. He wasn't sure that she hadn't witnessed that good-by. As a matter of fact he didn't care.

IV

APRIL sunshine was on the California valleys and Chester A. Framm was already struggling with his valedictorian address when the Floss Idea interfered to wreck his program, as it always did. Having wiped her off the slate he had found life's problem less difficult, if dreary at times. He had reserved Commencement Day as the occasion upon which he should ask Carlotta Beam to marry him. It was a logical step upward on the ladder of fame.

He had taken it for granted that she would accept him and he was justified in the belief. Possibly the certainty of it had delayed him so long.

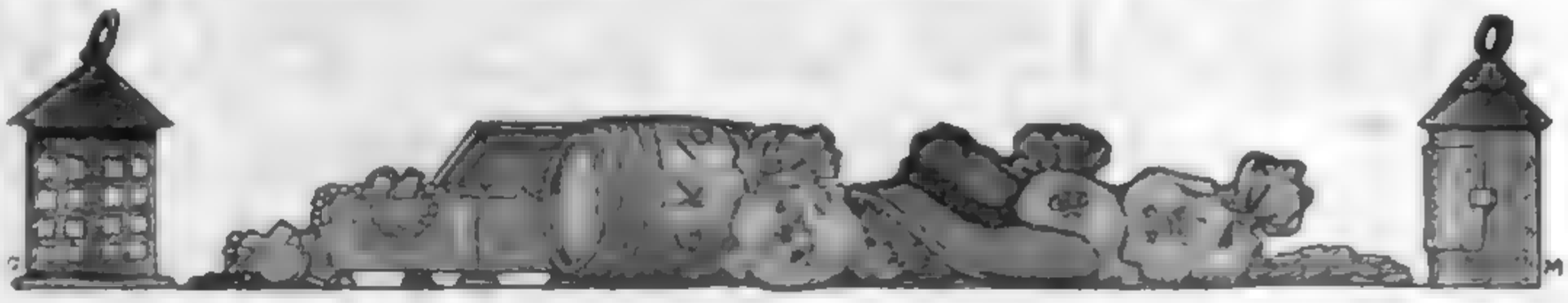
On the very eve of the Floss Idea his divine instructress had taken him in hand gently, patiently, as was her wont.

"We mustn't rest on our laurels," she had told him over the scribbled notes for his new oration. "I want your commencement address to be the best work of your life thus far. No steps backward. The William H. Barbour medal"—she never asked him what had become of it; that was suspicious—"marked the first awakening. Your commencement address must be your challenge to life, your defiance to petty things, mean vanities and—disturbing influences."

Did she mean Floss? Surely this girl, already a woman in mind and ability, was of too noble a cast to harbor spite against a mere red tam-o'-shanter. Carlotta Beam was the finest woman he had ever met. He had never met many, that was true. But she had within her an ideal and a strength that seemed to warp other women to the realm of insects, where they belonged.

On the night before the Floss Idea he walked home under the springtime stars,

(Continued on Page 94)



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(Continued from Page 92)

picturing to himself numerous public occasions, affairs of nation-shaking importance—Chester A. Framm always the central figure in the group; his wife, always an invisible influence for good, somewhere in the background.

Next morning a boy on a bicycle brought a telegram over from the station. Fortunately for Chester his mother was at work in the back of the laundry, so he got the messenger paid off and the envelope open undetected.

"Meet me important lunch noon College Inn. FLOSS."

And wasn't it ridiculous and unheard-of and just like Floss? Chester had never known of anything quite so absurd. He hadn't the remotest idea of meeting her "important lunch noon College Inn." That was settled. In the first place there was a history quiz at eleven-thirty. In the second place he hadn't a red cent beyond a handful of laundry money which rightfully belonged to his mother. In the third place he hadn't any clothes beyond the dreadful sack suit he wore and his ceremonial cutaway; and the College Inn was a rather horsy place, specializing in red steaks and brown ale at San Francisco prices—a fashionable rendezvous for the gilded youth of Dyak who could afford fine food outside the college dry belt.

Of course he would do nothing of the kind. Strengthened by this resolve he stopped at Baum's Toggery Shop and bought himself a dollar necktie. He needed it undoubtedly, to wear to his history quiz. At eleven o'clock he strolled by the College Inn and paused before its smart Tudor front to take a look at the place. It wasn't far out of his way to the classroom; just a mile or so. He put on something of the swagger he had noted among the lighter set and walked into the big dining room, which was done in frowning oak, with pewter mugs along the shelves, university shields painted on the frescoes, and in a far corner little stalls holding tables for two.

After all, thought Chester A. Framm, she had wired him, not The Spiggoty.

Then the awful thought got him by the throat: How did he know she hadn't wired The Spiggoty?

He got out before a waiter could head him off and strolled sheepishly round the town, rumpling in his pockets the few hard-earned bills wrested from the laundry business. His mother owed him that much, he felt; she was making money and he was doing a great deal for what he got. He looked at his dollar watch. It was lacking six minutes of twelve. He turned and almost ran toward the College Inn. A bus from the train was just stopping at the door when he swung into view. A girl in a green coat—it was the brightest coat he had ever seen—got out and caused the driver to whoop with delight as she handed up her fare. Chester was still of a mind to run away, because he knew that Flossie had kept her appointment.

"Hello, old Goober!" was her first address to him as she took both his hot hands in her little gloves. "How's fame?"

"I—I don't know," he faltered, studying the face which seemed to trick him out of everything he revered in life. "I haven't been watching very closely."

"My word!" she exclaimed. "I thought that Hissing Hattie's angel daughter would have you in Congress by now."

She had tiptoed up the steps and was leading the way into the dining room. Once inside she made a bee line for one of the small stalls at the end of the room.

"Order me pounds and pounds of raw meat," she commanded as soon as they were seated; and when a chubby waiter had made his appearance, "Hello, Harry!"

"Good morning, Miss Brannon." He was smiles all over, as Flossie's environment was apt to be. "I thought you quit."

"I did. And Harry, bring in one of those deep-dish things full of grass and tomatoes—and if you love me don't pour any of that linseed stuff over it."

"I won't, Miss Brannon," avowed the humblest of her adorers.

"And oo—have you got some of that sweetheart old dove of a clam chowder you used to have?"

"The very same; quite good, Miss Brannon."

"Forward march!" commanded the disturbing influence.

"I'm so hungry," she told Chester as soon as they were alone, "that I could eat sauerkraut."

"So am I," he confessed. It was strange, but this was the first occasion for months when he had looked forward to his food.

"And you're going to ask, 'To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit to?' I know you are. Dear old Cicero—will you be just too dreadfully shocked for words if I tell you that I've missed you?"

"Not half so much as I've missed you," he heard his trancelike tones repeating.

"Not really!" And to his ineffable surprise her eyes grew bright with tears.

"Has anything happened, Flossie? Anything in the world that I can do for you?"

"Happened!" As suddenly she was laughing again. "Cicero, what couldn't happen to me?"

"You've stated the case," he agreed, and smiled one of his solemn smiles.

"Well, you see Aunt Het—she's awfully funny when she gets mad. She has false teeth and —— Hello, here's the sweetheart old chowder!"

The connection between teeth and temper was left unexplained while Flossie Brannon went at her food with a vigor most unmaidenly.

"We're awfully early and jay," she volunteered after her plate had been half cleared. "But this is a business man's lunch. The train goes back at three-twelve."

"Goes back where?"

"To San Francisco, Mr. Geese."

"Oh."

She reverted to her chowder. Three early Kappas filed in, gave a dramatic start and settled down at a table in an opposite corner. Flossie Brannon never looked their way. Chester was ineffably grateful, partly because an interruption would have maddened him, partly because Kappas and Gammas with their worldly airs made him more awkward than Nature had intended him to be.

"So your Aunt Het," he prompted her as soon as steak impended.

"She always loses her false teeth when she gets mad. Think of anybody not being glad to see me! She stuck me in a dungeon dire and said that I was worse than my grandfather. Of course that's a slander. Then she trotted out Mr. Blink; he's just desperate to marry me and I had a lot of fun spoiling his life for a few weeks ——"

"Who's this Mr. Blink?" he huskily inquired.

"That isn't the name on his office door. He's worth three hundred and six squillion dollars and he's so near blind that he couldn't see me half the time when I was making faces at him. Then it got so tragic and disgusting—the way I behaved and all—that Aunt Het delivered a manifesto."

Flossie paused and adored the steak.

"Are those silly little Kappas still gheeking at us?" she asked after her first bite. That also was like Floss.

"They're still there," he acknowledged nervously.

"Let 'em stay."

"So your Aunt Het delivered a manifesto."

"Mr. Blink and Aunt Het got together and announced our engagement."

"To Mr. Blink—publicly!" he gasped like a fish.

"No; just to me. That was yesterday. Poor old Aunt Het—she's suffered so after I got home. So last night she sat up till all hours telling me I was a drug on the market and that if I didn't marry Mr. Blink—and that right sudden—she'd tie a can to me and start me toward the Cliff House. So I went to my room and had a good cry ——"

"Poor Flossie!" said the distracted Chester Framm, longing to pick her up and administer comfort in the very presence of the Kappas.

"Oh, I enjoyed it ever so much. And this morning I just packed my bags and came to you."

It was all so fearfully simple—like an earthquake or a forest fire.

"Flossie, my dear," he asked her upon that wonder, "why in the world did you come to me?"

"Why!" She opened her wide eyes upon him. "You're in love with me, aren't you?"

It came quite naturally, as miracles are apt to come.

"I'd die for you," he whispered, and leaned over to look down into those wells of gold.

"Bully!" she cried. "Then it's all fixed!"

"What's all fixed?"

He came swooning back to the great world.

"Why, I'm in love with you too," she informed him with her terrible directness, and passed him her hand in bold defiance of the Kappa stare.

"When—when did this happen?" He clutched her fingers incredulously.

"I got to thinking about you. I'm a terrible deep thinker when I get started. You're all over great big knobs of crudeness—but I don't know. Falling in love's like dropping into a canal—you can't tell just what drop drowned you, can you? You're an awful slob and you do need a haircut—and what couldn't I do with you in a new suit of clothes! These other little feathers"—a gesture indicated the Kappas and the Gammas and all the Greek alphabet—"they'll be either dead drunk or clerking in shoe stores in a few years. You've got—what-you-call-'em—poss-i-bil-i-ties. Gee, what a long word."

His heart stood still. Then she had, after all, appreciated his oratorical gifts.

"You mean my ——"

"You've got a won-derful head for business. Just see the way you built up that laundry."

He would have dropped her hand had it not been so delicious.

"Floss, I haven't had a happy minute since you left. It seemed to take away all my ——"

"That darned ambition! I know. Now listen to me, Cicero. Please propose, and do it now. You don't need to kiss me—yet."

"Will you marry me?"

"This afternoon, Goober."

"Goober?"

"That's what I'm going to call you when we're married."

"But this afternoon ——" he faltered on the brink of paradise. "I've got to graduate, you know."

"What for?"

"I can't get a diploma unless I do."

"What in all the little green planets do you need a diploma for? To hang up in your office and show to out-of-town customers? You've got all there is out of college by now. But, of course, if you must wait I'll have to go back to San Francisco and fish out Mr. Blink."

"No you won't!" he declared savagely.

"Old Mister Brutal!" she smiled adorably.

"But I haven't got a cent of money. Ma hates the sight of you and we can't live at the laundry."

"I've looked out for ev-erything," she said. "I've brought a hundred and twenty-eight dollars in my own little selfish purse."

"Check, please," said Chester A. Framm hoarsely to the waiter.

"We'd better hurry," Flossie reminded him. "The three-twelve is the only train out of here this afternoon."

How Chester A. Framm took his hand bag away from the Bon Ton Laundry is of historical importance, since it records one of those sorrows which seem to await upon a great joy.

"I've got to run to town for a couple of days," he told his mother sheepishly as he encountered her at the desk making out bills.

"Now, Ches? Right in the midst of all your work?"

"It's important."

He only knew that the three-twelve wouldn't wait and Floss was loving on schedule.

"Chester!" The great broad woman slid her spectacles over her gray hair and gave him such a look as he had never seen from her. "Has it got anything to do with that yellow-haired chit?"

"Miss Brannon, you mean?"

"If that's her silly name. I don't want you to go trifling with her any more. She stole your medal away from you and she'll steal your character. She's not for any young man's good. She paints her face and smokes cigareets and ——"

He could hear the train tooting in the distance.

"Good-by, mother," he roared, and went charging away toward his peculiar destiny.

As the train pulled out a lonesome figure could be seen at the end of the Dyak platform. Somber eyes fringed with lampblack were anxiously scanning each passing window.

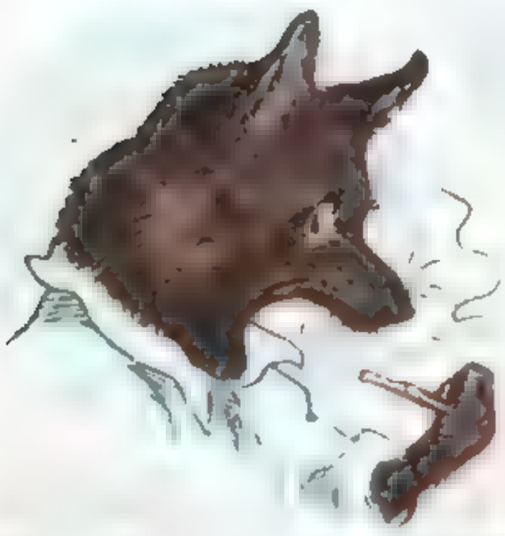
"Poor Spig!" sighed Chester's sudden bride-to-be, waving her hand toward one who, vanishing in distance, had recognized her a moment too late.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MOTHER NATURE was a hoein' her tobacco patch one day, Br'er Fox and Br'er Rabbit came a trippin' by that way. Mother Nature says, "Here, fellows, is some Burley fo' your pipe, but you'll have to age it two years for to get it fully ripe."

Br'er Fox said, "I know better. That's a long expensive way. I've a slicker, quicker method that will beat yours any day."

Br'er Rabbit said, "I'll follow your advice just like I should, and I'll make mine into Velvet by slow agein' in the wood. Then I'll have a sweet, cool, mellow smoke that's fr'enly as can be, it'll help to smooth life's rough spots an' to cheer an' comfort me." So now Br'er Fox is smokin' leaf that ain't quite fully ripe but Br'er Rabbit's pattin' juba with some Velvet in his pipe.



Velvet Joe.

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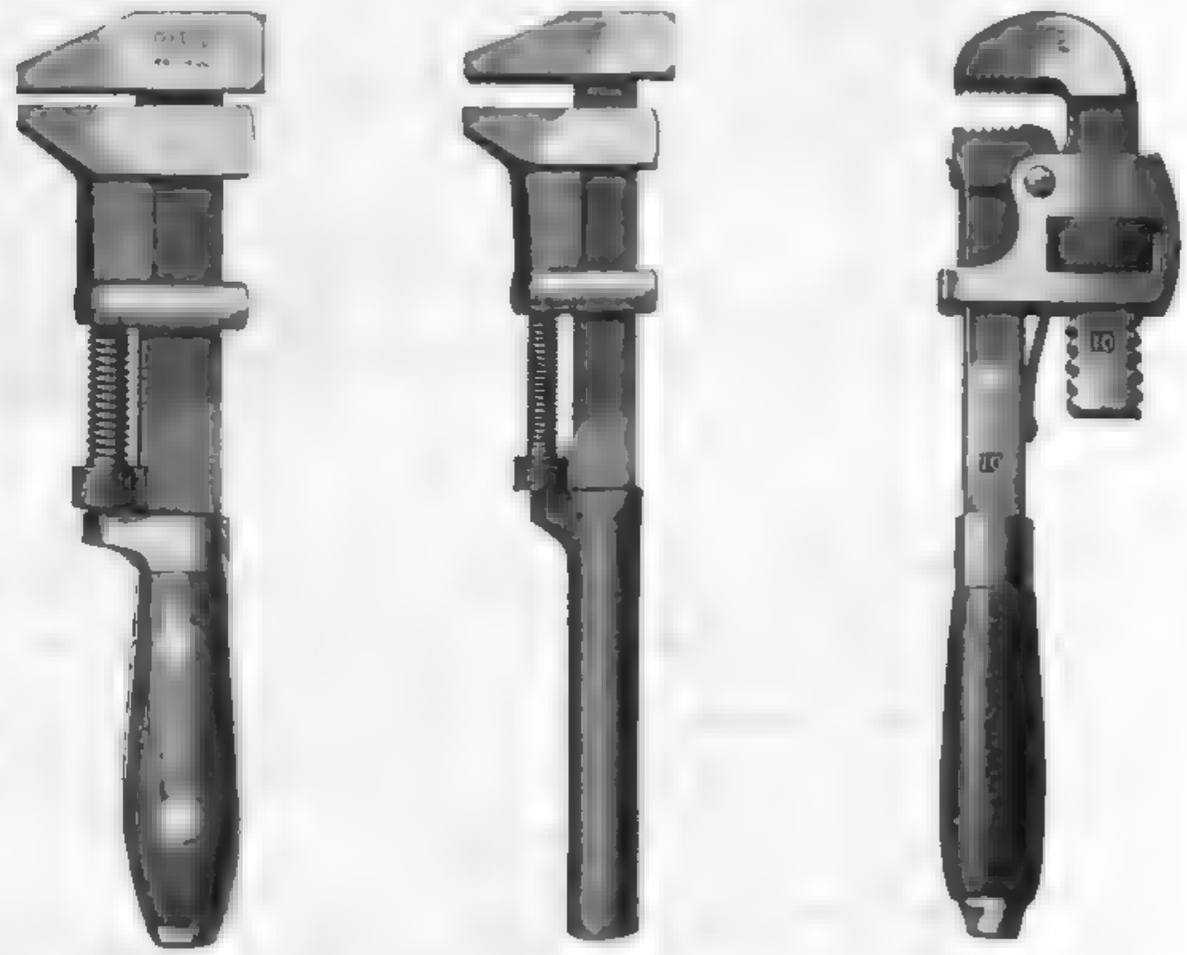

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By Everett Rhodes Castle

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HIS first name was really Elmer, but it was the quick, snappy wit of Mr. Augustus Pinney that had thought of Simple Simon—just like that, without any visible effort. But that, as the dress-goods section would put it, was Mr. Augustus Pinney all over. Or putting it another way, Augustus was one of those bright young comers of whom it has been said that the world is their oyster.

And as such Mr. Augustus Pinney was content with his food. He toyed with it, laughed at it, even sneered at it; but deep down under the accordion plaits of his light-colored sport vest Augustus knew that it was a great old world—at least for those who had the brains to be above the plodders.

"Never really work," Augustus was wont to quote; "leave that to those who don't know any better."

So you can readily see that Augustus was quite a brainy young man.

He was a floor manager in the cotton and wash-goods section of the Busy Bee Department Store. There were those of course who sneered and referred to him as "one of those smart-Aleck floor walkers," but to these Mr. Pinney paid no attention whatsoever. Why should he? After all there were plenty of disappointed minions always ready to sneer at your successful men—men who by their natural executive ability leaped forward where others crawled. Minions! Augustus liked the sound of the word. Not only did it apply so aptly to the people that toiled in his section but it proved clearly that he was getting on—it sounded executive.

Augustus received twenty-two dollars a week for guiding the destinies of the cotton and wash-goods section, and lamented the sad fact that the more money a man made and the higher up in life he got the less money he was able to save. He alternated three suits with an ingenuity that made the three seem like six, and his smooth little mustache appeared to be brushed down out of each nostril. Was he there? Was he the original devil with the ladies? Was his taste in neckwear and colored-top shoes a gift? Was he a man who knew more about a sociable game of cards than old man Hoyle himself? Was he?

"On a Job Like Mine," Said Mr. Pinney, "if You Want to Get Anywhere—Why, You Have to be Progressive, and it Costs Money"

To all of these questions and more Mr. Augustus Pinney would have answered modestly in the affirmative.

But there was one question that Mr. Augustus Pinney could not answer—even in this modest fashion. Often he thought it was answered for all time in the only way it could be answered. And then apparently it was very much unanswered. It perplexed the polished Mr. Pinney, but it did not worry him. Women were always that way. They didn't know themselves half the time. And half the road that lay toward success was covered in a way that Mr. Pinney knew full well.

Keep them guessing! Kid them until they don't know whether they're coming or going! Be light and airy, but when you do come to the big moment be dead serious. "No girl," Mr. Pinney once told Herman Schleman, in the men's wear, "likes to have you put on a vaudeville show when it comes to the last inning."

The girl in question was Miss Hilda Reidel, and the rose of her lips and the gold of her hair equaled and then paled into gray insignificance any printed organdie or colored voile in the wash-goods section. She was slender—but slender is a cold word. Her eyes were large and blue and misty—absolute story-book eyes. And her tongue—sometimes it was cool and sometimes it wasn't, and sometimes it wasn't exactly a story-book tongue. The Busy Bee wasn't always a place to speak of in tender syllables. But in all cases it was suitable—and effective.

But beyond all this there was something else that Mr. Pinney approved of. Her people were substantial—the sort of family that an active young man should ally himself with; not that Mr. Pinney felt an urge toward the bakery business, the elder Reidel owning one that baked bread hourly, but—well—if you understand what I mean ——

But there was nothing mercenary about Mr. Pinney's attentions, delicate as they were. The very first day she had come down from O'Day's office he had noticed the rose petals and the gold and the story-book eyes. Had he noticed them approvingly? Well, it is still common gossip in the wash goods, and leathers, across the aisle, that the following morning Mr. Pinney had even outdone Augustus in the matter of raiment, especially a necktie artistically reproducing an ancient Egyptian effect. But Mr. Pinney was placed in a rather delicate position. Organization Rule Number Three in the Busy Bee Code for Floor Managers absolutely forbade any unnecessary conversation between salespeople and floor managers. Heretofore the rule had never bothered Mr. Pinney, who knew that the minute you gave some simpering little snip an inch she took a mile—and if she was the least good-looking, five miles. Mr. Pinney knew this from experience.

But love—Augustus knew it was love after the second day—the day on which the story-book eyes filled with perplexed appealing beauty had looked up to him and said: "Oh, Mr. Pinney, when you have a C.O.D. do you mark the amount in the back of your salesbook or just on the carbon?"—will find a way, especially when you add to it the snappy alertness of a bright executive brain.

On the fourth day, the day upon which Mr. Pinney had worn his mahogany shoes with their light-tan tops with telling effect, he had by the merest accident emerged from the Busy Bee exactly at the same moment as Miss Reidel. She was alone. Of this Mr. Pinney also approved, showing as it did that she was not of the herding, laughing variety—nor, also, of the chattering group. Which was a most important qualification, considering Number Three of the Busy Bee Code for Floor Managers.

"Ah there!" said Mr. Pinney with a lightness calculated to show that after five-thirty he was a man and not an executive.

"Hello! Ain't it a wonderful evening for so early in spring?"

Mr. Pinney said that it was, and smiled too.

"Going along toward Ninth Street?"

"Yeah."

They fell into step together.

"Live out that way, Miss Reidel?"

"Yeah"—with a shy smile—"out quite a ways east—Idarose Avenue."

"Some ride at this time of night."

"Worse than that."

Mr. Pinney laughed, and then in the midst of its tinkling good fellowship he had an idea. "But at that," he said, "it ain't much worse than sitting alone at some restaurant."

"No," said Miss Reidel; "I suppose not." Augustus drew in his sails.

"You have no idea," he commented, "how darn lonely a fellow gets when he has a jo—a position like mine. Everybody you are civil to, even, tries to slip something over on you on that account."

"Yes?" curtly, suspiciously.

"What I mean," Mr. Pinney hastened to explain, "is that most of the girls think that the minute a fellow invites them anywhere—why, it's time to buy the ring and tell the whole department"—bitterly—"an' take about fifteen minutes extra for lunch an' fifteen minutes every half hour during the day."

"Oh."

"Not that there ain't exceptions."

"No?"

"Take yourself, for example—I can usually read people like a book; have to in my job; an' I'm dead sure that you're not that kind. You got a sense—a ——"

"Oh, thanks!"

Mr. Pinney laughed. "You know what I mean. You ain't like the rest of them, I can see that—Miss Golden Hair."

They laughed together. "Oh, Mr. Pinney, saying all those nice things an' then spoiling it with that old stuff. That line you hand out to all the girls, I know. I'm surprised. Honest!"

How adorably she pouted!

"When a young man alert an' snappy can make twenty women happy," chanted Mr. Pinney gayly, "why be exclusive? But honestly, I mean it; you're different. You—you ——"

"Go on, say it"—with pretty mock suspicion.

"Your upper story is occupied by something else besides a gum-chewing factory an' a coupla hairdressers."

"Blarney!"

"Nix!"

"Kidder!"

"Oh, say now, Miss Golden Hair, why should I be kidding you if I thought you were like all the rest?"

"Please!"

"An' here's the proof of it—why not stay down an' have dinner with me some night an' go to a good vaudeville show or something afterward?"

They entered the swirl of Ninth Street traffic and began to battle their way forward.

"Is that an invitation?"

"You know it, Miss Golden Hair."

"All right, Mister Kidder."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

And they did. Mr. Pinney wore a mulberry cravat of marvelous beauty and one of those new collars that dip and curve. They had dinner at a leading Italian restaurant, and the wise Mr. Pinney did not tell her that the bottle of red wine went with the dinner. "Women like a spender," Mr. Pinney often said. But Miss Golden Hair did not participate.

"No red ink for me," she said.

"Small town," sneered Mr. Pinney laughingly.

"I wisht I was," said Miss Golden Hair.

A month later Mr. Pinney remembered that remark with misgivings.

But you can never tell about these women. The next week Mr. Pinney called twice, and the last evening when she slapped him for trying to kiss her good night, it really didn't seem to be a very hard slap. But you can't always tell. A few days later when she came to him to have a charge O.K'd he scribbled his initials and added at the top of the book: "Dinner to-night?" she shook her head and walked away. And then on the other hand when he asked her for the honor and pleasure of her company at the Busy Bee Benevolent Association Ball she accepted with glistening eyes. And there you are!

A few days later came Mr. Elmer Gibbs from the superintendent's office to act as a salesman in the linen section.

(Continued on Page 101)

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IS YOUR catalog to contain subjects in the style figure class or cuts of simple merchandise such as clocks or cutlery?

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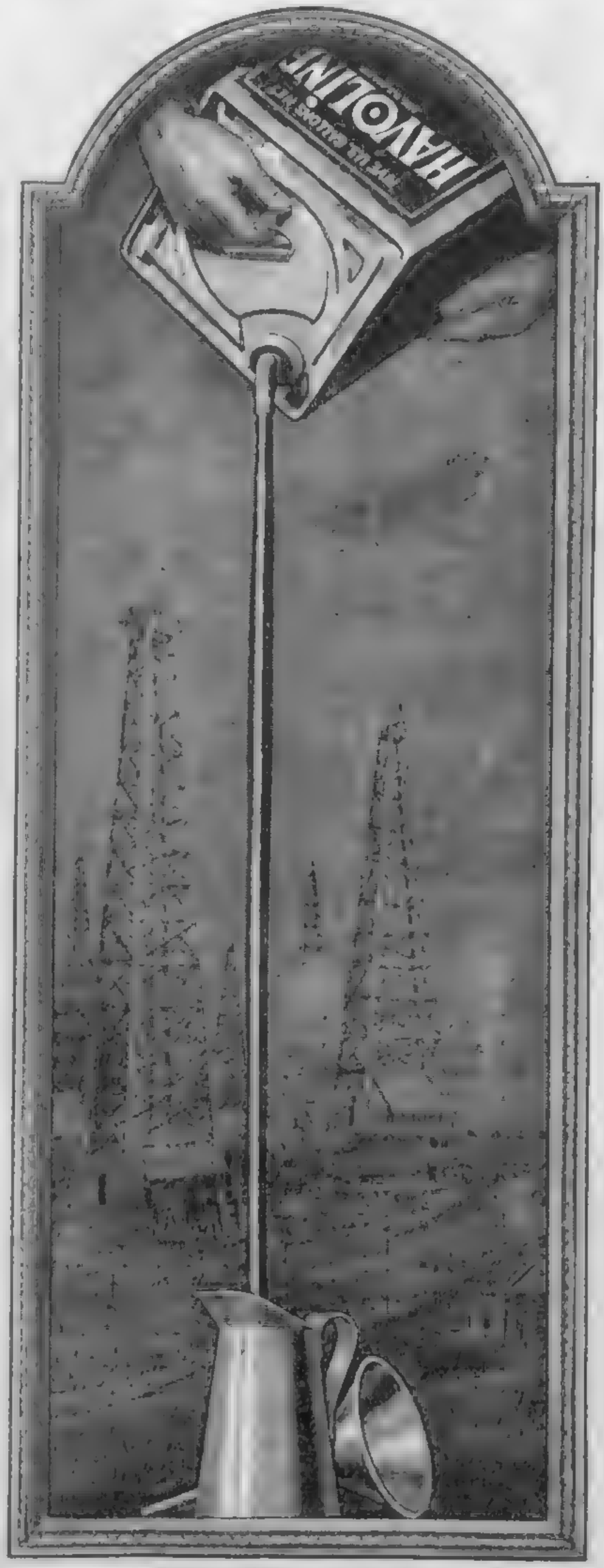

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(Continued from Page 97)

The linen section ran diagonally from the wash-goods section -the end from which Miss Reidel was wont to sell her voiles and organdies. He was tall and lanky, and he stumbled like an overgrown boy three minutes after he went behind the counter. In stumbling he clutched a bolt of voiles and pulled it with him.

The watching Mr. Pinney noted the following things: First, that in standing up, still with the bolt clutched like an angular infant to his breast, he came face to face with Miss Golden Hair—Augustus' Miss Golden Hair; second, he blushed; third, Miss Golden Hair smiled.

"Gosh, I'm sorry!" he stammered.

Miss Golden Hair smiled again. Twice!

"It's perfectly all right," she said. "Honest, it's a fright the way they leave things layin' round the floor in this store!"

Bitterly contemplating, Mr. Pinney noticed the lanky one's attire with a strained sneer; noted that the blue-serge suit was of the antiquated box-back type, and that the trousers began in a huge peg top. It was out of the bitterness and the sneer that Mr. Pinney a moment later coined the nickname for the aisle—just like that.

"We now have with us," said Mr. Pinney, "the original Simple Simon."

And so the feud began. It was a peculiar feud inasmuch as the lanky Elmer never seemed to realize that between him and the immaculate floor manager it had become a duel to the death.

"Our little Simon Legree don't appear to have taken a shine to you," Mr. Herman Glick of the same department remarked the second day.

"Our little who don't what?"

There was no sarcasm lurking in the question, just simple inquiry.

Mr. Glick grinned. "Our Augustus," he explained—"Pinney. I guess he's jealous of those clothes you wear."

The tall one blushed. "Aw," he stammered.

"That an' the fact that you dared to speak an' smile at the one an' only."

The blush spread and grew to crimson intensity.

"Aw," he said, "you're kiddin' me just because you heard that I came up here from a small town."

"Not me," declared Mr. Glick.

"Is she his girl—that little one on the end with the yellow hair?"

"Thirty days, brother, for calling gold yellow; but she is if takin' her to the Busy Bee Benevolent Ball has anything to do with it "

"She's nice."

"Amen!"

"What I mean is she treated me friendly that—yesterday."

"Yah," yawned Mr. Glick.

"But that ain't any reason," persisted the other, "why he shouldn't treat me all right. I ain't aiming to quarrel with him. I got my way to make here."

Mr. Glick laughed outright. His way to make in the Busy Bee! As if anybody ever did that!

Truly Mr. Pinney had called the turn. Simple Simon! Mr. Glick began to enjoy the conversation, other entertainment being absent.

"I suppose"—he spoke very earnestly—"you expect to be manager some day?"

"Why not?"

The elegant Mr. Glick nearly roused the aisle with the fun of it but managed to reach his handkerchief in time.

"Sure!" he agreed after the fit of coughing.

And the aisle appreciated the story quite as much as Mr. Glick—if not more. His way to make in the Busy Bee! Ha, ha! It was to laugh! It tagged him for a simple soul fit only for overalls and brass-toed leather boots; also a wisp of straw to dangle just above a nanny-goat beard.

Simple Simon! Ha, ha!

And that evening Mr. Pinney spoke of the incident with high glee. Of all things Mr. Pinney hated the crude, the countrified, the dull wit of the hick. A fellow couldn't help it, of course, if he came from the country, but at least he didn't have to cart along all the stuff from Way Down East.

"But he doesn't," objected Miss Golden Hair.

"Ha!" sneered Mr. Pinney.

"He dresses quiet, an' he don't say 'I calklate' or anything like that; an' ——"

Mr. Pinney laughed patronizingly. "You don't get me," he declared. "I don't mean outside things. Take that stuff he was telling Glick. Ain't it a scream! Ain't it just like a great big simple hick—like this Simple Simon must 'a' been?"

"About being manager?"

"Yes "

"But can't he?"

Mr. Pinney laughed again, laughed long and loud. "Don't!" he pleaded. "I got a split lip. You know yourself how many people ever got anywhere in the Busy Bee—an' he died young."

"But that ain't no sign that — "

"Oh well! Of course if you want a "

Miss Golden Hair smiled and laid a reassuring hand on Mr. Pinney's well-creased sleeve.

"Please, Augustus."

And because after all it was the first time she had ever called him by his given name—the little tease, just like all the rest of her kind—Mr. Pinney covered the little hand.

"You Know Yourself How Many People Ever Got Anywhere in the Busy Bee—an' He Died Young"

"Smarty! Smarty!" he mocked. "Thought you had me jealous, while all the time ——"

"You were."

"I wasn't."

"Fibber."

"Aw."

"But just the same," finished the lady to herself as Mr. Pinney's form retreated down the street some two hours later, "I think he has the nicest eyes."

Following this Mr. Pinney merely used the lanky form of Simple Simon as an angular target for his lighter humor. Now that he understood the situation Mr. Pinney was inclined to let the poor dog go along with only a humorous kick now and then. And wasn't Miss Golden Hair the little old tease though?

But it really never seemed to dawn on the simple Elmer that nearly all of the humor of the aisle was pointed in his direction. Even in cases where Mr. Pinney had let his shafts fly direct toward their destination Simple Simon had only blinked curiously and gone about his business.

"How's Old John W. Ambition and little Georgie Geton?" Mr. Pinney would inquire with elaborate concern of Mr. Glick in a tone loud enough for nearly the entire aisle to hear in the early morning lull.

Mr. Glick and the entire aisle would have their laugh, but from the target of it all only that same curious blink—as if an insect of some sort had flown across into his line of vision.

That is, there was no comment until a certain evening in early March.

The episode properly began just after closing, when hurrying figures worked to cover the counter merchandise for the night. A little group about the end of the wash-goods section found Elmer Gibbs working about its outer fringe. The group included Mr. Pinney, Mr. Glick, Mr. Schleman and the small form of Miss Reidel, working on the opposite side of the little group.

"Well," Mr. Pinney was remarking, "all we need is one more for a nice sociable little game."

"Sociable!" sneered Mr. Schleman, who had lost at the previous session.

"Maybe," suggested Mr. Glick with a wink, "ol' Elmer here'd like to come up an' show us how they play the game down in Hicksburg."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Pinney.

Dull rose glowed in the hick's face and he blinked. "I don't play," he said tranquilly; "an' I come from Marion, Ohio."

"Oh "

"Maybe you'd like to learn."

"No."

"It's easy," continued Mr. Glick. "All you hafta do is get a few cards to win."

"No," tranquilly.

The tranquillity irked Mr. Pinney.

"Aw don't," he protested with mock concern. "Us boys who are going to be manager haven't any time for a little thing like being commonly sociable."

Miss Golden Hair snickered, more at the quick wit of Mr. Pinney than at its application, because immediately following the snicker the rose petals straightened and the storybook eyes grew slightly hard.

"I'll come," said the hick suddenly.

"Atta boy!"

"Eight o'clock sharp," said Mr. Pinney. "An' remember, we don't play for fun."

But the hick was looking through the group of grinning faces toward the girl in the rear.

"All right, I'll be there."

"Now then, Elmer, ol' kid," said Mr. Glick, "it's all perfectly simple. One pair beats ace high; two pair beats one pair; three of a kind beats two pair; a straight beats three; a flush, all one kind—like all hearts—beats a straight; a full house—three of a kind and a pair—beats a flush; fours—four of a kind beats a full house; an' a straight flush—all one kind an' in sequence—beats fours; while a royal flush—from ten-spot up to ace of same suit—beats 'em all. Get me?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Gibbs.

"Ho hum," yawned Mr. Pinney.

Mr. Glick repeated the winning hands and laid the cards in the various combinations. Then they played a hand to show the hick how it went.

"I guess I understand now," said the hick. The game began.

Two hours later the game was still moving uneventfully along; uneventfully except for the sharp wit of Mr. Pinney.

"Some people wouldn't spend a nickel to see an earthquake," he remarked as the lanky one tranquilly threw his cards into the discard without drawing.

"I thought," said Mr. Gibbs simply, "that the object of the game was to bet when you had the cards."

"Ha, ha!" chortled Mr. Glick, and took another pot from Mr. Pinney with three fives. "Where's the ol' rabbit's foot, Augustus?" he inquired genially. "It looks like you're holding the bag to-night."

"It's the air in here; tight," Mr. Pinney explained; and everyone but the hick laughed. But then, Mr. Pinney didn't expect him to catch the subtlety of the remark.

And then suddenly a broad smile dawned on the hick. "I'll stay," he announced.

"Boy, bring the needle quick!" jibed Mr. Pinney, and then: "I'll raise it."

"Me too," said the hick.

The others dropped.

"Once more."

"Me too."

"Tipped again." (Continued on Page 104)

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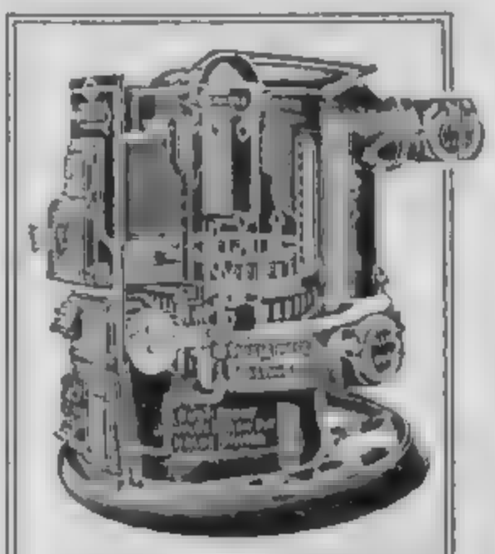

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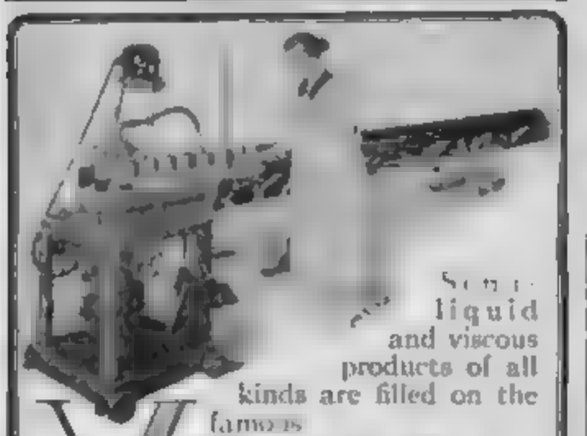

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(Continued from Page 101)

The hick hesitated. "I guess I'll wait till I get some more cards," he decided.

"Take the deck," genially offered Mr. Pinney. "You'll need it."

"Mebbe," said the hick. "Two cards."

"One."

"Now I'll bet once."

"Raise," murmured Mr. Pinney laconically.

"Me too"

"Oh boy!" cried Mr. Glick.

"Once more."

The hick hesitated.

"Once—once more," he said finally.

"An' again."

The hick had two large chips left. Cautiously he fingered them.

"The last time," he said.

"Once more."

The hick slowly sorted the five cards in his hand and gazed upon them almost in despair.

"Lend—lend me two for a minute, Glick," he said. "Raise—r-raise."

"An' two more"

A final look at his hand and the hick dropped the cards to the table.

"I—I—I guess you got me," he acknowledged.

With a whoop of pure joy Mr. Pinney tossed his cards, face up, on the table and proceeded to draw the chips to him. He really didn't have to expose the four spades and one heart that his hand contained, but the joy of watching the hick's face when he saw the heart was too much of a temptation.

"Oh boy!" he crowed.

Slowly the hick picked up the cards that had composed Mr. Pinney's hand and examined them; then, as if to be sure there could be no mistake, he picked up the cards he had dropped. Then his jaw hardened.

"You made a mistake," he said simply. "You missed that—that all one kind; an' I have three queens."

"Ain't that a pity!" Mr. Pinney roared with mirth. "Ain't that a pity!" he repeated.

"I win," said the hick.

"Not much!"

"Yes," said the hick. "My hand ——"

It took the combined efforts of Messrs. Glick and Schleman twenty minutes to explain to the hick. And then Mr. Pinney crowned their efforts with a lightning shaft of humor.

"Cards," said Mr. Pinney, "is like life. an' consists not in playing good cards but poor cards well."

The boob blinked, but the eyes beneath had grown hard and cold.

"An' furthermore," continued Mr. Pinney, "it ain't what you got that counts, but what the other fellow thinks you got."

"I'll remember that," said the hick simply, and got up.

"Simple Simon met a pie-man," sang Mr. Pinney joyously as the party of the first part went lumbering from the room.

But the hick never turned.

II

PROPERLY speaking, the following day really marked the beginning of the wash-goods feud. For the first time the lanky Elmer seemed to recognize that the dapper, clever floor manager was, as the Busy Bee would say it, "after the Gibbs goat with both feet."

His very step the next morning was significant. He walked straight to the wash-goods end of the linen counter, where the courtly Mr. Pinney was holding a short before-eight-thirty chat with Miss Reidel. He walked straight to the pair.

"Miss Reidel," he said, seemingly completely unaware of the executive frown, "would you go with me to a theater to-night?"

Under ordinary circumstances, Miss Reidel assured herself afterward, she would have refused and laughed in the same breath at the crudity of it, but of late Augustus she called him Augustus outside the store now— had become too confident; too —— Oh, well, you know. And then there was something in the big awkward thing's eyes—like the appeal of some large Newfoundland puppy; and they were nice eyes—aside from that funny blink; clear and so cleanlike. Of course he wasn't in the same class as Mr. Pinney, but there was such a thing as a man—even a classy, clever young man like Mr. Pinney—getting to feel as if he was the only pebble on the beach. And ever since he had been at the Busy Bee—over two months now—the hick had been so nice an' respectful.

"I'd be delighted," she said; and then the little tease, seeing the light that crept into the elegant Mr. Pinney's eyes, added slowly, "El-mer."

It was war to the hilt. Mr. Pinney, with his head disdainfully high and a sneer on his lips to show that it didn't mean anything in his young life who the hired help went out with, walked away. The hick blushed and then stuttered at the unexpected use of his name and turned to arrange the scattered counter display.

Smiling serenely Miss Golden Hair did the same.

And that night came the hick, with his hair brushed in water and a best suit that Mr. Pinney would have laughed himself to tears over. But it was well brushed and pressed; she noted that with womanlike approval.

"Would you like to go down to the Variety?" asked Mr. Gibbs with formal stiffness.

"Oh, any old place," said Miss Golden Hair.

"It's a nice night," said the hick twenty minutes later.

An hour later he opined that it was a nice show.

"Yes," said Miss Golden Hair briefly.

But three-quarters of an hour later, as they stood on the first step of the Reidel home, Miss Reidel repented her briefness. After all he probably was one of that silent kind.

"Were—were you mad because I called you by your first name this morning?"

"No"—with a blink, a blush and a contraction of the Adam's apple.

Silence.

"I—I—guess he's got it in for me."

Miss Reidel laughed. "You should worry," she commented, "as long as you do your work well enough to suit ol' Marx, the buyer."

Silence.

"Could I come round again?"

"Y-yes."

Silence.

Apparently there was something else to be said. Finally it came.

"If—if"—gulp—"I became assistant linen buyer could would" — blink, blush "you go with me steady?"

"Oh why maybe. But but Mr. Pinney told me that—that he expected—that is, he was goin' to apply ——"

"I know," said the hick grimly, "but I'm goin' after it just the same."

"But how what chance if Mr. Pinney—you—you ——"

"I know," said the hick simply; "it was he showed me how to go after it."

And his mind went back to the four little spades that Mr. Pinney had held so gleefully.

But privately Miss Golden Hair doubted.

The question of the assistant linen buyership had been looked at by the first floor a good deal like the twenty-second congressional district in Bigburg, which had always gone Republican within the ken of man. Mr. Pinney announced his intention of making application, and that ended the matter with what other aspirants there might have been. What chance was there in competition with a snappy young man like Mr. Pinney? A body would be a fool to try it. And there were no fools on the first floor

And then Miss Reidel, under a solemn sacred oath administered to Miss Milly Shannon not to tell a single solitary soul, whispered of the intentions of Mr. Elmer Gibbs.

"Pick out a soft place for me to fall," commanded Miss Shannon; and ten minutes later, under the same blood-curdling oath she imparted the news to Mr. Glick.

"'An' a little child shall lead them,'" quoted Mr Glick gleefully; and looked round for Mr. Pinney.

"At that," said Mr. Glick a few moments later, "maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to beat him to the old man. You know what a funny ol' yap he is, an' ——"

Mr. Pinney laughed loud and long. "I'm tickled," he chuckled joyously. "I can't think of anything better than to have him beat me to the old man."

"But ——"

"Why, you poor fish, don't you see that after the old man watched him blink an' blush and all that small-town stuff, when I come along an' give him a snappy line of new selling stuff the contrast will sell me like hot cakes?"

In Mr. Glick's eyes shone true admiration. "Boy," he whispered, "you got some little head."

Mr. Pinney snapped his fingers lightly.

So it was that Mr. Elmer Gibbs went first to the old man of the Busy Bee. While he was gone the wash goods, linens and leathers buried their collective head in a soft mountain of sheer voiles and howled with glee.

But Miss Golden Hair did not join. Perhaps it was because Mr. Pinney was enjoying the humor of it so highly; or perhaps it was because ——

When the hick came back Mr. Glick was carelessly bolting table damask.

"Well," he inquired, "I suppose we congratulate you?"

Simple Simon blinked. "He said he'd give me a chance at it as soon as he came back from New York."

"Oh."

"He's going to New York to-night for three weeks. He said if anyone else wanted a chance at the job that he would talk with them on that day too."

"I suppose," queried Mr. Glick with intense amusement, "you told him you were a hard worker and willing to learn?"

Triumph lit the face of the lanky one. "No," he said proudly. "I told him I knew our linen stock from counter to stockroom; that I knew all our stocks an' everything."

"But you don't," asserted Mr. Glick. "You ain't been here long enough, an' the stockroom is like Europe to you."

"Sure," said Simple Simon tranquilly.

"You bluffed him!" cried Mr. Glick; and incredulity at the simpleness of it mingled with the humor of it. As if the poor fish could slip anything over on the ol' man!

"Yes," said the simple one; "I owe a lot to Mr. Pinney for that."

III

AT FIRST Miss Golden Hair was piqued. When Mr. Pinney after five days of lofty indifference once more whispered "To-night?" she smiled and nodded.

And that night the talk drifted round to the hick. Mr. Pinney laughed goodhumoredly. He felt that he could afford to under the circumstances. Plainly the simple one was in bad. Not that it was so much what Miss Reidel said as the way she let the sarcastic shafts of Mr. Pinney pass unchallenged. And her eyes were brighter and she seemed to speak more tenderly. She was dressed in wine-colored silk. She wore the satin pumps with the large glistening buckles and her—well, in short, she was not to be resisted.

Mr. Pinney proposed.

And Miss Golden Hair answered him. She said that she liked him—very, very much. That—that certainly as far as the things that most girls looked for in a man were concerned—"clothes an' a line of talk an' things"—there was no question—but ——

"Oh," said Augustus, and waited.

Miss Golden Hair crossed the room to the parlor table and removed a half section of newspaper from her purse and spread it upon the table.

"This—this is what I mean," she explained. "The first—the first part doesn't apply—but—but—the idea ——"

It was a local banking advertisement. Mr. Pinney read it aloud:

"WHO GETS THE GIRL?

"Mary is good to look at, cheerful, wholesome, full of life. Being human she loves flowers, chocolates, music, dancing and pretty clothes. She likes to go places.

"Because she is the kind of girl that will make an ideal wife Mary has a heart as well as a head. She knows what she wants. She knows what a husband ought to be. To him she will look for support, protection, provision.

"Consequently the man who wins Mary will be the man who has money in the bank. Not because she values money above manhood; far from it. But because money in the bank, put there out of a fellow's earnings, is the surest proof of manhood, of dependable character, of ability to manage. That money says: 'Here is a man that knows where he is going. He will have these dollars for use whenever he needs them. He will have funds to invest to make more money. He is a business man. He will prosper. You can trust him with your future.'

"That is the man for Mary. That is the sort of man that every wise girl will pick out. For married life isn't all ice-cream sodas. House and furniture, food and

(Concluded on Page 107)

WRIGLE
SPEARM
THE PERFECT
MINT LEAF F
Electrically Sealed
Air - Tight
Be Sure to Get
WRIGLEY'S
(The Greatest Name in Goody Land)
It is not enough to make it clean — the sealed
package keeps it clean and fresh until you get it
After every meal
The flavor lasts
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVO
THE FLAVOR LASTS
WRAPPED IN
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JUICY FRUIT
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THE FLAVOR LASTS
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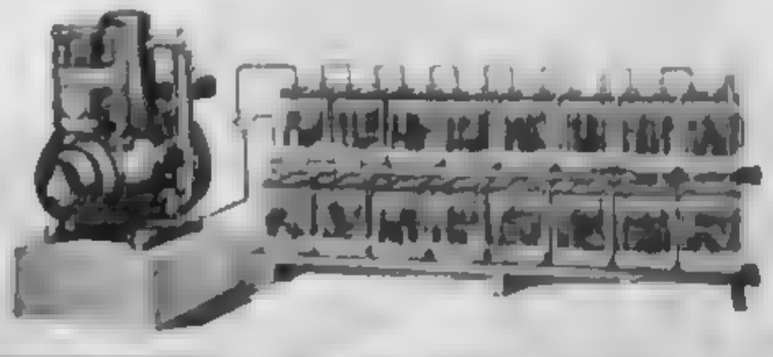
"We should have had electric lights long ago"

Light at the touch of a button—bright, clean, safe,—no wonder Delco-Light users are enthusiastic.

Delco-Light is a complete electric plant. It furnishes all the light you can use. It provides power to pump water, to operate the churn, cream separator, washing machine, corn sheller, etc.



It saves so much time and labor that it actually pays for itself.

At the same time it brings the comforts and conveniences of the city to the farm home.

There Are Over 70,000 Satisfied Users

The Domestic Engineering Company, Dayton, Ohio

Makers of DELCO-LIGHT Products

The Electric Plant that *RUNS ON KEROSENE*

Concluded from Page 104

clothes—you can't live without them, and the young fellow who wants to marry but has lacked the wisdom to provide ahead is doomed to be a poor provider.

"Young man, are you prepared to be the husband of the girl you love?"

Mr. Pinney placed his hands carefully in his lower vest pockets.

"Classy ad," he admired; "but—but it don't apply to little old yours truly."

To this Miss Golden Hair said nothing.

"What I mean," explained Mr. Pinney, "is that I'm going right ahead; they can't stop me. In three weeks I'll be assistant linen buyer, an' then ——"

"But if you can't save ——"

"On a job like mine," said Mr. Pinney, "if you want to get anywhere—why, you have to be progressive, and it costs money. But when I get the other—why ——"

"Why, then," said the wise little lady, "we will talk about it again."

"But," insisted Mr. Pinney, "I practically got it now. No rival but this simple agricultural child who thinks just because a smart card player can win with four spades that he can bluff the old man."

And because, as we remarked before, Miss Golden Hair was piqued she laughed at the simpleness of it.

But the pique began to wonder. For the first five days—for the first fifteen she had completely ignored the person—a person who three days after saying the things that he had—the Busy Bee equivalent to a proposal at least—had hung his head and in halting stuttering sentences had broken an engagement made for that evening. Not that it was the broken engagement so much—what was a date in her young life, Miss Reidel had assured herself—but it was the way he had broken it. Why, even while his halting lips said he wasn't feeling well his eyes couldn't hide the lie. And the eyes said other things that added to the puzzle.

In their simple, almost bovine fashion they registered absolute adoration. The person was plainly smitten—but why?

After ten days of aloof disinterest—days filled with obvious tenderness toward Mr. Pinney—Miss Golden Hair began to wonder. Maybe after all he really had been sick, and, of course, her attitude since then had hardly been one of —

Twenty minutes later in a lull of shoppers she moved toward the lanky form bolting the inevitable damask.

"I—I—am going to be home to-night," she whispered.

Mr. Elmer Gibbs opened his mouth—and then closed it suddenly. Then he blushed and blinked.

"I—I'm sorry," he stuttered finally, "but I ain't—I ain't feeling very well to-night."

"Oh, well," laughed the lady lightly, "I was only kidding you anyway. Mr. Pinney ——"

The simple one opened his mouth—and then closed it slowly, grimly.

Miss Reidel moved lightly away.

And then for the six days that preceded the return from the East of the Old Man of the Busy Bee she devoted all the tenderness of eye and speech that department ethics would permit to Mr. Pinney. And the night before Mr. Pinney was sure he was to become assistant linen buyer his lips had lightly brushed her hair.

Miss Reidel still remembered Mary of the bank advertisement.

IV

IT WAS characteristic of Nicholas O'Day that he should show no regard for the inner feelings of his employees. So it was that instead of calling Mr. Pinney and the lanky Elmer into his office separately he called them both.

"Now then," he said brusquely to Augustus, "you say why you should have the job."

Mr. Pinney did. He would much prefer that the hick had preceded him so that the contrast might have been the more illuminating. But it probably was apparent enough as it was. Mr. Pinney began. He spoke with the snappy tone of your progressive young business man, as Mr. Pinney understood him. He spoke quickly of ambition and executive ability in words that clearly showed knowledge—and preparedness. He did not brag; neither did he deprecate.

In finishing, Mr. Pinney felt that he had made a decided impression. O'Day had lifted his bushy brows twice.

"Now then," snapped the great man, "you."

The hick began with a blink but he did not stutter; at the same time, however, he lacked the snappy touch of Mr. Pinney. And he did not speak of ambition or executive ability.

At the very beginning Mr. Pinney smiled broadly. It was all over but the shouting. The poor boob was rambling on about stocks that sold and stocks that did not sell; about patterns overstocked and patterns that warranted heavy buying. O'Day lifted his brows.

The hick continued about other things, the way people were buying cotton mixtures, of the possible development along this line, of the lack of these particular brands on hand.

"How do you know?"

"I looked."

"How long you been in the house?"

"Four months."

"Howja get to know all our stocks?"

"I went through them."

The brows lifted. "When?"

"Nights," said the hick.

The great man grunted. "You win," he said shortly. "G'day."

They rode down in the same elevator with a silence that was ominous on the part of the floor manager and tranquil on the part of the hick.

They found the department anxiously waiting.

"Well?" Mr. Glick spoke for the aisle.

It was the great moment for the hick. Gentle triumph shone in the mild blue of his eyes.

"I bluffed him," he said simply.

Mr. Pinney's tart laugh rang out upon the air. "Ha, ha!" he jeered. "Ain't that rich? Ha, ha! Why, do you know what kind of a bluff he run? He run one of those kind with four aces. He was working up in the stockroom every night for the last three weeks!

"Imagine slaving like that to get to an assistant. Ain't it rich? Bluff! Four aces! Ain't it a killer?"

Simple Simon nodded his head slowly.

"After all," he said, "life is like cards. The idea is to win—ain't it?"

An hour later an angular figure moved to the end of the linen counter.

"I ain't doing anything to-night," it said to a mountain of snowy voiles.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said the voiles.

"You can't, an' bluff."

"Oh."

"Can I come out to your place to-night?"

Miss Reidel came round from the snowy mountains. "I'll say you can," she said, and smiled.

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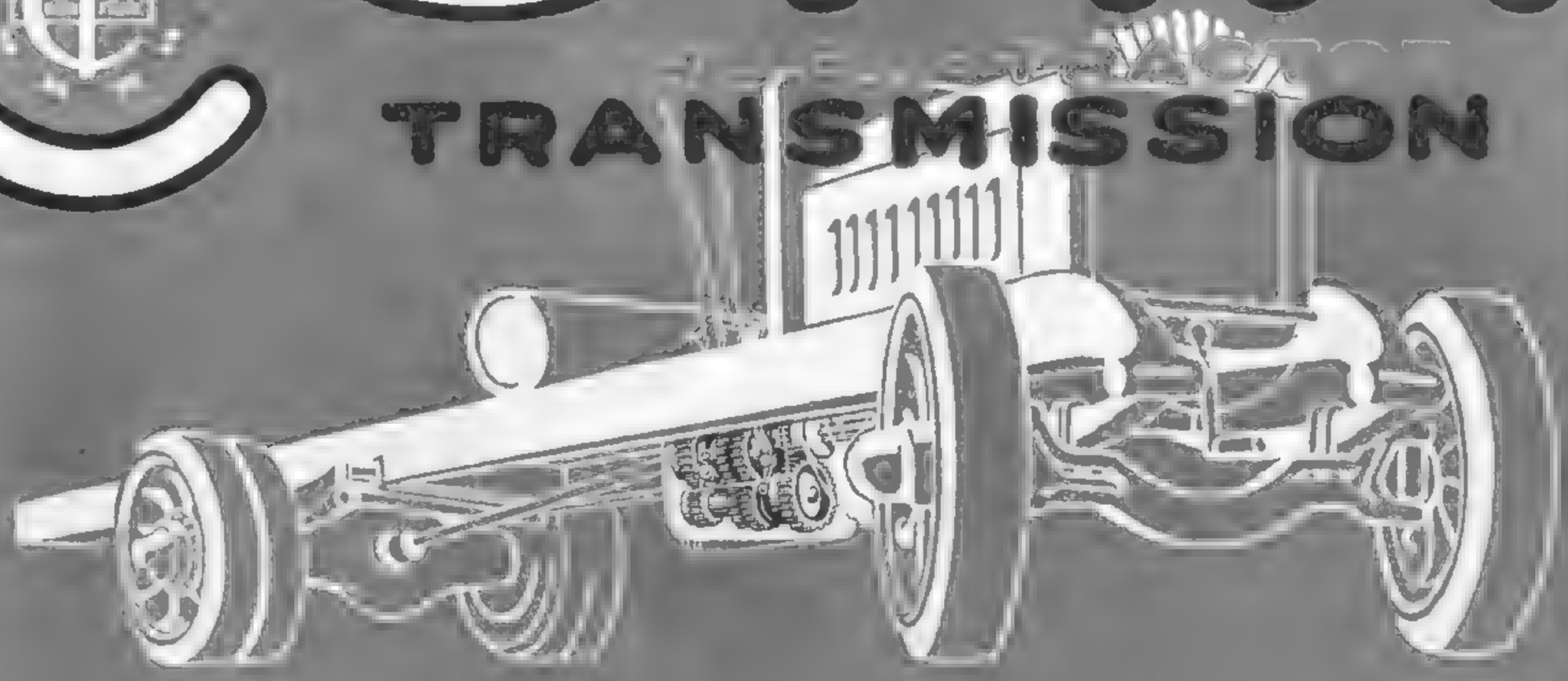

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What you do is to shift ingenious jaw clutches on the sides of the gears, instead of shifting the gears themselves. Thus the wonderful Cotta Transmission ends all the old type transmission worries gear stripping, clashing, and the myriad troubles that grow out of gear shifting.

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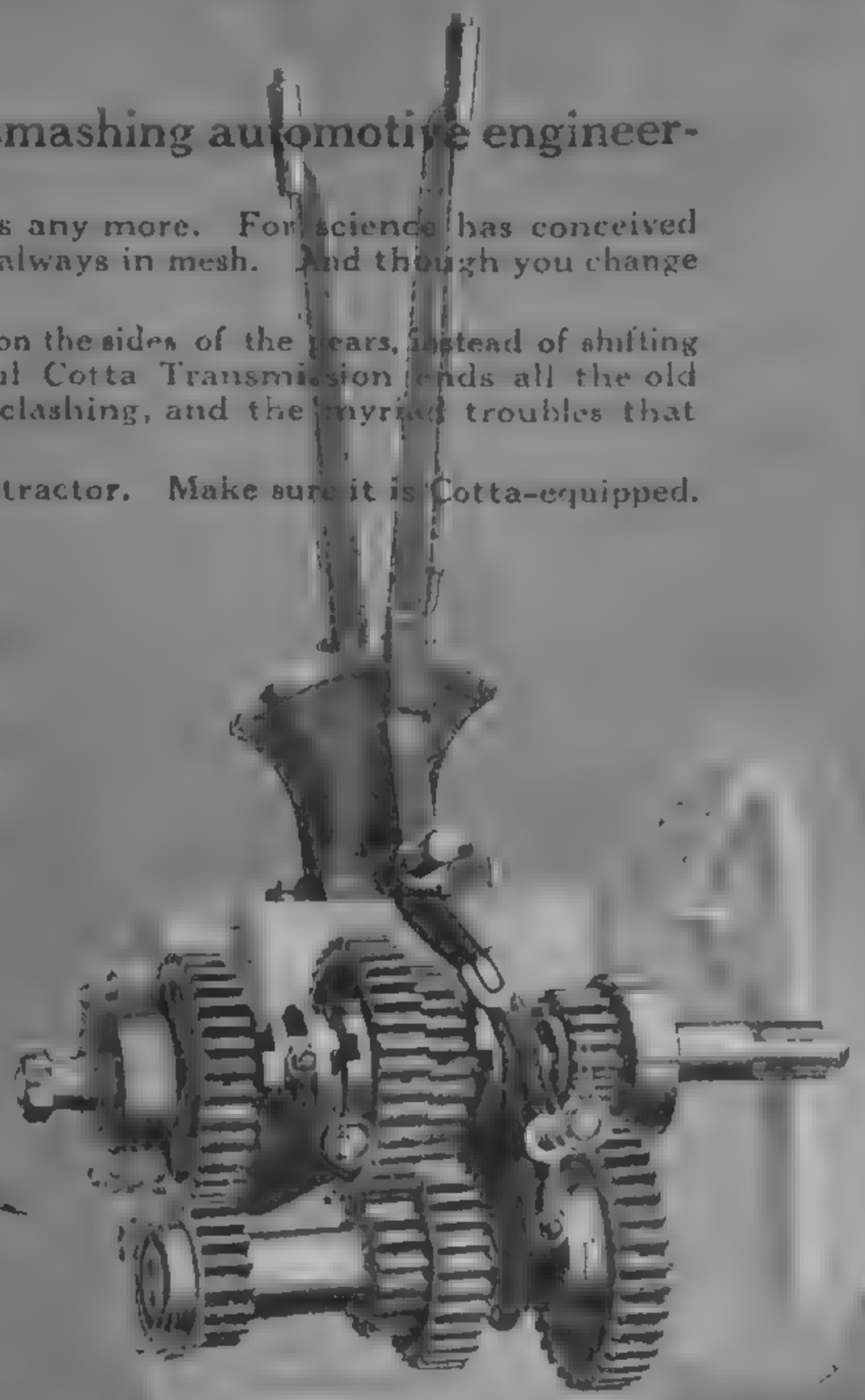

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The Standard Spark Plug of America

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AC's Automobile Show Score for 1919

For years now, the majority of fine automobiles built in this country have been factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs. And it is a fact that manufacturers who have once used AC Plugs, continue to use them year after year. Many of the motor car makers now equipping with AC's have never endorsed any other make of spark plug. And year after year the number of manufacturers not using AC's has grown less and less.

These cars, displayed at either the Chicago or New York Automobile Show, or both, have AC Spark Plugs for standard factory equipment

APPERSON	AC	DODGE BROTHERS	AC	LOCOMOBILE	AC	PHIANNA	AC
BUICK	AC	DORRIS	AC	MARMON	AC	PIERCE-ARROW	AC
CADILLAC	AC	DORT	AC	MOLINE-KNIGHT	AC	PREMIER	AC
CASE	AC	ESSEX	AC	NASH	AC	REO	AC
CHALMERS	AC	HAYNES	AC	NATIONAL	AC	SAXON	AC
CHANDLER	AC	HUDSON	AC	OAKLAND	AC	SCRIPPS-BOOTH	AC
CHEVROLET	AC	HUPMOBILE	AC	OLDSMOBILE	AC	STEARNS-KNIGHT	AC
COLE	AC	JORDAN	AC	PACKARD	AC	STEPHENS	AC
DANIELS	AC	KISSEL KAR	AC	PAIGE	AC	STUTZ	AC
DAVIS	AC	LIBERTY	AC	PATERSON	AC	WESTCOTT	AC
				PEERLESS	AC		

The spark plug equipment of these cars displayed at either Chicago or New York Show, or both, is divided among all other spark plug makers:

Allen	Crow-Elkhart	Grant	Mitchell	Standard
American	Cunningham	Holmes	McFarlan	Studebaker
Auburn	Elcar	King	Moon	Templar
Biddle	Elgin	Lexington	Noma	Velie
Briscoe	Fiat	Maxwell	Overland	Willys-Knight
Commonwealth	Ford	Mercer	Owen Magnetic	Winton
	Franklin		Roamer	

HOW THE AC RECORD STANDS

Chicago Automobile Show		New York Automobile Show	
AC-Equipped cars on display . . .	40	AC-Equipped cars on display . . .	34
Cars equipped with all other makes .	27	Cars equipped with all other makes .	22

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U. S. Pat. No. 1 135 727. April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139. Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending.

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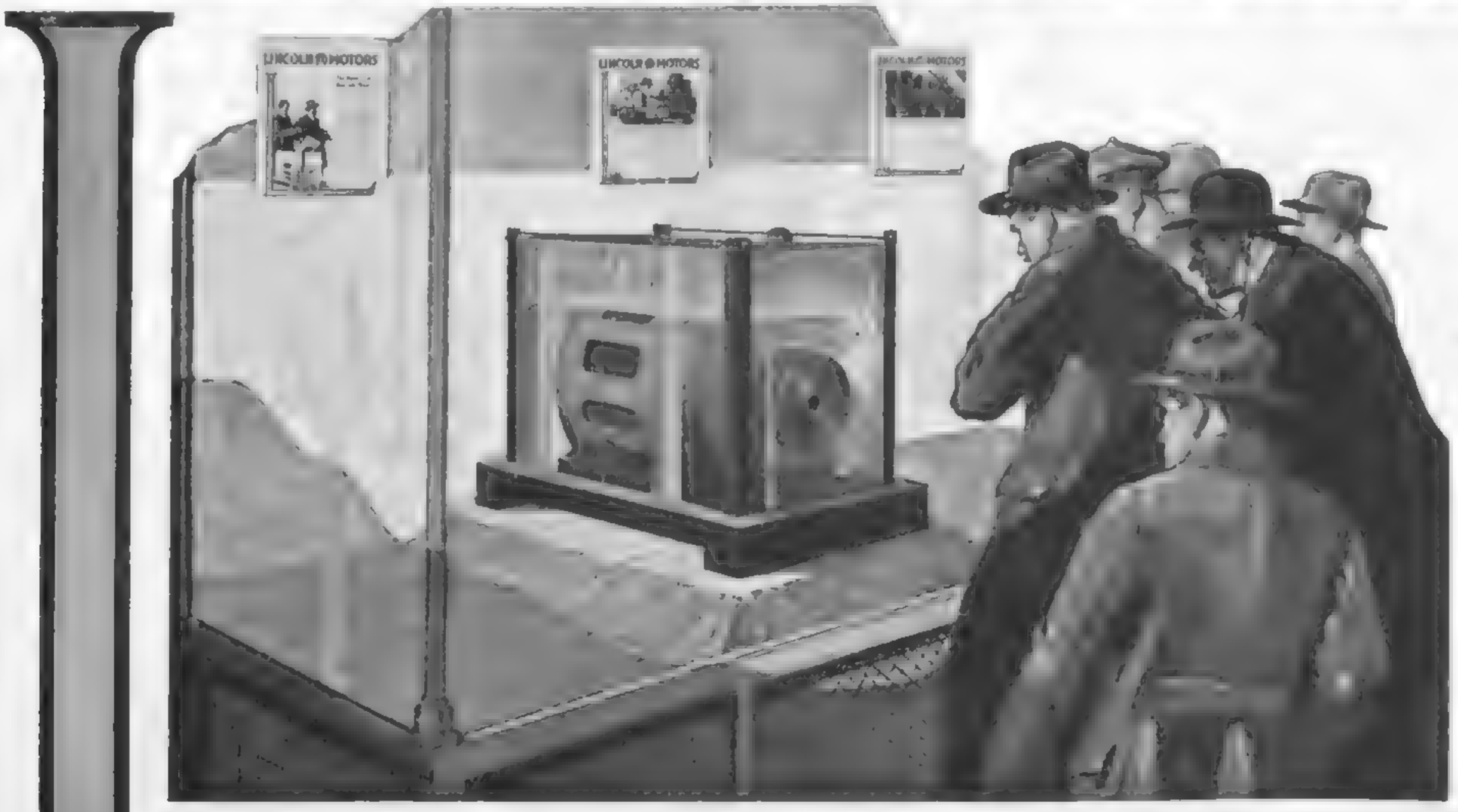

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Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co., Public Square
COLUMBUS, O.
Schoedinger Mart Co., 100 North High St
CINCINNATI, O.
Dow Drug Co., Corner 6th & Vine Sts
DETROIT, MICH.
Commonwealth Savings Bank, Fort & Griswold Sts
LOUISVILLE, KY.
John C. Lewis Co., 4th & Walnut
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Minneapolis General Electric Co., 15 So. Fifth St
NEW YORK CITY
Manhattan Electrical Supply Co., 110 West 42nd St
Central Electric Light & Power Co., 46th St. & Broadway and 89th St. & Broadway
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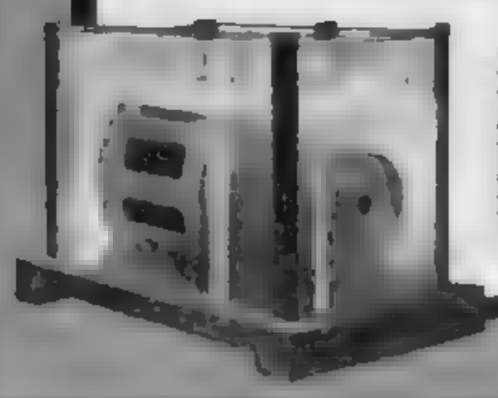
If your machinery makers use Lincoln Motors you will have continuous, reliable power — power that fits the machine.

"Link Up With Lincoln"

The Lincoln Electric Co., Cleveland, O.



THE LAST PATROL

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

"WHAT I asked you, Hig," reminded Corporal Thatcher with austere official dignity, "is what's become of Adam." Private Higgins, crouching in the bottom of a funk hole with its excavated yellow clay ridged scientifically round to form additional breastwork protection, shrugged a cramped and conservatively cowering shoulder.

"All I know, Thatch," he testified in that solemn tone with which one speaks of the late departed, "is that about nine o'clock he got inoculated with the notion that he would go up to that barn you see cropping out on the side-hill there and rustle some straw for his hole."

"It's ten now," observed the corporal as he consulted his wrist. "Adam took no account, I suppose, of the fact that this hill is likely to be chuck-full of boche outposts, boche patrols, boche machine-gun nests and boche one thing and another."

Otto Higgins spat eloquent rejection of this hypothesis and opined that his hole mate, side partner and pup-tent buddy, Adam Breede, had taken a plenty of account of it, judging by the way he flattened himself out like a spreading adder and went sneaking off through the scrub with his trench dagger in one hand and a shiny little bomb in the other.

"He must have wanted straw bad," complained the corporal.

"Water was seeping into his end of the funk hole, if you'll cramp your neck enough to look; and it wasn't dug an hour."

But Corporal Thatcher ironically declined to accept the straw objective.

"Much more likely," he declared suspiciously, "that restless cuss was starting some little private offensive of his own. His girl wrote him if he didn't get a decoration of some kind pretty soon she wouldn't be friends with him any more."

"I thought of that too," admitted Hig with ready candor. "Most likely old Adam will be coming in here presently with a boche tank or a captured general staff or something like that."

The air immediately above suddenly grew full of an odd whirring sound, whereupon Private Higgins ducked deeper in his shelter hole, while Corporal Thatcher made an absurd effort to get a pair of extra-wide shoulders entirely under the circle of his trench helmet.

"'Nother one of them darned Flyin' Dutchmen," commented the private, his voice echoing up from somewhere near the bottom of the hole.

The Flying Dutchman, which was Hig's private name for the clumsily tumbling shells of a minenwerfer, burst in the narrow ravine behind with a sound that was at first smothered and then strangely magnified as its reverberations echoed against the widening sides of the descending gulch and seemed to empty themselves out into the valley that, with wrinkling interruptions of knoll and vale, sloped a terraced way downward to the sparkling bosom of the Meuse half a mile below.

"Guess we're too close under the bulge of the hill for them to reach us," reflected the corporal contentedly.

"Fervently, oh fervently do I hope so," declared Higgins, who, when the last spatter of raining mud had thudded round, raised a wary head and, rifle in hand, resumed that intensive scrutiny of the fringe of tree tops cresting the ridge three hundred yards above which had been occupying his attention when Corporal Thatcher obtruded himself and his inquiries into the hole.

From somewhere beyond those trees the Flying Dutchmen were coming, and the space between the tree-tipped ridge and the four funk holes occupied by Corporal Thatcher's outpost was a sort of temporary No Man's Land, covered with a thick undergrowth of bush and young tree resulting from processes of reforestation. What was going on beneath that screen of bush and over the brow of that hill was just now all important. It would tell whether the reeling Hun armies merely breathed before taking to their heels once more or whether at last they re-formed for a sudden and stinging counteroffensive.

The division of which Corporal Thatcher's squad was a part had just executed the first half of a dangerous and critical maneuver of advance, and now, with the river perilously close behind, it hung on by the eyebrows while it widened and strengthened or rebuilt bridges, brought up artillery and transport, and hitched into position for the next step, which would complete the operation and make it safe.

A sudden backward push now might have crumpled up these brigades and rolled their broken remains into the Meuse. It was to give ample notice if anything like that were attempted or even imminent that little outposts like Thatcher's were stuck forward in this fashion between the very toes of the enemy's known positions.

As Private Higgins studied the fringe of wet trees above him with finger softly caressing his rifle trigger a shout that sounded hoarse and far away, yet with a note of excitement in it, echoed up the ravine, whereupon the sharpshooter and the corporal both turned and contemplated with interest the advance, across hazardous open ground at the bottom of the slope, of a figure in khaki, obviously a private, but with no pack and no weapon save a revolver strapped upon his leg. Bending low, and occasionally wabbling, as if weary and winded, the oncomer scouted in short furtive zigzags to the edge of the wooded area, was temporarily lost to view, and then reappeared in the mouth of the ravine, clambering up toward the little group of funk holes.

"What runner's that?" inquired Thatcher.

"Ask the M. P.'s," suggested Higgins facetiously, for one helmeted, mud-plastered runner looks about like another at a distance of a hundred yards.

When the runner made out that his approach had been observed he halted and waved his arms with successive downward motions.

"What's he mean?" speculated the corporal.

At that moment a sharp spang of steel on steel echoed in the ravine, and the runner sat down queerly with his head jerking abruptly backward. Swifter than a flash Private Higgins' eye turned to the tree top upon the hill he had been marking so closely, and after another second of intensive scrutiny his rifle cracked. There was a spasmodic movement in the boughs, succeeding which a colorless gray package sprawled out of the tree, falling straight, like Newton's apple.

Otto grunted satisfaction and, again turning quickly, was relieved to see the runner sitting up and studying curiously a dent in his helmet marked by a spray of brightness where the sniper's bullet had polished the dully painted steel. With the tin hat once more upon his head the runner came forward again, crawling this time upon his hands and knees directly to the center of the crescent-shaped cluster of shelter pits.

"Cheese it!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "The war's over."

"It's over for the sniper," opined Otto tersely.

"Over? Where do you get that stuff?" inquired Corporal Thatcher with austerity, as annoyed that anyone should jest about so serious a matter.

"Well, if it isn't Bill Tait!" ejaculated Charlie Younger, his pair of eyes and amiable grinning mouth appearing beneath a turtleback and above the rim of a handmade cave so cleverly camouflaged by fresh brush and forest grasses that the runner had all but crawled over it. "What did you say, Bill?"

"I say the war's over," answered Tait a bit defiantly, as if irritated by the slightest sign of disbelief in the wonderful news he brought. "Armistice was signed this morning at five—goes into effect at eleven."

A strange questioning silence struck in upon Corporal Thatcher and Privates Higgins and Younger. The mud, the weariness, the unceasing struggle—was it over? The sordid labor, the heart longings, the sense of constant danger, the painful sickening tension in which their very souls had subsisted now for months—was that over? The men looked at each other and turned pale with a kind of fear, as that they should faint or weep or shout aloud. But it was Corporal Thatcher who recovered himself first and threw back his head and laughed—bitterly, derisively.

The runner looked frightened.

"You don't believe me?" he gulped.

"You damned fool!" said Thatcher pityingly.

"Say!" demanded Higgins angrily, "where do you get that line of bull from anyway?"

"Bull?" retorted Tait with indignation. "It's orders. I got it from the regimental adjutant."

Charlie Younger perhaps was quickest to understand, for he was a friend of old Bill Tait. He knew that he was a man of sober mind, faithful as a dog, incapable of self-deluding romance or frivolous falsehood.

"You're knocked out, Bill," he suggested soothingly. "When did you sleep last, old man? Say!"

At this note of friendly concern something like a mist threatened from the corners of Tait's red-lidded eyes.

"Somewhere back of Beaumont," he mumbled brokenly, and let himself go prostrate on the ground with a long shuddering sigh of total exhaustion. "Great God, but I'm tired, Charlie!"

"Beaumont?" exclaimed Corporal Thatcher, whose sympathy was as quick as any man's. "We were in Beaumont two days ago! And you've been on your feet ever since, night and day, carrying messages one way or the other?"

"Carrying or standing by," murmured Tait, whose eyes were closing heavily. "A man don't get much sleep standing by." The three pickets exchanged comprehending glances. They were themselves men so weary that their muscles had almost lost the power of feeling. For more than a week, day after day, they had fought and crawled forward and dug in, and fought and crawled forward and dug in again, flirting every hour with death, till nerves were torpid and imagination itself was drugged; but they could still feel for a comrade who was even wearier than they. Yet jaded as they were this comrade's message had made their hearts to leap, and though their rugged sanity had instantly rejected the fantastic idea, it stalked again like a ghost which required reason for its laying. It was Charlie Younger who proceeded to this task by placing a roughly affectionate hand upon the shoulder of the prostrate man.

"Don't you suppose, Bill, you've kind of gone daffy on this armistice stuff?" he intimated tactfully. "You've been thinking about it so much or something?"

"Your mind has kind of been running on the end of the war, hasn't it?" inquired Higgins, meaning to be helpful.

Tait was almost asleep. His features had relaxed and there came a looseness to his drawn lips that was like the smile of a drowsy child.

"I've been thinking—how nice it will be—when we all go home," he answered with a long-drawn ruminative sigh.

"Why, of course!" declared Corporal Thatcher with authority. "That idea was in his mind when he sort of fell asleep on his feet, and when he waked up his memory didn't distinguish between the dream and the fact. That's good psychology all right."

But Tait half roused at this. "It goes into effect at eleven," he declared stubbornly; "at eleven. Not a gun—not a hand grenade—after eleven—not nothing; *pas rien*, boys, *pas rien*." He drowsed off again.

W-o-w-w-w-w-w-w! Another Flying Dutchman had let loose in the ravine below them, and instinctively the men ducked, but too late to have been of any use; and they laughed at their own absorption in failing to note its whizzing approach. Then for a moment all three were significantly silent. Their minds were busy—running back through enlistment scenes, through days in training camps; and days in transports, when vague uncertainties about the adventure ahead mixed with present dread of foes beneath the surface of the waves about them; and then of more days in training camps of one sort and another. At last had come the fighting experiences—Belleau Wood, Soissons, St.-Mihiel, the Champagne and the Argonne. They had been in them all, and this quartet—Thatcher, Younger, Higgins and the absent Breede, if he was still living—were all that was left of a platoon. Those six fighting months bulked larger than all the rest of life, and it was hard now even to try to think what the world might be like without fighting. Yet perhaps—nay, no doubt—they did try.

"Gosh!" sighed Private Higgins after the interval.

"Amen!" murmured Charlie Younger; meaning, of course, amen to the sigh.

"Say!" roused Corporal Thatcher suddenly. "Say!" And he had Tait by the shoulder and was shaking him violently. "Wake up! If it's an order to stop the war at eleven it isn't just verbal—you've got it in writing."

"Huh?" grumbled Tait, staring stupidly from blood-veined eyes. "What?"

"In writing? The written order!" bullied Thatcher.

"Oh, the written order!" iterated the runner in a dazed way, and then as if memory had at length connected the present with the past he fumbled deep in his pocket, produced a crumpled piece of paper torn from a field-order book, handed it to the corporal and immediately sank back to slumber on the soggy earth.

Eagerly Thatcher smoothed the wrinkled sheet and scanned it, with the others peering over his shoulder.

"The front of the second battalion will be advanced to the top of the ridge, coördinates 4131–3407 and 4151–3414 at fourteen-thirty o'clock," read Thatcher in amazement; and then a sickly sneer curled upon his lips.

"Armistice—hell!" he said. "We go over the top at two-thirty this afternoon; that's what we do."

Turning he kicked scornfully at the prostrate form of the runner, Tait; but Tait was for the time being deliciously indifferent to the cuffs and scoffs of an ungrateful world.

"The advance will be preceded by five minutes' artillery preparation, starting at fourteen-twenty-five," the corporal read on.

"Just enough to advertise that we are coming," peeved Private Higgins, who was experienced enough to have a great respect for a good barrage and a supreme contempt for a poor one.

(Continued on Page 115)

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ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

(Continued from Page 111)

"You said a mouthful, Hig," agreed the other private.

"Company commanders will instruct patrols to complete such reconnaissance as is possible of ground to be taken before twelve hour," concluded the reader, and stood in silence contemplating the order.

A heavy sense of his responsibilities flowed in upon the young man as he crouched and weighed the document in his hand with the eye of an experienced military strategist, for such Thatcher had become. The major general up at division headquarters did not know better what to do in the exigencies that would confront him than the corporal in those which might present themselves at his door. This was an all-important fact. Indeed it is that which makes an army efficient in modern combat. As for Thatcher, it was his opinion that this was a corporals' war.

As Napoleon rose in his stirrups at Waterloo so Corporal Thatcher rose—cautiously—in his mudhole beyond the Meuse and surveyed the disposition of his forces, noting particularly the two excavations upon his right. In the last of these a single tin hat was occasionally visible. In the other there were two, those two being squatted under by a brace of young men who had proudly in their charge one of the new light Browning automatics. Noting that these men were properly on the alert the corporal gave the first of his orders.

"Charlie," he said, "it's up to you. Somehow Tait got through here with an order meant for battalion headquarters. He hasn't got another hundred yards in him. You'll have to take it down."

Charlie's face grew sober as he contemplated the exposed grassy slope beyond the woods at the bottom of the ravine.

"It's nothing so healthy working down to battalion H. Q.," he observed.

"It's not, at that," admitted the corporal; "but it's late and you'll have to shove off quick. On the way stop at the eighteenth company and show it to Captain Jackson. Tell him that the outpost of the fourth platoon, Corporal Thatcher commanding, has sent two men forward for the reconnaissance called for in the order and they'll be back on time, but it isn't any daisy-picking expedition."

Charlie, reading the message again carefully, to fix it in his mind in case any accident befell the field order and he himself survived, planted the paper deep in his pocket and looked to his cartridge clips. Private Higgins thoughtfully dragged the slumbering runner into Adam's end of the funk hole.

"Turn loose with the Browning on those tree tops for the next ten minutes," ordered the corporal. "That'll keep the snipers so busy dodging they won't pester Charlie much when he crosses the open down there. Under cover of this same automatic barrage Hig and I will start that little reconnaissance up the hill."

As these directions were concluded Charlie Younger was setting out resolutely enough for battalion H. Q., but he turned back and stuck out a large dirty hand to the corporal.

"Shake, Thatch!" he proposed, with no note of apology in his voice.

The corporal seized the hand and wrung it.

"Good luck, Charlie, old cheese!" he mumbled.

The corporal and the private watched for a moment as Charlie zigzagged down the ravine, and before the two in their turn started in the other direction they gravely shook hands with each other, as if the notion had become infectious.

"Marie's the one to write to," confessed Otto.

"I always knew it," replied Thatcher, quite unsmiling.

But the Browning had begun to snap now and the two men sidled upward into the bushes.

"We try to meet under that old pine with the top shot out of it, up yonder on the knot in the ridge," directed the corporal as the paths of the two scouts diverged. "Do you make it out all right?"

"I've got it located," said Higgins, taking a sight at the beheaded tree on the bluff above.

"And we've got to keep an eye out for Adam," reminded Thatcher.

"Bet your life!" responded Hig with emphasis. "Something has happened to him all right."

And something had.

He had gained the barn safely enough, finding its stone-walled farmyard deserted of all inhabitants save some industriously scratching chickens whose active presence proclaimed a miracle in that they had so far escaped the rude ravages of war. The walls of the barn and other buildings were shell-broken and rifle-pitted, but the peace of an interregnum appeared to have settled down upon the battered old structures.

It wanted now less than eight hours since Adam, after a succession of wet nights in the open, had been rendered wetter still by falling off a pontoon bridge into the Meuse, and this old barn with considerable areas of its roof unbroken and full of a comforting warmth from steaming piles of manure, proved singularly alluring. Climbing to the loft he assembled an armful of dry straw, bound it round with a withe of the same, and then, though ready to depart, lingered under the spell of the place and perhaps of the farmer blood in his own veins, until his roving eye fell upon something white and smoothly round on the floor of the old mow. It was an egg—warm to the touch—therefore new laid. An egg! It was months since he had seen an egg. Eternities since the taste of a fresh one had been more than a memory on his palate.

"I'll get that back to Otto," he decided. "Old Hig is always crazy for an egg. Fried now—in some bacon grease—that small globule of hen fruit wouldn't be too bad, eh? Hello!"

There had been a flutter of wings and a speckled hen appeared upon the sill of the loft, advancing with long tentative strides, head on one side and inquisitive eye cocked in the general direction of the now motionless figure of the Marine.

"Another one coming to lay," deduced Adam, stooping and placing the egg exactly where he had found it. "I'll hang round a spell and take back an egg apiece for us."

Adam now sought to effect a strategic effacement of himself from the purview of the hen, but she had spied him amid the shadows and halted with a warning cut-cut.

"Nice hen! Pretty hen!" cooed Adam, worming backward along the eaves till it seemed that the gloom must have swallowed him even from eye of fowl. The pullet was definitely alarmed, however, and retreated.

"Not forever can she postpone the urge of Nature," reasoned Adam, and settled himself deeper in the straw.

His patience was rewarded. Presently the little speckled hen was back, shaking out her feathers and settling with dainty propriety upon the nest.

It is slow work, however, waiting for hens to lay, and the situation must have become irksome to a restless person like Adam but that the dryness of the straw was slowly absorbing the dampness of the young man's uniform, while the utter lack of human sounds about lent a lulling sense of security.

"What's the matter with making a fire and drying off for sure?" he inquired, starting up with the force of a new and highly commendable idea. "It's a darned sight safer here than it is down in those old funk holes with the Jerries knowing we are there and trying for us every two minutes."

Acting on this impulse he found a means of exit to the floor below without disturbing the meditative little hen. Sometime later, while scouting round below, he was rewarded by hearing the merry cackle of achievement.

"Next!" murmured Adam contentedly, surveying meanwhile the feathered brood about him for prospects of other hens of egg-producing disposition, and added gloatingly: "Who says I won't cop that old rooster off and take him down for a little family stew when I go back?"

Indeed, Adam was at this time feeling quite contented with himself, for he had found a plentiful supply of dried fagots, and a little fire was going in the corner of the old barnyard. Having stripped off his clothes, garment by garment, he had them hanging in a circle about the blaze, suspended on the shafts and wheels of wagons and convenient portions of various farming implements. His shoes being the wettest portion of his outfit were suspended closest to the fire on prongs of a hayrake. Reminded by the chilling breeze that he was naked, and by the sharp gravel that he was barefooted, he had arrayed himself with all the grace of a Comanche chief in an old boche blanket found in the oxcart and had thrust his feet into a pair of wooden sabots that waited tenantless outside the kitchen door.

Rifle in hand he was patrolling before his drying garments, the oddest sentry-go the A. E. F. had ever witnessed, when "Cut-cut-ca-da-a-a-cut!" announced the hen. Though a French hen, she was speaking the same language as the hens of Nebraska, and Adam understood her instantly. It seemed to him, however, that a good while had passed since he began the making of his fire.

"Would that be the speckled hen, now, I wonder, or another?" he inquired of himself after making that exultant remark to the rooster. He decided to see.

Climbing a ladder in a blanket, however, was not the easiest feat Adam had ever performed, and the rifle he was carrying with him to the loft was therefore going to be but an added and unnecessary piece of impedimenta. With admirable forethought he left it behind, leaning reposefully against the open tail gate of the oxcart, and arrived weaponless, with his eyes at the level of the loft floor, just in time to witness an unnatural act.

The speckled hen having laid her egg and advertised the fact in the traditional manner turned and plunged her bill voraciously into it. While Adam looked on, too astonished to move, she ate it, shell and all, and in like fashion launched a drive at the first egg, which was not her own but the product of a sister's industry.

"You cannibal!" protested Adam, finding outraged speech at last. "You eggeater!"

Exasperated thoroughly he sprang to the floor of the loft and lunged toward the depraved creature, but too late to save the other egg, having destroyed which the hen fled mockingly, with a bit of the shell in her bill. Still pursued she leaped through a yawning shell hole in the roof and took wing to the yard below. For an instant Adam's flaxen head appeared behind her in the shell hole, with a baffled expression on the flushed features, and then was suddenly withdrawn.

"Well I be jiggered!" gasped Adam, sinking into the straw, his florid face paling. "Well I be jiggered! What the Sam Hill am I going to do now?

"Get my gun first thing," he decided, and began a rapid descent to the floor below—as rapid, that is, as the cumbering blanket, which continually tangled in his feet, permitted. Eventually Breede's Number Nines became hopelessly interned in its involving coils and he pitched headfirst to the soft carpeting of broken straw and refuse that lay thick on the flagged floor of the cow stable. In the fall the soldier lost both his wooden shoes, and as he rose he abandoned his intention to rush immediately out into the barnyard, on account of a great ja-ja-ing that broke out there, accompanied by shouts of throaty laughter.

Avoiding the door Adam reached by circuitous routings a grinning crack in the wall from which he could peer out. The four boches whose approach he had descried from the aperture in the roof had discovered the fire and his drying garments and were making wildly merry over the situation. One rifled his blouse while a second gave attention to his trousers pockets. There being nothing for the other two to loot, each at the same moment snatched at Adam's drawers and each gained a leg; whereupon a playful tug of war resulted in a manner disastrous to the garment in hand.

"Leg from leg!" raged Adam as he saw his necessary underwear meet its inevitable fate. And then he inquired of the circumstances again: "How am I going to get my gun?"

This was a highly pertinent question, since the weapon in question still reposed innocently against the tail gate of the oxcart, with enemy forces all round it. The situation, however, was just now rendered more acute, for all at once it seemed to strike those enemy forces that the American soldier to whom this equipment belonged was to be looked for in the immediate neighborhood.

Accordingly they abandoned their horseplay and turned toward the barn.

"Four armed boches against one Marine with nothing on but a blanket and no weapon but his fists—the odds are not too great," declared Adam stoutly.

But having given hostage to courage by making this declaration in his heart he began next, and as a proper concession to military necessity, to organize a cautious retreat along the dark shadow of the wall into the less obvious parts of the structure which sheltered him.

Now it is a merciful provision of Fate for the soldier beleaguered in an old French barn that such structures are often rather complicated affairs. They generally occupy two sides of a rectangle and on the third side merge themselves into the farm residence. This one was no exception to the rule. Adam, backing up, had encountered an alley between pig sties, the smell alone sufficient to proclaim the character of their erstwhile occupants. But though there issued no grunting of porkers to give advertisement of his whereabouts the boches moved in this direction as if guided by some unerring instinct.

With his eyes accustomed to the shadow, and having the advantage of position so far as visibility was concerned, Adam retreated again, through a granary and into a kind of wood room. Here a bundle of fagots disobligingly fell down as he passed, making just clatter enough to direct the pursuers aright.

"I sure am out of luck!" conceded Adam Breede in disgust, and cautiously tried the hasp on a door the smell from the keyhole of which betokened vinegar or wine.

He entered this and found himself in a still darker room but with the shape of a wine press dimly outlined, and with guttered concrete floors with vats let into them. Adam knew the vats were there, for he stepped in one and found himself up to his knees in some fluid.

"Champagne, most likely!" he grieved; "and I haven't got a minute, and my feet don't drink."

This floundering in the vat again made a noise sufficient to summon the boche hunters onward, and as Adam emerged from the vat and found his hands groping against a yet heavier door upon the farther side of this room he heard them stumbling forward over the fagot heaps, coming cautiously but chattering to each other in very good heart because they knew the object of their search was weaponless and unarmored even by clothes.

This second door which Adam had encountered proved of less height than the other but of very heavy construction, so that he could with difficulty manipulate the huge oaken hasp or swing the ponderous affair upon its hinges. When it did yield a rush of cold air came out, heavy with a perfume that was more delicate and more appealing than the sweetish odor of the pressing room.

"The wine cellar!" breathed Adam excitedly, and hastily stepped within. A wine cellar, especially if it was of any size, should afford wondrous nooks and hiding places, and somewhere in it there might be a ventilating shaft through which one could climb to safety.

(Continued on Page 119)

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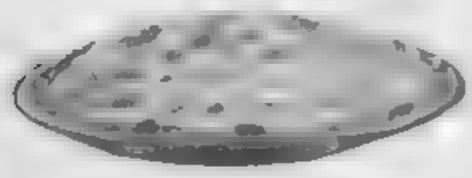

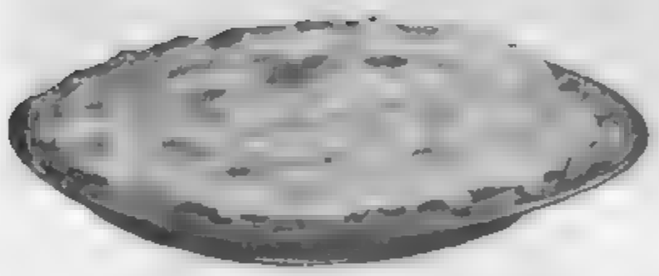

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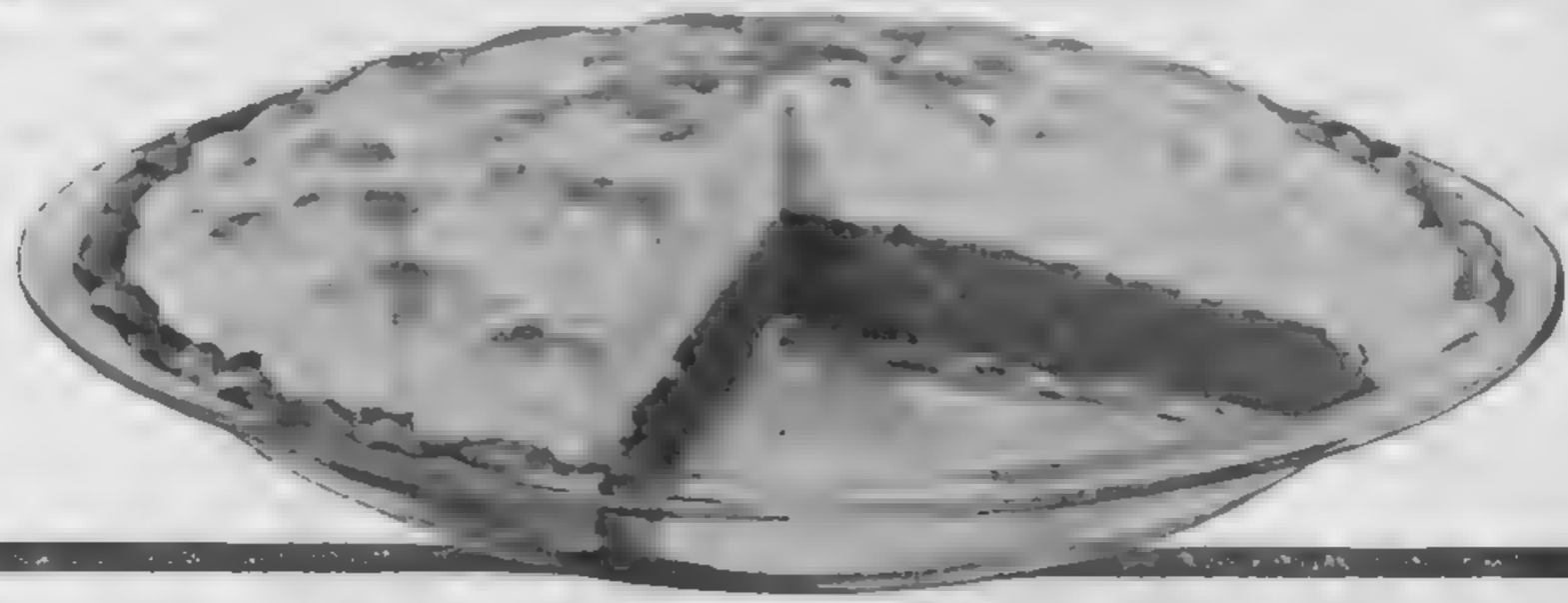

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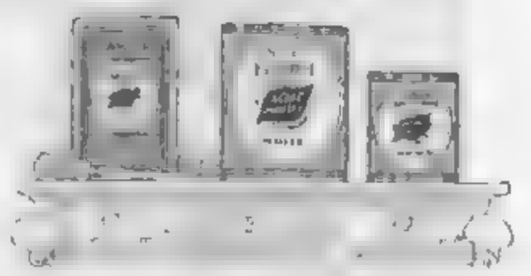

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(Continued from Page 115)

But while Adam stood a moment peering into the darkness he heard a muttered exclamation and a splash behind him, and knew that a boche had slipped into the vat and was floundering in it. However, the floundering one's grunt of dismay gave place to a shout, and in a moment all of them were down upon their knees guzzling at the wine. The Marine could hear them lapping and grunting like hogs over swill.

"In five minutes they'll drink themselves woozy, and I'll take four prisoners," promised Adam to himself.

But the boches were more cunning and more pertinacious than that. After wetting the first layers of throat lining, as it were, they turned once more to the business of pursuit and capture.

Apprehending from his cellary darkness that the pursuit had begun once more he executed a tactical maneuver sharply to the right, but experienced a dizzy sensation as he detected solid ground no longer under his feet, and himself dropping into space. The drop was a short one, mercifully—no more than six feet—and he brought up with a smash at the bottom of some stairs leading evidently to a subcellar. His head got a bump that left star shells hanging in the air and Adam's consciousness of just what was happening retired to some observation post a long way off, so that he knew but dimly when his pursuers entered the cellar above him and began groping forward, saving themselves a like fate with him by moving straight ahead.

"The poor old bean!" murmured Adam, holding his head in his hands and then caressing his other sore spots tenderly.

But action rather than self-pity was indicated by the circumstances. Silently he crept up the steps, listened momentarily to the groping sounds on ahead in the darkness, and in an instant was out of the door and swinging it to with a heavy jar as the oaken bar fell into place behind it.

"There, darn you," he was panting, "that'll detain you for a while," when a rifle butt crashed down upon him.

But in the dark the blow glanced, and Breede turning adroitly struck out into the shadow and grappled with something that grappled as promptly with him. Together the two wrestled backward across the old winery floor and together they splashed into the wine vat again, but with Adam twisting eel-like till he was on top, when having gained a hold upon his antagonist's throat he held him under till a stream of gurgling bubbles and gradually weakening resistance suggested that victory was about to become his. Then he hauled his prisoner up, limp and gasping, and dragged him through the wood house, past the pigsties and the cow stable into the fullest light of day in the open courtyard.

Inspection here revealed that Adam had captured a weak and undersized man who, thoroughly pummeled and three-quarters drowned, presented a spectacle so sorry that the victor could take little pride in his conquest, but flung the fellow down by the fire and turned to recover his gun and his uniform. The gun was there right enough, but the garments had disappeared.

"How many Heinies have I got shut up in that dungeon—two or three?" Adam interrogated of the prisoner or anything else about that might deign to answer, at the same time perking his ear to listen to the din, faint, far-off and smothered, echoing from the caverned recess in the hillside behind the winery—a din of shouts, curses, pounding gun butts and the occasional futile rage of discharged rifles, but all so muffled by distance and thicknesses of ponderous oak that in the general atmosphere of pulsing sound that filled the firmament from horizon to horizon it would have escaped the notice of any who did not have vivid reason for expecting it.

"Take 'em about a solid week to batter out of there unless one of 'em's got a bomb in his pocket, and chances are strong they haven't or they'd have let it go before now," reflected Adam contentedly; and again he surveyed the place where his clothing had been displayed and now was not. Nothing remained of it except the sundered undergarments.

"Souvenired my duds!" he exclaimed in disgust, and paused now to survey himself. His blue shirt, once dry and unfrayed, was wet-soaked. He took it off and found his wet and shivering body taking on a ghastly hue from the crimson wine.

Adam retrieved the wooden galoshes from the barn, urged thereto by the harshness of the pebbles under his tender soles. "There's foot comfort anyway," he philosophized, "if you can call it that when each one of 'em weighs a ton."

With the two separate parts of his drawers he next fashioned himself a piece of field equipment like to that of Kipling's Gunga Din, "nothin' much before, an' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind," but nevertheless sufficient to satisfy his native modesty somewhat.

"Where'd they go, Heinie, these duds of mine?" he demanded of his cowering prisoner, kicking him into alertness of mind as he made a comprehensive gesture toward his own unsheathed ribs and the places on the barnyard furniture where his garments had hung to dry.

The little boche appeared to understand, but there was no hint of humor in his frightened eyes as his glance confessed that he recognized his captor's plight. He jabbered something incomprehensible and waved his hand out the gate and up the hill.

"Souvenired by somebody up the hill, eh?" interpreted Adam. "Well, I sure can't go back without my duds. Lead me to 'em, Jerry—but lead me careful, ho!"

And the breechclouted soldier of the sea made warning menace with his bayonet, whereat the little man nodded quick submissive understanding, and avoiding the open farm gate led the way through a broken piece of wall into a bypath that meandered through bushes round the back of the farm buildings and up the hill again.

"I have a distrust of paths," said Adam after a few minutes, and waved his man off into the bushes. Here noiseless progress was so slow that they must have consumed ten minutes in going one hundred yards.

"Halt!" commanded Adam suspiciously. "What's that I hear?"

It was evident that the bedraggled little prisoner heard something also, for an odd, wondering light appeared in his beady rodent eyes.

"Singing, by jiminy! Deutschland über Alles, huh? Golly, but it get's my nanny how you Heinies can sing when we're licking you every day. You must like getting licked."

It was not necessary to presume that the prisoner understood these observations of Adam, but the puzzled expression continued upon his face. Adam meanwhile continued to work forward toward the singing, though with natural increase of caution, until at length the surmounting of the ridge brought to view upon its farther side a small amphitheaterlike hollow. It was from this that the raucous yodling proceeded.

"Heinie!" whispered Adam sharply, "if you emit a single yip I'll let my toadsticker plumb through your commissary."

The little man's demeanor bore abundant witness that he comprehended the gravity of the situation, whether he grasped the exact significance of the words that had been addressed to him or not. He flattened motionless and silent on the ground as betokening that his was a subdued and conquered soul from whose mind resistance or betrayal or strategic maneuver of escape was the farthest possibility.

Using the boche's body as some slight additional bulwark—a sort of parapet, as it were—Adam raised his head cautiously and peered over through the narrow space between the top of the prisoner's back and the bottom fringe of the leafy screen formed by the bushes above him.

"Dancing!" exclaimed Adam in amazement. "Do I see what I see, or don't I?"

What he seemed to see was a circle of boches, perhaps half a dozen in number, with twining arms upon each other's shoulders, executing a grotesquely hilarious dance while they sang lustily with heads rolling and voices soaring high.

The little boche prisoner after a moment could not resist his own curiosity. He, too, lifted his head and peered cautiously. Then a shouted word caught his ear, his small body stiffened excitedly and he listened the more intently, after which he turned to his captor with a whispered string of excited stutterings that the Nebraskan could no more understand than so much Esperanto.

"What's eating him now do you guess?" speculated Adam. "Same thing as them, I gamble. Heck! This must be the Kaiser's birthday. The big stiff! Wonder they wouldn't send us word. Then we could all have celebrated together. . . . Cor' Gosh! I must be having a chill." And Adam, plentifully scratched by the bushes through which he had been creeping and plentifully doused with icy drippings from still wet branches, was violently reminded of his garmentless condition.

"I've got to have my duds pretty soon," he chattered, "or I'll be having the Rumania. Six boches! One Marine ought to be good enough for six boches, even on the Kaiser's birthday; especially if I can get between them and their guns before they finish singing Meet Me by the C-c-c-cowshed, K-k-kaiser! Come along, Heinie!"

Adam was for stepping out of the bushes and skipping daringly down the hill, when the appearance of a marching platoon of men dragging machine guns after them halted him.

"Too many for me," he admitted modestly; "and too populous round here anyway. Come on, Heinie, we'll suspend the quest of our pants and prospect round a bit. When I see as many Jerries as that in front of me I'm not exactly panting for pants anyway."

Once more motioning his prisoner to precede him Adam headed into the denser brush and began to think of making for his own lines.

It was about this same time that Corporal Thatcher and Private Higgins ended successfully the first leg of their scout by crawling almost into each other's arms amid the ancient accumulation of rocks and brush at the nearly inaccessible foot of the beheaded pine tree.

"See anything of Adam?" inquired the corporal, first off.

"No. You?"

"Nup; not a single red hair of him," replied Thatcher, shaking his head gravely. Then he took a long careful survey of the brush-covered side hill with its crescent-shaped indentation upon one slope of which he had just advanced by a series of the most patient and painful self-effacing movements of which he had been capable. "Well, Hig," he inquired after a moment, reverting by the change in his tone to the general situation in which they found themselves, "what do you make of it?"

"I'm puzzled," admitted Higgins. "There's a bunch of the cleverest machine-gun positions I ever saw down there, double pits, every one of them, perfectly camouflaged, and echeloned as neat as you ever saw, one drawing in behind the other as they extend back up the hill till there isn't a leaf or a blade of grass that couldn't be whipped to shreds from 'em."

"It's the same layout on my side," declared the corporal. "The position's deadly. But what puzzles you?"

"Why, they're empty. There's not a gun in 'em—not a man in 'em. There never has been. They prepared the surest death trap I ever saw, and then they went off and left it. There's something phony about it, Thatch."

"I think so," agreed the corporal. "They're empty on my side, too, but I'm not so sure they've gone off and left 'em. Building those pits was an engineer job. It was done this morning; they're just through, and the gunners might be off taking a sleep somewhere, and ——"

"Whist!" warned Otto.

Thatcher's voice was instantly hushed and the two men crouched motionless and listening while the sound of clumping feet on the rocky hillside trail came over to them, accompanied by the grate of grinding steel on granite.

"You're right, corp," whispered Otto, whose position afforded him the first view. "There's an M. G. company going in now, a hundred of 'em, dragging their guns behind them."

"For God's sake!" gasped Thatcher as the significance of the movement dawned on him. "Our attack must have been tipped off to them," he reasoned after a moment in hollow tones of pain and chagrin.

"Fifteen minutes after the second battalion starts up that hollow—with all those machine guns in position—there won't be any second battalion," mouned Otto hoarsely.

"You're right, bo," announced Corporal Thatcher, speaking with solemn deliberation as he visioned the picture: At two-thirty this afternoon the magnificent second battalion, still eight hundred strong after the heavy fighting of last night and this early morning, entering the woods bravely, buoyantly determinedly—and then, fifteen minutes later those woods carpeted with a new and terrible kind of autumn colors; carpeted with the yellowish hue of khaki and crimsoned with running splashes of vital red. A tear forced itself from the corporal's eyes—eyes not given to tears.

"You're right, buddy." In moments of extreme emotion it is the human instinct to disregard barriers of rank and get as close to the fellow man as possible. "You're right."

But another idea had now obtruded itself upon the mind of Private Higgins.

"Thatch," he whispered, "Thatch"—twice, as if to detach the mind of the corporal surely from all other considerations—"we're cut off. We can't get back."

The corporal was silent for another interval.

"'S right," he concurred presently. "We can't."

"L-l-l-look at 'em!" groaned Otto again, as a second company of machine gunners appeared on the other side of the rock, also filing at an angle into the woods on the left.

Corporal Thatcher observed this newest manifestation of enemy intent calmly.

"Otto," he announced, "we have got to get back. Got to!"

Higgins regarded his corporal with grave approval.

"We have," he responded laconically.

"So our artillery can just about set these woods on fire with thermite," elaborated Thatcher. "They can't use gas because we've got to go through ourselves in a few minutes, but if we get 'em the right coordinates on the map there won't be anything left of these fellows but cinders when the second battalion starts over."

The corporal drew out his map and bent over it, compass in hand, completely absorbed for the moment with indicating the machine-gun positions thereon with the most careful accuracy.

"Fire's getting heavier," commented Otto, cocking his ear as if to screen out the near-by clatter and grate of iron-shod heels and steel gun runners on the rocky paths below them.

The upper air was indeed full of sound. It thundered from horizon to horizon and back again, while a kind of brassy haze hung beneath the drifting clouds.

"Been getting heavier ever since we started," affirmed the corporal.

But besides that distant roll of thunder there was, immediately overhead, the sound of shrieking, moaning, sizzling shell, the departures singling themselves out from the arrivals unmistakably to the practiced ear.

"And it's getting heavier every minute now," he continued, folding up his map. "It sure listens like Fritz was trying to burn up all the powder he's got in this one day."

"And Kaiser Bill said the war was going to end at eleven," remembered Otto with irony.

Thatcher smiled derisively. "It's twenty minutes to eleven now," he noted.

"How do we get out?" inquired Otto. "Got a plan?"

"No! Bust out!" said Thatcher sententiously.

"I suppose you're going to wait till these fellows get by, at any rate," suggested Otto, slyly puncturing his corporal's tones of bravado as he nodded toward the machine gunners still trickling by.

"We might as well let 'em pass, I reckon," answered Corporal Thatcher, though unsmiling and taciturn now, his face taking on that expression of black solemnity which most men wear under circumstances like those in which the corporal and the private found themselves.

At length the file did pass.

"Now we've got to look out for stragglers," warned Thatcher; "some darned busybody lieutenant or captain trailing along behind."

"There he goes," observed Otto as some kind of officer, attended by noncoms and an orderly, clumped past, plucking at his fierce mustaches fiercely. "Always look like they're on parade before the looking-glass, don't they?"

"Now," ordered Thatcher after a respectful interval, "you cover the crest there with your rifle while I cross the trail, and I'm not going to be long about it either. Then I'll help and cover the crest while you hop over."

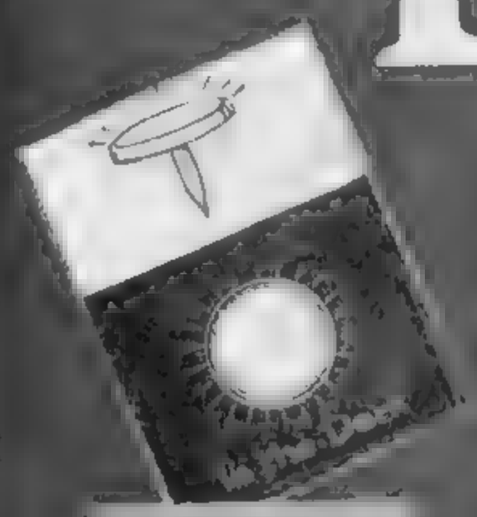
This maneuver was completed successfully.

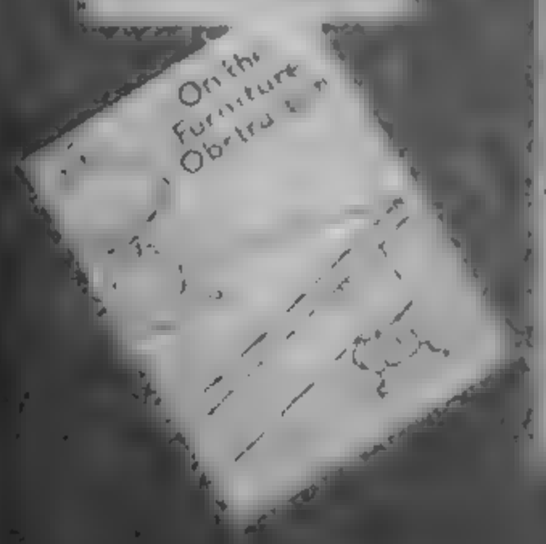
"Work to the left is my program," announced the corporal; "down the hill to the left. We ought to be able to squeeze through somewhere and beat it while the beating is good."

"Sounds as good as anything," conceded Higgins, though a trifle gloomily, and followed his corporal, whose manner of going forward was one adopted closely from the serpents of the earth.

(Concluded on Page 123)

Ingersollite Locaters





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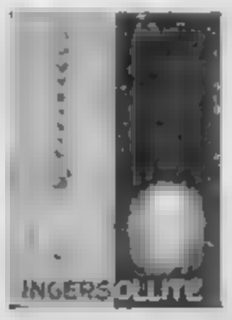

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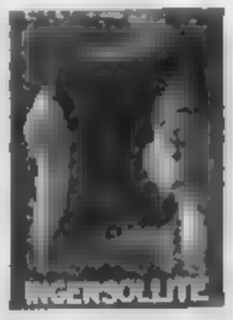

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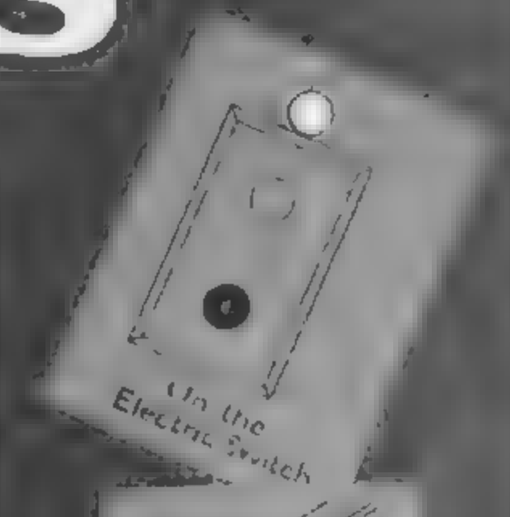

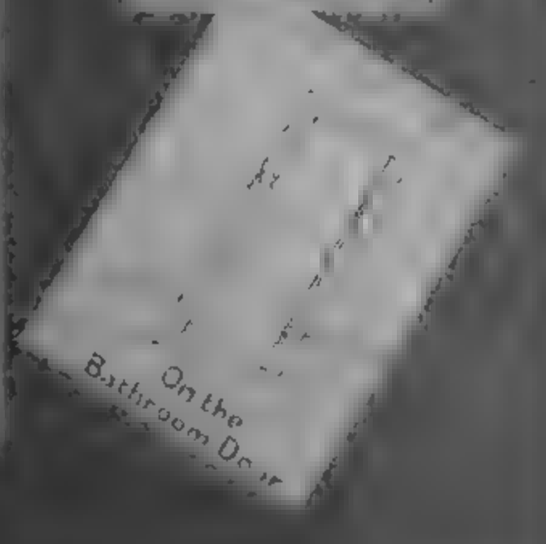

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(Concluded from Page 119)

"I'm wearing my tummy clean out," admitted the corporal himself after a little. But they crawled steadily forward, with occasional pauses for minute and painstaking observation.

"Gosh!" gusped Otto in the midst of one of these, and all but obliterated himself in the grass.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded his superior officer impatiently.

"I saw a naked Hun."

"Naked?"

"He looked like September Morn. Nothing on but his helmet."

"Well, that's no reason to be so scared. I'd be more afraid of one with his clothes on."

"But he had his gun. He was sneaking along through the brush like he'd seen us, and he had a potato masher in his hand, all ready to lob over. Gosh, I see him now!"

"Give me a squint."

Otto yielded his post of observation behind a stump, and the corporal peeping warily also discerned the naked body, gleaming white through apertures in the screen of branches, though the upper part of the torso and the face were screened from view.

"Skinny-looking brutes, aren't they?" he commented. "Don't know that I ever saw an uglier pair of legs than those."

"What do you make of him parading round here in the altogether?"

"Crazy!" opined Thatcher. "They say half the Huns are crazy one way or another."

"Is he coming any closer?"

"No, standing still. Stock-still."

"I could put a bullet through his heart easy. He'd think it was somebody kissed him, and—curtains!"

"And bring the whole show down on us," frowned the corporal. "Not on your life! No; we don't shoot till we have to."

"Maybe he don't see us after all," speculated the lively minded Otto.

"Oh, there's two of 'em. The other's got his clothes on all right. He's kind of crawling ahead of the first guy."

"Crawling? What are they so careful to keep out of sight for behind their own lines? That's more than I can see."

"They're stalking us all right," gloomed Thatcher.

"Maybe, but I don't believe they see us now," urged Otto, worming in where he also could observe the figure. "The way his body's turned he's looking in the other direction."

"We'll move off very careful," decided the corporal. "You start and I'll cover him. If his gun comes up we know we're seen and I'll pump him full. Then we'll hop and run for it—fight for it—any old thing so one of us gets through with the info about this M. G. ambush."

Otto wormed six feet onward with the corporal watching the visible portion of the nude figure like a hawk.

"He don't move," whispered Thatcher. "Maybe it's a statue—one of these poetical figures the French are always sticking round in out-of-the-way places."

"Only they're beautiful," reasoned Otto. "This fellow certainly has got the knottiest legs. I'll cover him now and you come on. There now—there—he's moved! He's turning! He's going back up the hill. Naked, by gum, except for a G string round his middle! Well, if that don't get me!"

"Keep your head down," ordered the corporal shortly as Otto in the excess of his curiosity forgot himself somewhat.

The two men crouched and crawled onward steadily, from rock to rock, from thicket to thicket, progressing ever downward, and ever obliquely to the left and toward a salient where the last of these ambushed machine-gun positions joined the boche front line.

"Did you ever hear such artillery fire in all your born days?" inquired Otto as they paused to breathe and he lifted his eyes to the reverberating heavens.

"I didn't think it could be heavier than it was a quarter of an hour ago, but it sure listens like it. Why, the ground is shaking under me—that is, unless, by gum—" he interjected with a burst of candor—"unless it's just me trembling."

"Five minutes' artillery preparation. Heck! They're giving us five hours. If they'll only put some of it in the right place! What time have you got?"

"Five to eleven. Hum! That last M. G. trench is about thirty yards over there, isn't it? It looks empty. Maybe we've beat 'em to it. If we have, Otto ——"

Corporal Thatcher's sentence ended in a great gulp, which of itself showed how deeply he had despaired and how greatly he dared now for a moment to hope.

Their position was at the rear of and slightly above the short shallow trench, but as they looked a knot of boche helmets suddenly appeared above the parapet.

"No use!" the corporal ejaculated with a kind of choke in his voice.

The reëntry of despair into the human heart after momentary departure affects different men differently. It affected Otto now to an attempt at dolorous humor.

"Oh, saddest words of tongue or pen—it might have been," he said.

But the corporal getting a fresh grip upon himself was grimly thoughtful. Beyond the machine-gun position on the left was a road—a road that led straight down to where the corporal and Otto so much desired to go—a road that was apparently cunningly screened from observation by skirting brush; but both men knew the boche mind well by this time, and the details of much of his strategy. They knew it was a thousand to one that road was covered, so that even if they gained it a spurt of death would greet them. No; if they escaped it must be through a breach in this echeloned formation of double machine-gun pits.

"We might turn back and try to make it between the second pit and the third," suggested Otto. "I thought the distance there was a little wider."

"Try it, then," ordered Thatcher shortly.

Otto reversed himself and began to squirm back, then stopped abruptly.

"The naked boche!" he whispered. "He's behind that rock there, looking down. He's looking right at us."

"We ought to shoot him, the depraved cuss!" decided the corporal.

"That's what I say, blast him!" muttered Otto desperately. "This whole situation is getting on my nerves." And he took careful aim at the unsuspecting Adam Breede.

"But we dassent," reflected Thatcher. "We're too far back of the line. If we should fire a shot here a whole platoon of these gunners would be on us in a minute. We wouldn't have a chance to start a run for it even."

Baffled and almost despondent they crawled back again.

"Otto," announced Thatcher solemnly, "this is a forlorn hope now. Our chance is to rush the last trench, lob over a couple of bombs, jump in with our bayonets and clean 'em up, then run for it straight ahead through the brush, figuring that one of us might ——"

"Yeh," interrupted Otto, eager for definite action of any sort. "That's it.

"I'm a dead shot with a grenade at twenty yards," Otto remarked when they stopped crawling next. "We can't be more than twelve now. I can hear 'em breathe almost."

"You take the bunch on your side; I'll take these on my end," directed Thatcher. "We'll pull the pin and count one—two—three, and let 'em have it. Remember, one of us has to get through, you know. Even if you're shot through the heart, Otto, keep going, old boy. It's the whole second battalion, you know."

"You bet I know!" said Otto with the fervor of honest devotion in his tones.

The two men did what they had done before that morning and never previously in the war. They shook hands with each other. Then each drew out a shiny goose egg of steel and examined it solicitously.

"Ready!" said Otto.

"Pull!" Thatcher was just going to say, when a strange expression came over his face. He had heard the cackling of a hen near that barn way up there.

"How still it is!" he exclaimed.

"Still?" echoed Otto, and he lifted his face with a look almost of fright upon it. "Why—why—darned if it isn't still, Thatch!" he stammered.

In the sky above was a kind of far-distant rolling echo, a prodigious specter of a sound that died away slowly like the death rattle of a universe, but round them all was silence. There was not a voice of cannon, of trench mortar, of machine gun, of grenade—of anything. The two men gazed at each other in a sort of soul hush.

"What's it mean?" demanded Otto.

"Search me!" declared Thatcher, unwilling to admit the one thought that had instantly leaped into his mind.

"Could it be the—the ——"

"The armistice!" There. The corporal had jerked his thought out bluntly.

"Then Bill Tait wasn't lying, after all?"

The two men reached out and clutched each other violently. Then both faces in their bewilderment turned toward the trench, for something peculiar was happening there. The men in it were in listening attitudes, awed as Thatcher and Higgins were awed, by this miracle of sudden silence.

There was a difference in their manner, however; they listened as if only to make sure of something, and then tossed off their helmets and began to dance and sing and shout.

But at this juncture a flying nude figure bounded upon the parapet, and the astonished Otto and Thatch, still crouching in the bushes, heard a familiar voice shouting: "Kamerad, darn you! Kamerad!"

For a moment the boche celebration was completely spoiled. With the song gasping dead in their throats the Jerries fell back in fear and amazement from the astounding spectacle of Adam Breede and the threatening menace of his brandished bayonet, as if they beheld an apparition.

"Kamerad!" commanded Adam harshly, frowning and flourishing his shiny blade. "Kamerad!"

Hands went up round him, and voices shouted "Kamerad," but they were half-laughing voices, roaring, guffawing voices of men who after a brief consternation nudged one another and went off into peals of mirth as they saw the puzzled look grow on the face of their eccentric captor, a look which proved that he was not insane but merely laboring under a misapprehension.

"Cut it out, Adam!" ordered Corporal Thatcher, coming forward to assume his responsibilities. "It's the armistice!"

"Well, you sons of guns!" exclaimed Adam in astonishment. "Where did you come from? Armistice! What the ——"

"It went into effect at eleven o'clock—that's three minutes ago," explained the corporal in as matter-of-fact tones as he could command in view of the cataclysmic processes of mental adjustment through which he had just passed. "And now, why this September Morn stuff, Adam? Where are your clothes?"

"Some boche souvenired 'em while I was taking a swim in a tank of champagne," explained Adam briefly. "But, say!"

Cheers and yells and songs and laughter, all in German voices, echoed from the woods, and the mystified expression on Adam's face was increasing. "What is this armistice stuff? What do you mean—armistice?"

"War's over," responded Corporal Thatcher.

"The hell it is!" expostulated Adam in a high-keyed voice. "Why, I haven't got half through licking 'em yet—the dog-goned kameraders!"

The tall nude young man gazed about him in supreme disgust. As the sounds of hilarity in the woods behind him increased his expression of disgust also increased.

"Sounds like they thought they'd won the war," he grumbled.

"Don't it?" assented Otto Higgins.

But a timid touch on the arm recalled the attention of Adam to his duty toward his captive, who still followed him docilely, as a well-trained prisoner should. Now, with a meek deprecatory smile the runty boche pointed to his exuberant comrades and repeated the old jaw-breaking formula of incoherent gutturals which he had tried so many times upon his captor in the last half hour.

"Ho?" inquired Adam in sudden comprehension. "The armistice? That what you been trying to tell me all this time—that the armistice was coming?"

"Ja!" And the bland little Hun nodded amiably.

"Well, get to blazes in there and enjoy yourself with the rest of 'em!" exclaimed Adam; and he skillfully planted his wooden shoe in such a way as to supply sudden transportation for the prisoner into the ditch with the other jocular celebrants of defeat.

"Let's get out of here!" directed Thatcher. "They make me sick—holding a jollification over getting the tar licked out of 'em. Blast 'em! I hate 'em worse now than I did before."

"Wait, I've got three prisoners up the hill," recalled Adam, hesitating. "But, no; I don't want 'em now; and the little boche will remember to turn 'em loose, I reckon."

The three Marines stepped boldly out into the open road. What a change a few minutes had wrought! Death no longer lurked in the open spaces. Trees and craters, heights and ditches, stumps and bowlders—had all alike become harmless. No death dropped down from the sky. None surged up from the ground beneath their feet.

Yet the men did not talk. They were rather solemn; and as they walked toward their own lines they noted that there was silence there as well. Just where the road opened on the grassy slope Charlie Younger and Bill Tait came hurrying to meet them.

"Thank God, you're back!" exclaimed Charlie.

"That order of attack you found in my pocket had been superseded by the armistice," Tait hastened to explain.

"I've got that all figured out, Bill," responded Thatcher a trifle sarcastically.

But Charlie and Tait, once their anxiety had been relieved, had gone off into whirlwinds of laughter at the spectacle of Adam.

"They picked you pretty clean, Breede," Charlie taunted.

"Oh, I'd have had 'em back all right, but the armistice came too darned soon," he retorted.

But it was plain that Adam was embarrassed and ill at ease, and as they walked along blushes did not confine themselves to his face but chased themselves all over his body.

Meanwhile Charlie was reciting hurriedly to the whole party what he had learned at battalion headquarters of the terms of armistice.

"Hold!" broke in Adam earnestly. "See Foch, Charlie, at once and get him to add one thing to all this list of material to be turned over. Have him add my pants. Just my pants will be enough. They can have the rest. And I'd like 'em now. I hate awful to walk down the company line this way."

Charlie winked at Thatch. Otto nudged Bill Tait.

"Adam's sensitive about his legs," whispered Tait.

"I don't blame him," conceded Otto, taking occasion now to study them critically at closer range.

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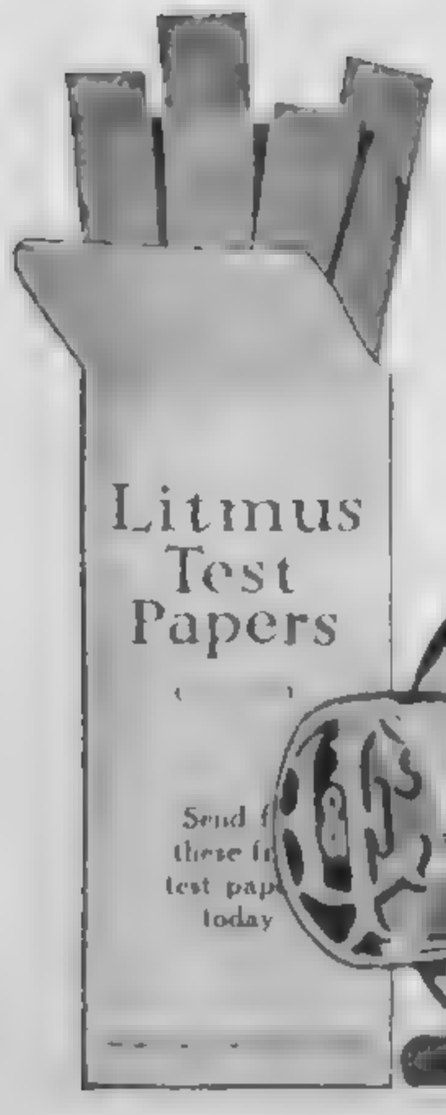

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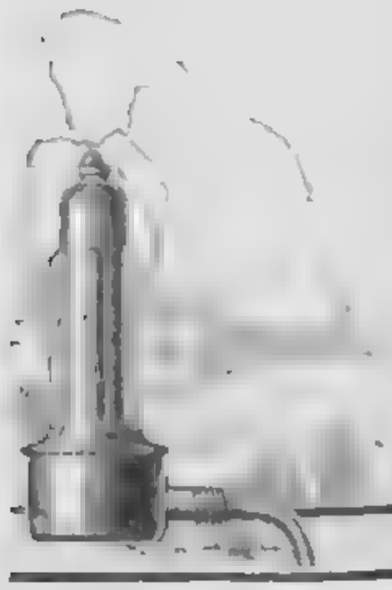

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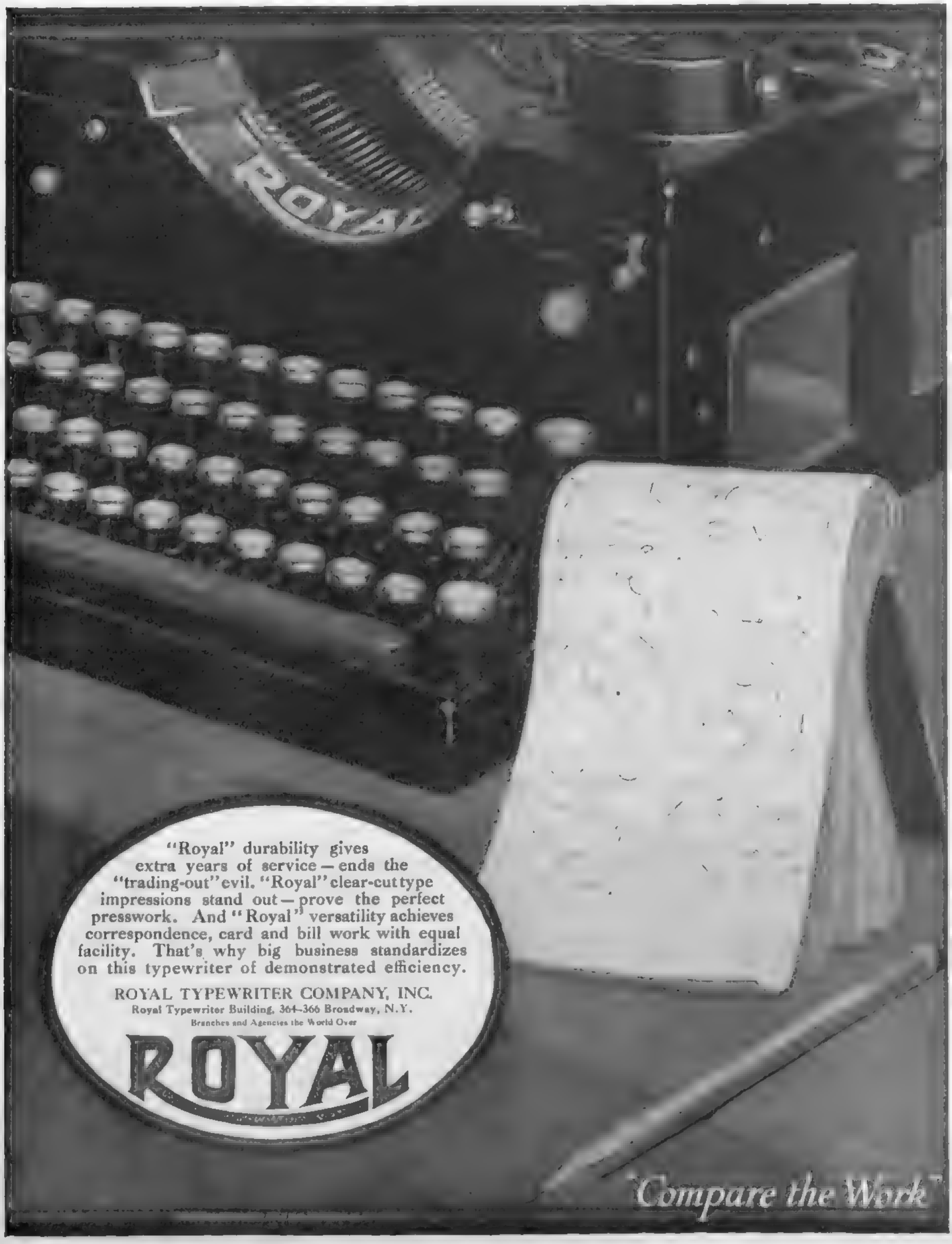
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JOAN OF ARC—By W. B. Maxwell

ADELAIDE, the under housemaid at Belmont, was a very shy, diffident girl; so much so that, dressing for her evening out, she blushed at the sight of her brilliant new hat. She felt that if she had been pretty it would have been easy enough to carry off such a hat; but she wasn't pretty, like Edith, the parlor-maid, and she knew it. She was not grand and dashing, like Mrs. Vaughan, the cook; not elegant and graceful, like Emily, the head housemaid; not even black-haired and pale-faced or full of fascinating sauce and impudence, like Loo, the kitchen-maid. When chaffed she never had an answer ready; and if she thought of one afterward she was too timid to go back and say it.

She looked out of the window of her attic bedroom and wondered if Lyndhurst, the small house on the other side of the road, would ever let again. It was beginning to have a shabby, war-battered aspect, in painful contrast to the general prosperity of Hill Road. Between the side walls of Lyndhurst and the villa next to it she had a fine view of the clustering roofs of the suburb; and farther off she could see the open country, and the main line of the South Western Railway, along which the troop trains had already been running for nearly three years.

Unseen, at the bottom of Hill Road, was the corner round which you plunged into traffic, gayety, noise—trams and omnibuses passing by; the big public houses, shops, cinema theaters—life! It was at this corner that young men used to hang about, waiting for the young ladies of Hill Road on their evenings out. But no young man had ever waited there for Adelaide.

Thinking of the corner she felt almost too shy to face it—especially in her new hat. But it was her evening out, and she had to go out. Presently she had sidled round the corner, and was in the crowd of the big street. In spite of the hat nobody took the least notice of her; she might have been invisible; and gradually she became less self-conscious and more capable of enjoying her promenade. By the time she had reached the third picture palace and was standing outside it looking at the posters and the photographs she had quite forgotten herself.

"Joan of Arc: The film that aroused a nation." She stood gaping at the highly colored portrait of a young lady in armor on a white horse. "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Do not miss it. It has moved young and old, on both sides of the Atlantic. You cannot see it and go away just the same as you were before."

What did that last bit mean? Adelaide raised her gloved hand and felt her hat, with a return of uneasiness. And then the young soldier spoke to her.

"Going inside?"

"Beg pardon?" said Adelaide, almost fainting from the suddenness of this surprise attack.

"I passed the remark, whether you were going in to see the show."

"I wasn't intending," Adelaide gasped.

"No more was I," said the soldier; "that is, not alone. But I don't mind if you don't. Shall us?"

Adelaide was speechless.

"Come on then," said the soldier, and he led her through the hall to the pay box.

"I got my purse," said Adelaide, finding her voice in the closeness of the danger.

"I treat."

"Oh, no—please!"

He had done it, paid for both; and next moment he was holding her firmly by the arm, guiding her through the darkness, keeping her off many toes that she would otherwise have martyrized, preventing her from sitting on a strange gentleman's lap, and finally depositing her in an unoccupied seat side by side with himself. Her heart was beating wildly, her thoughts were in a whirl. She was out with a soldier, being stood treat to the pictures! Breathing fast she peered toward the stage.

It was the end of a prairie sketch. As usual the sheriff and his posse were arriving at a gallop. They released the men bound to the tree, and the lights went up; and Adelaide saw the closely packed audience, and glanced at her soldier. He was sun-burned, young, fair-haired.

"War nougat," said a brightly dressed girl attendant coming along the gangway with a small tray of boxes. "War nougat. Nougat bits. Very sweet. Nice nutty flavor."

"Here, miss," said the soldier. "Give me a box, please. How much?"

"Two shillings. Thank you."

"Do you eat that stuff?" asked Adelaide, determined to make conversation.

"No, but I expect you do." And he handed her the box of war sweets.

"Oh, no! I couldn't think—I can't allow ——"

"Gammon. Don't be huffy about it. Why not? I meant no offense."

Adelaide to her indescribable surprise saw that he was blushing. And a wonderful but very comfortable idea flashed into her mind: Could it be possible that he was almost as shy by nature as she was?

"I'm not offended," she hastened to assure him. "I think it's very kind of you; only ——"

"That's all right then." And he smiled at her. "I'm on leave, I am. I saved up for it."

The lights went down, and a brief exhilarating interlude entitled The Runaway Motor Car was vividly presented. Adelaide sucked her sweets, laughed at the runaway car until she nearly choked. When the lights went up again the soldier was wiping tears from his eyes.

"I do like a laugh," he explained as he slowly recovered his composure. "My name's Budd—Dick Budd. You haven't told me your name yet."

"My name's Cross—Ad'laide Cross," said Adelaide, carefully imitating the formula.

"I'm out in France, with my battalion. The Sixteenth Battalion."

"It's dreadful out there, isn't it?"

"No; it's right enough."

"You say that, but I don't expect you mean it."

"O' course I do!" And he looked hard at her, as though not understanding why she should doubt his word.

"Were you always a soldier—I mean, before the war?"

"No; I was in a warehouse."

Never in her life had Adelaide experienced such a sequence of pleasurable sensations—delicious flutter of excitement, laughter, sucking sweets; and now an unforced flow of conversation; a swiftly evoked mysterious sympathy that made companionship joy, that destroyed bashfulness.

"When it's over what will you do—go back into business?"

"Not me, Ad'laide. No, I shall go out to the colonies."

Then the lights went down again and the piece of the evening began.

One was introduced to a charming American girl who had dressed for a fancy ball as Joan of Arc. In this costume she showed herself to her elder brother, a man of considerable position under the Government, who expressed admiration of the attractive costume by face and gesture, and finally asked her a simple question in large plain handwriting:

"Who was Joan of Arc?"

No question could have been more opportune; for most of the audience, including Adelaide, were anxious for information on the point.

The young lady replied to him with a concise written statement; and time being permitted for it to soak into the audience all became duly seized of the historical or traditional fact with regard to the Maid of Orleans.

The elder brother immediately changed the conversation, becoming frowningly serious and saying to his sister:

"The war is not going well. There are too many sleepers. I despair of waking them."

Then after the ball the young lady went about America on a white horse with a banner, and woke the sleepers. Everybody flocked to the banner. The women as well as the men—both sexes could help.

But this was not all. Next one saw her in the war itself. She had traveled the horse; and on its back in France she did remarkable things. The generals trusted her more and more, and when they had given her full powers she fairly got the Huns on the run. But at length the routed commander in chief of the enemy by subterfuge captured her and shot her as vengeance while the whole mob were hurrying back to Berlin. Her last words flashed upon the screen:

"I do not die in vain. Those I have awakened will not sleep until the work is done."

Of course the unrolling of this drama took a considerable time; the film was a long one; intervals were allowed. During the intervals Adelaide talked volubly to her companion. Her face was flushed, her eyes glowed, her voice shook a little with emotion; she had been carried completely out of herself. She was a different girl. But for the hat her fellow servants would not have recognized her if they had seen her chattering to the soldier.

"Dick, is it like that out there?"

"Well, I can't exactly say I've seen such things myself. I been mostly in Flanders and down by Arras. I don't quite follow how she got up so far like. Mostly the girls—you know, the ones in khaki as well as the nurses—aren't allowed not to come up beyond the principal headquarters. I should have thought the military police would have stopped her."

"But the generals invited her—to save the situation."

"Ah."

"Dick. Tell me true: Where the girls do get to—are they ever under fire?"

"You bet! They get shelled proper now and again. Why, you'll see the nurses' names in the lists."

"Then if a girl showed herself what Joan of Arc showed herself?"

Dick saw her home, right up Hill Road to the gate of Belmont, where they lingered, talking confidentially. It was a splendid summer night and Adelaide looked up at the moonlit sky wondering if the fine atmospheric conditions would tempt Hun raiders. Instead of thinking about the coal cellar as a refuge she imagined herself seated in a battle plane high up there waiting to drive off the intruders. She felt like a sleeper awakened; great thoughts stirred in her.

"Ad'laide, you see I like you."

"I like you, too, Dick."

They promised to write to each other, and moved up the road a little way to exchange postal addresses that they scribbled in the shaded light by a lamp-post.

"I shall come straight to see you next leave. I'd come again this leave if I wasn't booked down home at Poole."

"You mayn't find me here, Dick. But I'll write and tell you wherever I go to."

"Promise—and kiss on your promise. I like you, Ad'laide."

"I like you, Dick. But, Dick, I shan't never marry you unless I feel I'm worthy of you."

"Well, I haven't gone so far as to ask you that, have I?" Then as if struck by an ungallant turn in these words or as if suddenly making up his mind he said with firmness: "But, you know, I want for us to be engaged like."

Adelaide answered not firmly of tone, for there was a little break in her voice, but with a decision of purpose that was unmistakable.

"No, Dick, you go away from me free, an' you'll come back to me free. Think of your duty first an' me afterward. An' remember my words: I shan't never consent to marry you unless I feel in my own self I'm worthy of you."

As Adelaide said these and other astounding things, trifling with an offer that would have seemed fantastically advantageous a few hours ago, she looked upward to the summer sky. Tears had come to her eyes, and unconsciously she raised her hand, assuming the exact attitude of the film young lady during the delivery of that last speech, "Those I have awakened will not sleep until the work is done."

"I shan't change my mind, Ad'laide."

"Nor I mine. Good-by, dear."

And they hugged and parted.

With the feel of his lips still on her face and the pressure of his arms still seeming to encircle her body Adelaide stood by the kitchen table at Belmont and talked to her fellow servants.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Vaughan, the cook.

"And I don't understand you," said Adelaide. "But I begin to. There's many things in this house wants understanding. The missis—Mrs. Carter—she's easily understood. Keep the home fires burning. That's to say, five able-bodied women who might be helping to win the war kep' here to coddle and fuss over one idle woman—and her a widow too. Funny she and the dog would look if they met the enemy advancing round the corner!"

"Oh, we've heard that tale before," said Edith, the parlor maid.

"And much you'd have done to prevent it coming true! You take the dog out regular, don't you, morning and evening, in almost all weathers? And Mrs. Carter she gives you a blouse—one she's tired of wearing—for your devotion to Bingo, doesn't she? I understand that part of it. But I tell you, cook, and you, too, Edith—I tell the lot of you, I don't understand how you've the face to carry on with it. And I don't understand how you'll look—but precious foolish, I guess—when the boys come home an' ask you, some of 'em, what you've done to help the cause."

It was not new; but coming from such a quarter it created a considerable sensation. In the old-fashioned melodramas an immense effect used to be produced when the supposed deaf, suddenly abandoning his disguise, defied and harangued the oppressors; and the effect of Adelaide's outburst was essentially of the same character. She, the tongue-tied, the downtrodden, had found a voice and disclosed herself as outrageously uppish in spirit. Surprise robbed her hearers of all power of repartee; for once it was they and not Adelaide who had no answer ready. No sauce or impudence came from Loo, not a flash from Emily; one after another they drifted away in crestfallen silence, leaving Adelaide seated on a corner of the kitchen table and negligently swinging by its strings the new hat.

Mrs. Vaughan was the last to go, after bolting doors and locking cupboards. Yesterday she would have ordered Adelaide out of her kitchen before retiring herself. Tonight she said: "Turn the lights off, please, when you come up."

(Concluded on Page 131)

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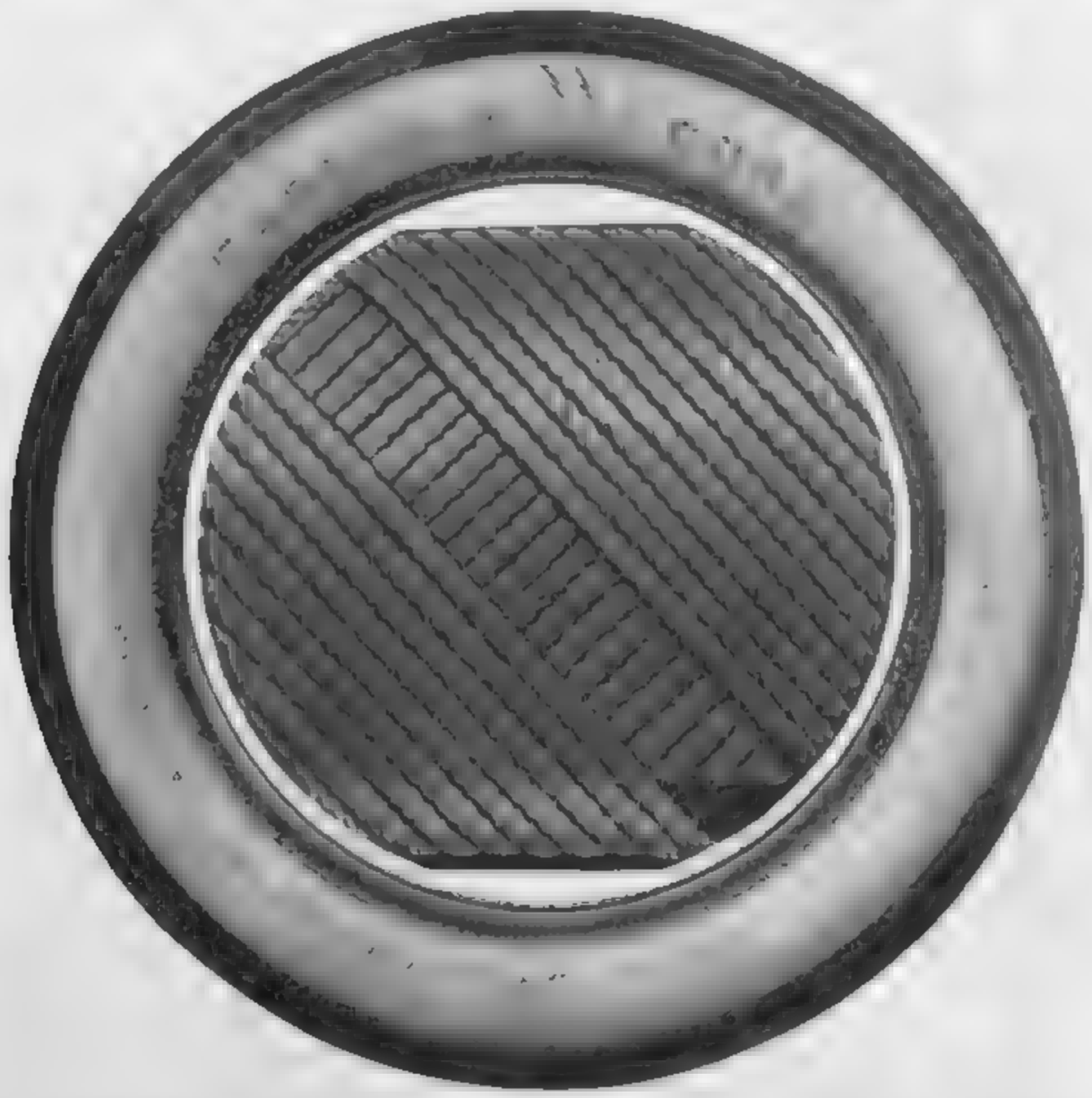

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Economy!

There is one big reason why there are more Torbensen Rear Axles in service than any other type of truck axle—

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TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

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The trial was made, and Miss Finlayson did not suffer—far from it. She had never been so comfortable in her life. Adelaide, always improving, by the summer had developed into that greatest of household treasures, a perfect general servant. It was not only that she got through the work of three people; she did it so much better. The brass was always shining, the steps were spotless, the hot water was never cold; and as a *tour de force*, or crowning proof of energy, Adelaide allotted a day in each week to give one of the rooms a thorough spring cleaning.

"Oh, my dear girl," said Miss Finlayson one evening in a burst of genuine enthusiasm after her good dinner, "what a wife you will make! What a wife you will make, some day, when the war is over!"

Adelaide flushed, then turned pale, and her lips trembled.

"Are you engaged, Adelaide?"

"No, ma'am. But I have a friend, and I'm very anxious about him." And Adelaide began to cry.

It was so long since she had heard from him, and she doubted if her own letters ever reached him. At night she used to have dreadful dreams that he was killed, or taken prisoner, or that he had quite forgotten her. But for the hard work she would have gone out of her mind from anxiety. Then, when the summer was nearly over, the milkman brought across the road a letter that Dick had addressed to her at Belmont. Her hand shook so much that the milkman had to carry the milk for her into the kitchen. She waited until he had gone before she opened Dick's letter.

He was alive, not a prisoner, and he still remembered her. He had been transferred to another battalion, which had done a lot of moving about as well as a lot of fighting. But now things were quieter, and he hoped to get a turn of leave before long. He reproached her for not writing, and he put a great number of signs of multiplication or addition after his signature.

That afternoon she overcame her pride and reluctance, and going across the road faced her old fellow servants at Belmont. It was an ordeal, but it had to be gone through. She was obliged to ask them a favor. She begged that if her soldier turned up there looking for her he might be sent at once to the correct address. She could not risk the chance of misunderstanding or delay when Dick came round the corner and up Hill Road.

"A soldier?" said Loo wickedly. "I suppose you mean a brother officer."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Vaughan; "she's a general now, and we mustn't forget it." And so they chaffed her.

"To be sure. When you went into the army we knew you'd do well, but we never thought you'd go up so rapid as to be a general within the year."

Adelaide bore it all without flinching or attempting to answer back. She felt the pinpricks, but they were nothing to what she had experienced from her own thoughts.

It was in September when he came, still daylight after a warm day; and by providential good fortune Miss Finlayson was dining out and would not be back till late. They went out together, and along unfrequented footpaths between the villas and the fields. At such moments as the paths were quite empty they did a lot of hugging; and really to any tender-hearted person it would have been touching to hear them talk to each other.

Adelaide told him all about it—her high aspirations, her vow to do something great or perish in the attempt, and her total and miserable failure. Before she had finished she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"I tried, Dick—I did try. An' they, they wouldn't let me. An' I've worked, Dick. I've learnt to cook real well. I do the whole house for her, and she praises me. I'm not the helpless, useless girl I was—but when I think of all I dreamed and hoped I feel I've nothing to live for, and I want to go straight to the river and commit suicide."

"No, don't do that," said Dick. "Live for my sake. We'll be married soon's the war's over. And we'll light out for the colonies. All this cooking and housekeeping, what you speak of, will come in very handy out there."

Then they went to the cinema theater—the one where they had first met—and sat with clasped hands, except when the lights were up. They saw runaway motor cars, and jolly Wild West scenes, and Adelaide felt happy again.

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"Are you engaged, Adelaide?"

"No, ma'am. But I have a friend, and I'm very anxious about him." And Adelaide began to cry.

It was so long since she had heard from him, and she doubted if her own letters ever reached him. At night she used to have dreadful dreams that he was killed, or taken prisoner, or that he had quite forgotten her. But for the hard work she would have gone out of her mind from anxiety. Then, when the summer was nearly over, the milkman brought across the road a letter that Dick had addressed to her at Belmont. Her hand shook so much that the milkman had to carry the milk for her into the kitchen. She waited until he had gone before she opened Dick's letter.

He was alive, not a prisoner, and he still remembered her. He had been transferred to another battalion, which had done a lot of moving about as well as a lot of fighting. But now things were quieter, and he hoped to get a turn of leave before long. He reproached her for not writing, and he put a great number of signs of multiplication or addition after his signature.

That afternoon she overcame her pride and reluctance, and going across the road faced her old fellow servants at Belmont. It was an ordeal, but it had to be gone through. She was obliged to ask them a favor. She begged that if her soldier turned up there looking for her he might be sent at once to the correct address. She could not risk the chance of misunderstanding or delay when Dick came round the corner and up Hill Road.

"A soldier?" said Loo wickedly. "I suppose you mean a brother officer."

"Yes, of course," said Mrs. Vaughan; "she's a general now, and we mustn't forget it." And so they chaffed her.

"To be sure. When you went into the army we knew you'd do well, but we never thought you'd go up so rapid as to be a general within the year."

Adelaide bore it all without flinching or attempting to answer back. She felt the pinpricks, but they were nothing to what she had experienced from her own thoughts.

It was in September when he came, still daylight after a warm day, and by providential good fortune Miss Finlayson was dining out and would not be back till late. They went out together, and along unfrequented footpaths between the woods and the fields. At such moments as the paths were quite empty they did a lot of hugging; and really to any tender-hearted person it would have been touching to hear them talk to each other.

Adelaide told him all about it—her high aspirations, her vow to do something great or perish in the attempt, and her total and miserable failure. Before she had finished she was sobbing on his shoulder.

"I tried, Dick—I did try. An' they, they wouldn't let me. An' I've worked, Dick, I've learnt to cook real well. I do the whole house for her, and she praises me. I'm not the helpless, useless girl I was—but when I think of all I dreamed and hoped I feel I've nothing to live for, and I want to go straight to the river and commit suicide."

"No, don't do that," said Dick. "Live for my sake. We'll be married soon's the war's over. And we'll light out for the colonies. All this cooking and housekeeping, what you speak of, will come in very handy out there."

Then they went to the cinema theater—the one where they had first met—and sat with clasped hands, except when the lights were up. They saw runaway motor cars, and jolly Wild West scenes; and Adelaide felt happy again.

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The Silver Edge Protects You from "Cheap" Substitutes

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY BRIDGEPORT CONN.

CONTROL OF THE JOB

(Continued from Page 12)

Its main business was to devise ways and means best suited to the exigencies of the time. Through thick and thin the committee held fast to this big fact: The trouble was not one altogether of wages, hours or conditions. All these had a part, a very large part, in the temper of the industrial districts. But they counted for less than many people supposed. Adjustments may be made to meet demands in wages, hours, and the like; frequently matters look as if settled for good, but soon the same old discontent crops up. This has been the case in Great Britain throughout the war, and I dare say it is typical of industrial history everywhere else. The milk in the coconut is a larger share in control over those matters which affect the daily interests of the workingman. Naturally the average employer is unprepared for any such scrambling of his managerial eggs, and it is not too much to say that the average worker has not prepared himself for much service in this respect.

But the subject does not end here. Though the mass of England's industrial workers do not clamor for the ousting of the employer, suppression of his managers and executive force, and the substitution of a new régime composed of the names on his pay roll, the idea of a larger share in control has taken root. And during these reconstruction days a vigorous and unwearied group of industrial crusaders are pushing it with millennial ardor. But, as I have said, the general temper is not extreme, the specter of Russian conditions, if nothing else, serving as a grim caution against flying leaps with the industrial organization.

Practical Suggestions

The Whitley Committee saw what wise employers have also seen, that there is an instinct among the workers which represents something wholesome in human nature and something beneficial to industry if a way could be found to satisfy it and yet keep industry sound. The committee held that the way of promise was in the direction of building on the idea of mutuality—not of the lion-and-lamb-lying-down-together business, but the idea of association between equals, between necessary principals in the industrial organization. And with this controlling thought the committee proceeded.

The Whitley Committee was appointed "to make and consider suggestions for securing a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen. To recommend means for securing that industrial conditions affecting the relations between employers and workmen shall be systematically reviewed by those concerned, with a view to improving conditions in the future."

In March, 1917, the committee reported, recommending the establishment in all well-organized trades of joint standing industrial councils, representative of employers and employed; and in July of that year a letter was addressed by the Minister of Labor to all the principal employers' associations and trades unions, asking for their views. By October, 1917, so many favorable replies had been received that the War Cabinet decided to adopt the report as part of its reconstruction policy and instructed the Ministry of Labor to assist in the formation of joint industrial councils. In October, 1917, a second report on joint standing industrial councils was presented, further elaborating the scheme.

At the present time joint industrial councils have been established in the baking, bedsteads, bobbins, building, chemical, china clay, furniture, gold and silver, hosiery, leather goods, matches, paint and varnish, pottery, rubber, silk, vehicle and building trades. Negotiations are going on in the surgical instruments, waterworks, woolen and worsted and other trades.

The machinery suggested by the Whitley reports is based on the principle of local option. The committee recommend that in addition to the national councils representing the whole industry there should be created joint district councils and works committees, subsidiary to the national councils. The district councils would deal with questions having a local character; the works committee would deal with all questions domestic to a particular plant.

It is a feature of the scheme that the constitution of the national and district councils, of the works committee, and of all subcommittees of any of these bodies, shall be based upon the principle of equal representation of employers and employed. A typical council will thus consist of an equal number of representatives appointed by the employers' associations and the trades unions, the chairman as a rule being chosen alternately from among the employers and the workers. The exact lines on which works committees are formed vary according to the conditions of the several industries, but in each case the lines adopted are the result of agreement between the employers and the men.

Whatever methods of representation and voting are adopted special consideration is given to the position of foremen and others in similar posts. These men are sometimes members of the unions and sometimes not. In some cases they have their own unions. Their functions are partly those specially belonging to management, partly those of labor. Their position is one of great importance and they may become either a great aid or a serious obstacle to progress. The steps taken to insure their representation vary in each industry, but the committee lays emphasis on their place in any successful operation of the plan.

The Ministry of Labor supplies any national council with a representative appointed to act as a liaison officer between the council and the various government departments. The acceptance of such assistance is purely voluntary, and a nominee of the ministry is appointed only at the request of a council. A majority of the councils have, however, made this request.

As to the scope of the councils the Ministry of Labor has made the following suggestions:

Means to secure the largest possible measure of joint action between employers and workpeople for the development of the industry as a part of national life and for the improvement of the conditions of all engaged in the industry.

Regular consideration of wages, hours and working conditions in the industry as a whole.

The consideration of measures for regularizing production and employment.

The consideration of the existing machinery for the settlement of differences between different parties and sections in the industry, and the establishment of machinery for this purpose where it does not already exist, with the object of securing the speedy settlement of difficulties.

The collection of statistics and information on matters appertaining to the industry.

The encouragement of the study of processes and design and of research, with a view to perfecting the products of the industry.

Industrial Research

The provision of facilities for the full consideration and utilization of inventions and any improvement in machinery or method, and for the adequate safeguarding of the rights of the designers of such improvements, and to secure that such improvement in method or invention shall give to each party an equitable share of the benefits, financially or otherwise, arising therefrom.

Inquiries into special problems of the industry, including the comparative study of the organization and methods of the industry in this and other countries, and, where desirable, the publication of reports.

The improvement of the health conditions obtaining in the industry, and the provision of special treatment where necessary for workers in the industry.

The supervision of entry into and training for the industry and coöperation with educational authorities in arranging education in all its branches for the industry.

The issue to the press of authoritative statements upon matters affecting the industry of general interest to the community.

Representation of the needs and opinions of the industry to the government, government departments and other authorities.

The following objects have also been included in some of the council constitutions:

The consideration of measures for securing the inclusion of all employers and workpeople in their respective associations.

The arrangement of lectures and the holding of conferences on subjects of general interest to the industry.

Coöperation with the joint industrial councils for other industries to deal with matters of common interest.

Demobilization and resettlement, the training of disabled soldiers and sailors, the position of returning apprentices, the priority of release of "pivotal" men from the army and navy, education, and the rationing of raw materials, are among the subjects that have already been taken up by councils formed under the scheme.

Now in this scheme of industrial organization there are three points that seem to call for special emphasis:

In the first place, the scheme goes a long way toward securing industrial autonomy. Though the decisions of a national industrial council have no statutory force they do represent the considered opinion of the employers and the men, and in practice they are binding on the industry as a whole.

Elastic Machinery

In the second place, the machinery is decentralized and elastic. The provision for district councils and works committees is of importance, for it insures the direct discussion and settlement of local questions by those whom they immediately concern. It is clear that the possibilities of development are very wide. Here is a simple and elastic machinery by which all the parties to any industry can be brought together for coöperation. New methods of organization can be tested by experiment, and adopted or rejected according to the teaching of experience; and in the meantime the ordinary work of the councils and committees creates an atmosphere of broader sympathies and understanding in which the discussion of new issues can be carried on with a better prospect of general agreement.

In the third place—and this is the most important point of all—the object of the councils is not merely to settle or even to avert disputes, but, as I have pointed out, to secure cooperation in the improvement of industry; and this idea is nowhere better expressed than in the work of the Builders' National Industrial Parliament, which was in process of formation at the time the first Whitley report appeared.

Though the decision of the Ministry of Labor to treat councils as the channel of communication adds greatly to their value it would be a mistake to lay too much emphasis on this official relationship. The great advantage of the plan is the opportunity for industry to work out its own salvation in the light of its own special knowledge.

The principal report of the Whitley Committee, published in March, 1917, was unanimous, and its recommendations have gained universal recognition as a wise and practical compromise between the views of the conservative employer, who regards all trades-union activities with suspicion, and the revolutionist, who aims at destroying the existing industrial structure altogether.

The main proposal of the Whitley Committee—the establishment in every industry of a permanent joint council of employers and employed—looks on the face of it obvious enough. In point of fact, the acceptance of that principle was a revolution in itself, for it meant the recognition of a community as the basic fact in the industrial world rather than as an antagonism of interest between employers and employed. Always the development of industrial organization, both on the men's and on the employers' side, has proceeded entirely along separate lines. The employers' associations and men's unions have in fact acted as a continual challenge to one another, each trying to consolidate its own position in order to have power to drive a hard bargain with the other. The master stroke of the Whitley Committee was to take the two organizations as they stood and, far from trying to weaken the influence of either, try to make each as comprehensive as possible, in order that by acting together instead of in opposition they might be able to legislate effectively for all the interests comprised in the industry.

The Whitley Committee made one bold decision at the outset: It resolved not to trouble its head in the first instance about methods for settling industrial disputes. The secret of half the disputes that arise lies in the fact that both sides approach each other as natural antagonists and never get into serious negotiations at all till feelings on each side are already exacerbated by the signs of a coming collision. Get the men and managers to coöperate as a regular practice in fair weather, said the Whitley Committee, and in foul weather they will find their own way of averting a dispute before it becomes dangerous. Following that principle the committee stuck to positive proposals. Every trade, it said, ought to have at the center a national joint council, bringing together the men's unions on the one hand and the employers' associations on the other. That joint machinery ought to be reproduced locally in the form of district councils and works committees, each composed of equal numbers of employers and employed, with or without an independent chairman.

The kind of question a joint council reckons to deal with, either directly or through its local councils and committees, includes the better utilization of the workers' knowledge and experience; the means of increasing the control of the workers over conditions in industry; the settlement of the general principles of employment, such as the basis of time and piece rates and their relation to one another; industrial training; methods of negotiation on points of difference between employer and employed; industrial research and the application of its results; the use, development and protection of inventions and improvements devised by workers; general coöperation in increasing the efficiency of the industry; and the promotion of or declaration of a common opinion on legislation affecting the industry.

On that foundation Whitley councils in more than twenty different industries have been formed. The experiment so far has fully justified itself, but the time for judging it in earnest is not yet. War conditions of industry have been entirely abnormal. The national crisis was bound in any event to work powerfully for coöperation between employers and employed, and the influences operating against industrial disputes have been strong. The real test of the Whitley scheme will come in the next two or three years, when reconstructed industry settles down once more into fixed grooves.

How the Council Works Out

If the new coöperation can survive the pains of reconstruction and stand its ground under the new industrial conditions, its permanence as part of the established mechanism of industry should be assured. There is every prospect, indeed, that it will extend and develop into something more, for if the workers' demands for a larger control over industry are to be satisfied the Whitley councils provide the most obvious means of satisfying them constitutionally.

Before considering that, however, it is worth while examining the achievements of a Whitley council in actual working. One of the earliest councils to be formed was that in the painting and decorating trade. The national joint council was intended to meet four times a year, but it was found that at least twice as many sessions were required to deal with the business. Its purpose, according to its official statement, was "to promote the continuous and progressive improvement of the industry, to realize its organic unity as a great national service, and to advance the well-being and status of all connected with it."

The council does not profess to concern itself primarily with the settlement of industrial disputes, but its aid and advice are, in point of fact, constantly sought in local controversies. Its chief business has been the equalization of real wages throughout the country, the prevention of unemployment by the better organization of the industry, arrangement for the employment of disabled soldiers and sailors on such terms that their pensions shall not be allowed to depress the wage standard, the promotion of technical training and research, the conditions of apprenticeship and the pooling of schemes for the better conduct of the industry.

The wage question has been taken in hand in earnest, and rates have been

(Continued on Page 137)

"Well, Old Pal, you beat me home! But tell me—

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(Continued from Page 134)

revised in different districts—always with an upward tendency—with a view to establishing a national system of rates which will insure that men doing the same work in different parts of the country get a wage which, taking into account the variations in the cost of living in different districts, represents the same value.

At the same time the joint action of employers and men has proved singularly effective in bringing pressure to bear on any employers or operatives who had thoughts of staying outside the scheme for their own advantage. A case occurred in the early days of the painters' and decorators' joint council, in which certain employees were called out on strike by their trades union because their employer had stood out of the employers' organization. After contesting the matter for a month he swung permanently into line.

In other industries work at least as useful has been accomplished. The building-trades industrial council has opened a special employment exchange in London, managed by a joint committee. The chemical industrial council appoints each month a mobile conciliation committee, consisting of six of its own members, who undertake to be ready to go at a moment's notice to any part of the country to advise on the settlement of a dispute. The joint council for the china-clay industry is occupying itself with questions of education, research and statistics, and the health and welfare of the workers. The furniture-trade council has a committee for rationing raw material for the industry. In the woolen worsted trade a council following substantially, though not identically, the lines of the Whitley Council has been formed to regulate the trade during the transition after-war period, from the rationing of the raw material to the distribution of the finished product. In the shipyards the joint council has concerned itself particularly with the reduction of lost time and hindrances to output generally.

Let us look into the workings of one or two of these councils—the well-known industrial council for the building industry—the Building Trades Parliament, as many call it—and the national council of the pottery industry.

The story of the Building Trades Parliament can best be told in the words of one of its organizers and leaders:

"As a manager and director in several enterprises I have touched the industrial problem first hand. I became involved, much against my will, in the London building troubles of 1914. On the heels of the strike came the war, which was a wonderful demonstration of the whole people's unity. This gave me a lead. I began to realize that the old industrial idea of coercion, antagonism and resistance ignored some of the most powerful forces that actuated men. Thinking workmen said that the normal condition of industry is one of suppressed war. One employers' association issued a public statement calling for defense against labor aggression."

Friendly Coöperation

"What is the result of such a condition? Two groups meet as hostile bodies, a tug of war follows, and instead of constructive work we have sterile controversy and waste. Now industry needs no truce but courage to take forward steps, supported by the constructive genius of both sides in common council. I felt that labor should take the first step.

"Being no longer an employer at the time, I wrote to the organization of carpenters and joiners, my former antagonists, suggesting that they invite the employers' federation to join with them in setting up an industrial parliament, representing management and labor in equal numbers. My idea was not to supersede any existing association or to provide a new means to settle disputes. I wished to see all the parties mobilize for genuine service to the industry.

"Our wage schedule throughout the country, in over one hundred towns in England and Wales alone, was in a state of chaos, giving no end of trouble. By standardizing this schedule we should do away with a large part of the friction and with unfair competition. Prevailing methods caused needless unemployment, and cooperation would help reduce this evil. By common effort we could provide for the employment of partially disabled soldiers, which is an obligation on every industry, but there are difficulties connected with it which can best be settled in conference.

"There were questions as to the employment of women, trade training, overtime pay, traveling and lodging allowances, and discharge—all of which are matters best disposed of through a conference board which after discussion would work for standardized practice.

"Well, the upshot of it all was a unanimous agreement to start this work, and the parliament came into existence last August. In its membership are thirty-two employers, sixty-six building-trades subcontractors, and sixty-six delegates from the operatives' trade organizations. Here we have a new line for industry, representing true British tradition of justice and self-government as applied to industrial relations. The spectacle of organized management and man power uniting their energies on a program of reconstruction and advance is unique. The building industry is one of the largest and most important of the staple trades. It is time that barriers which have held it back give way to a real team spirit."

Constitutions make dry reading, but in view of the foregoing statement I can venture a few lines from the book of rules adopted by the parliament of the building trades:

NAME

The name shall be The Industrial Council for the Building Industry [Building Trades Parliament], hereinafter referred to as the Council.

OBJECTS

The Council is established to secure the largest possible measure of joint action between employers and workpeople for the development of the industry as a part of national life, and for the improvement of the conditions of all engaged in that industry.

Activities of the Council

It will be open to the Council to take any action that falls within the scope of this general definition. More specific objects will follow:

1. To recommend means for securing that industrial conditions affecting employers and operatives, or the relations between them, shall be systematically reviewed by those concerned, with a view to their improvement.

2. To consider, discuss and formulate opinion upon any proposals which proffer, to those engaged in the industry, the means of attaining improved conditions and a higher standard of life, and involve the enlistment of their active and continuous coöperation in the development of the industry, and to make recommendations thereon, including such questions as measures for—

Regularizing production and employment.

The provision of a graduated scale of minimum rates designed to maintain real wages as nearly as possible on a level throughout the country.

Minimizing the fluctuations of trade by intelligent anticipation and the augmentation of demand in slack periods.

Scientific management and reduction of costs

Welfare methods.

Closer association between commercial and æsthetic requirements.

The inclusion of all employers and workpeople in their respective associations.

The revision and improvement of existing machinery for the settlement of differences between different sections of the industry, or for the provision of such machinery where nonexistent, with the object of securing the speedy settlement of difficulties

The better utilization of the practical knowledge and experience of those engaged in the industry.

Securing to the workpeople a greater share in and responsibility for the determination and observance of the conditions under which their work is carried on.

The settlement of the general principles governing the conditions of employment, including the methods of fixing, paying and readjusting wages, having regard to the need for securing to all engaged in the industry a share in the increased prosperity of the industry.

Insuring to the workpeople the greatest possible security of earnings and employment.

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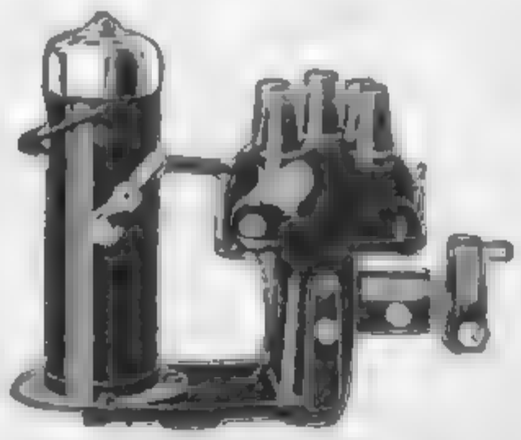

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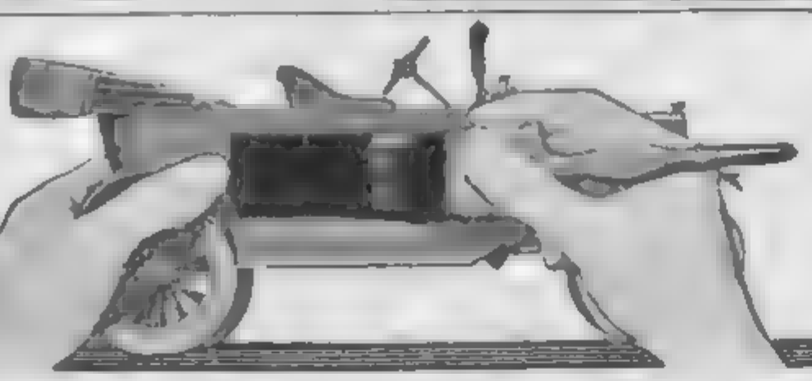

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3. To collect and circulate statistics and information on matters appertaining to the industry.

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5. To provide facilities for the full consideration and utilization of inventions and improvements in machinery or methods, and for adequately safeguarding the rights of the designers or inventors thereof; and to secure that the benefits, financial or otherwise, arising therefrom, shall be equitably apportioned among the designers or inventors, the proprietors or lessees, and the operators thereof.

6. The supervision of entry into and training for, the industry and coöperation with the educational authorities in arranging education in all its branches for the industry.

7. The issue to the press of authoritative statements upon matters affecting the industry of general interest to the community.

8. Representation of the needs and opinions of the industry to government departments and local authorities.

9. The consideration of any other matters that may be referred to it by the government or any government department.

10. Coöperation with the Joint Industrial Councils of other industries to deal with problems of common interest.

11. To provide, as far as practicable, that important proposals affecting the industry shall be fully ventilated and discussed through the medium of committees of inquiry, joint district boards, works committees, the trade papers, and the general press; in order that the opinion of members of the industry and of the general public thereon may be accurately gauged before definite decisions are taken.

Unlike the building council the furniture joint industrial council, which started in July, 1918, has on several occasions been asked to mediate or arbitrate on questions in dispute between operatives and employers.

The council has under consideration the establishment of a national conciliation board for the trade, which, when the district councils are formed, will no doubt be linked up with district conciliation boards. The council has held four meetings up to date, and has appointed an executive committee, a resettlement committee, a committee on conciliation machinery and an education committee.

Bettering the Potter's Lot

A subcommittee, consisting of the two chairmen, has been appointed to organize district councils in the different localities—including Ireland, with a view to getting the Irish employers and men to coöperate in the work of the national council.

When all the district councils are set up it is proposed to reconstitute the national council on a territorial basis.

The national council of the pottery industry is now an established institution, and is another illustration of good sense at work on the problem of promoting team spirit in industry. As in the case of the building trades the suggestion of the council first came from the employees. This council is designed to regulate wages and selling prices, to promote training for the industry, to improve health and other conditions, and to encourage improved methods of production.

The pottery industry before the war was in an unsatisfactory condition. Its returns pleased neither manufacturer nor worker. The usual ill feeling prevailed. Earnings were low and irregular. Bad sanitary conditions were common, with potter's asthma and lead poisoning ever-present dangers. There was too much driving, and it was bitterly resented. From the manufacturer's side there was much to complain of. Profits were small in comparison with other industries. With fifty-eight processes there was difficulty in organizing work on a proper basis. Unrestricted competition, price cutting and wage cutting kept the industry on a low level. Common rules to correct these conditions were a clear necessity, and to this task the council has been giving its attention for over a year.

The problems with which the pottery council deals are undoubtedly the most important problems before the industry.

The first is that of wages. Wage rates in the pottery trade are in a chaotic condition, and neither unions nor employers' associations have even the materials for the establishment of anything like uniform rates for similar work throughout the industry. A statistics subcommittee has begun an investigation into the actual rates and conditions of work in each of the sections of the industry, and the result of this will show how far a systematic list is practicable, and what form it should take. Along with this investigation the same committee has been authorized to ask manufacturers' associations to supply it with certain returns as to average profits on turnover with a view to finding out what are the normal earnings of capital in the industry.

The wage-and-conditions subcommittee has drafted a scheme of works committee. The research subcommittee is in touch with the national Department of Scientific Research to secure the recognition of the council's claim to representation on the governing body of any research association that may be established. Meanwhile the committee is looking into conditions as regards health, and so on, in the workshop, its chairman being the managing director of one of the most up-to-date firms in industry. Another committee is working with the Design and Industries Association, which has held successful meetings in the district; the wages-and-conditions committee is also overhauling the methods of apprenticeship, which, like the wage system, have never been systematized.

Official Shop Stewards

Though all this activity cannot bear fruit for some time the other phase of the council's work—namely, the representation of the needs of the industry to the government—has already proved important. Thus, the council took steps at the second meeting to bring the needs of the industry before the Controller of Shipping. A delegation waited on the Minister of Reconstruction to call his attention to the difficulty with which the china branch had been faced by the cutting off of supplies of South American bone, and secured additional supplies from home resources.

Another type of work is represented by the action of the council with regard to disabled sailors and soldiers and the problems of demobilization. A joint committee, which existed before the council was formed, to advise the local military-service tribunal on the selection of men for retention in the industry, has become a committee charged with the questions regarding demobilization. This committee is preparing a report on the openings for disabled sailors and soldiers in the industry, and on the training required.

Unquestionably the council has been successful in promoting what was after all its principal object—namely, the improvement of relations between employers and employed. This was shown at the end of last March, when the general demand for a greater increase in wages than had ever been made was negotiated successfully without serious ill feeling on either side, and without calling in the assistance of an outside arbitrator, as has usually been necessary in the past.

As big a feature of the joint-government movement in British industry as the councils are the works committees. Such committees are by no means new. They had been in operation for years before the war. But in certain industries, notably in the metal trades, the war conditions stimulated their growth to such an extent, and worked such changes in their form and activities, that works committees to-day are in many places a characteristic result of wartime interest in better industrial relations.

The causes that promoted the growth of a new type of works committee during the war are various, but they may be roughly traced first to the shop stewards, then to the dilution of the working force by a large number of unskilled workers, methods of pay, absenteeism, safeguards against overstrain, and a general sentiment looking to a close knitting up of the personnel.

Most trade unions have official shop stewards, known by various names as shop delegates, works representatives, yard-committee men, and the like. Their duties are well known, consisting of such matters as looking after the maintenance of the agreement in force, collection of union dues, and settlement of grievances. But one effect of the war has been to enhance

(Continued on Page 141)

How many men in *your* line of business are represented in this list?

WHATEVER your business may be, run your finger down the columns in this panel. You will find your business listed there; and with it the number of men in it who are moving to larger success with the help of the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Modern Business Course and Service.

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Some of the men whom you have envied are there. Some of the men of whom you have said: "I know as much about our work as he; why is he lifted into an executive position while I stay here?"

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1,435 Building Materials
1,464 Clothing and Other Wearing Apparel
760 Dairy Products
520 Foundries
1,786 Drugs, Chemicals and Toilet Preparations
2,851 Electric and Lighting Appliances and Supplies
762 Farm Implements and Supplies
838 Furniture and other Household Goods
555 Glassware
496 Millers and Grain Dealers
975 Hardware
772 Heating Appliances and Plumbers' Supplies
2,728 Iron, Steel and Wire
309 Jewelry
345 Leather
1,261 Lumber
3,028 Machinery
742 Metals
421 Music and Musical Instruments
1,651 Office Devices and Supplies
1,215 Oil
864 Optical Goods and Photo Supplies
673 Paint
834 Paper
252 Pottery
901 Powder
571 Printers and Stationers
891 Publishing and Periodicals
441 Railroad Equipment
346 Refrigerating and Ice Companies
1,236 Rubber
347 Smelters and Refiners
345 Sugar
1,071 Textiles
522 Tobacco

37,958

Public Service

699 Electric Railroads
646 Express, Forwarding and Transportation Companies
994 Gas Companies
1,864 Power and Light Companies
1,656 Steam Railroads
451 Steamship Companies

Public Service (con.)

1,574 Telephone and Telegraph Companies
346 Water Companies

8,230

Financial

3,129 Banks
354 Insurance—Fire
915 Insurance—Life
694 Insurance—Others
1,168 Stocks and Bonds
946 Trust Companies

7,206

Trading

666 Advertising Agencies
1,303 Automobile and Supplies Dealers
706 Builders and Contractors
684 Commission Merchants
1,473 Department and General Store and Mail Order Houses
577 Dry Goods and Notions
1,171 Groceries and other Food Stuffs
418 Insurance Brokers
729 Packers and Canners
349 Produce Brokers
1,354 Real Estate Companies and Brokers

9,430

Mining

876 Coal
1,008 Copper
1,099 Other Mining

2,983

Professions

301 Architecture
975 Education
1,356 Engineering
[illegible] Law
507 Medicine, Surgery, Dentistry
829 Public Accountancy

4,525

Miscellaneous

178 Amusements
451 Commercial Organizations
406 Farming
2,218 Government, State and City Officials and Employees
334 Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, etc.
414 Students and Educational Organization Employees
4,006 Men in other Business Activities

8,007

Total to date 78,339

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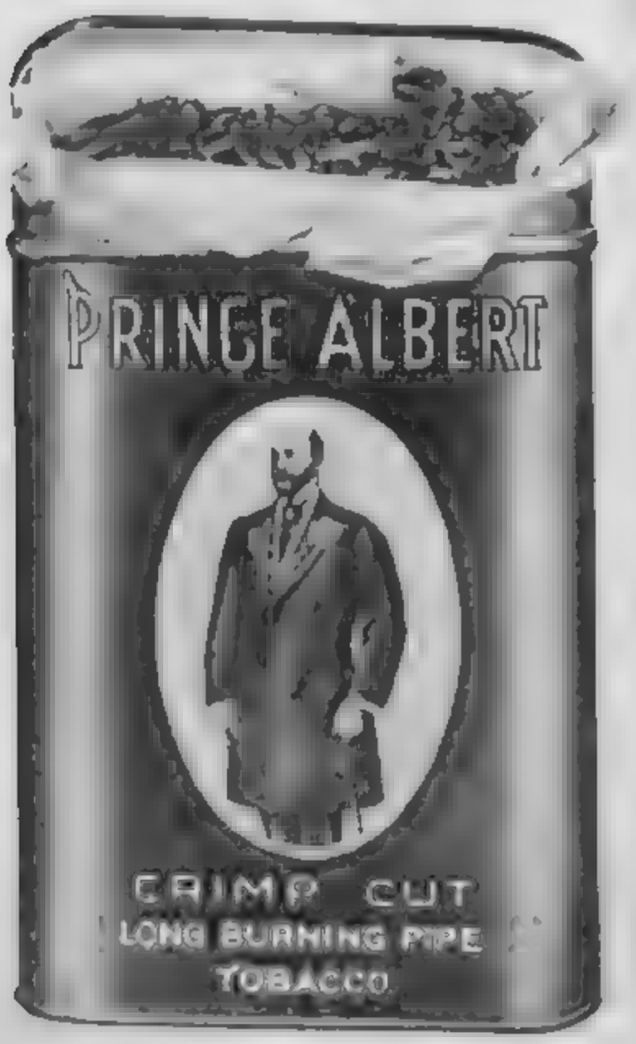

WHEN you nail the grand idea that it's time to hum a *real* smoketune in your smoke-sport-section set it down in your private papers that it's the purr-of-Prince Albert sifting into your system! Then and there, you make a blurr-of-speed for a jimmy pipe, jam it joy'usly chock full of P. A. and give the signal to blaze away!

Talk about being shuffled *into* luck! Talk about hitting the highjoy spot in a skybus! Why, you feel you must break out with *"Can you beat it?"* For, Prince Albert nestles up to your smoke apparatus mighty snug, like you've played pals with it for a long spell! It sets-going that comfortable feeling of smoke content! *And*, you realize that for the first time in your career you have hooked tobacco that's middle name is "made-to-make-good"! And, that goes with any man who really wants to get *all* that's coming his way!

Prince Albert's *quality* flavor and fragrance will slip into your system quicker than any special delivery smokemessage you ever wirelessed to your tryout department! And, you'll get the speedflash that *P. A. can't bite or parch* because bite and parch are cut out by our exclusive patented process.

Never mind what smokefaith you were brought up in! If you don't know Prince Albert *personally* you've certainly got a birthday present on your trail! *P. A. takes such a peck-of-fret out of every twenty-four hours!*

(Continued from Page 138)

the position and prestige of the shop steward. Unable to strike because of war stipulations, among which was one making the official who called it liable to prosecution, the men naturally turned to their shop steward, who held a less conspicuous place. He was a free man. His power within the shop and, indeed, within the plant was as wide as he chose to make it.

What the public generally fails to recognize in the position of the average union leader is the undertow always at work to weaken his usefulness. The most serious problem that leaders with organizing sense have to face is a strong tendency away from central control toward a larger measure of initiative locally and within each shop. The men are impatient of delay; they want to dispose of their difficulties by short cuts. A functionary far away in London, or wherever headquarters may be, is not near enough to the scene, the men believe, to understand; and they look with suspicion on the so-called judicial attitude, the state of mind of a man who must balance one thing with another. This is a penalty always for big organization. The men have been chafing against the slowness and remoteness of it all, and the shop steward has been encouraged to take things in hand.

Works committees, with shop stewards as the moving spirit, have been started all through the trades. They have attempted to regulate the flow of "dilutees," keeping careful check on the men who have been brought in from the outside. Piecework rates and pressure of increased output have given these committees and managers many hours of agony. Owing to public clamor against slackness in coal mining, committees were started to watch the absentee records of the men and effect an improvement.

War-work strain has made it necessary to regard the physical welfare of the workers. Long hours have been worked; night shifts have been added to day shifts; work places have been overcrowded, and such facilities as were obtained were greatly overtaxed, while the introduction of women in shops where none were previously employed raised a number of new problems. No better way of handling such questions could be found than through committees of workers most directly concerned, and the result has been a multiplication of such committees, with a voice in the conditions under which they worked.

Pit Committees

An automobile plant located in the north of England, and employing six thousand men and about a thousand women, has a shop steward for each one of its forty departments, and the works committee is made up of these stewards. There are no women among them, but a woman representative is present when the management and the stewards take up any question that affects the women employees. There are many conferences between the management and the committee, but they are not regular because it has been found there is not always business to warrant it. Much is settled with the foremen and never comes before the man higher up. The foremen have learned—and they have been encouraged to learn—how to meet with the committee and come to an understanding with it. All meetings are on the employer's time, and the management has never failed to carry out a decision agreed to in conference.

The blast-furnace workers in the Cleveland and Durham districts for over a year had in hand the troublesome question of time-keeping, or attendance, which of course is at bottom a question of output. Through works committees appointed by the men, often joined by committees from the Ironmasters' association, unsteady workers are warned, counseled or fined as the case may require. The fines collected are turned over to some local fund or charity as the men decide. Both parties to this arrangement agree that it has given satisfaction.

Pit committees are found in most of the coal-mining districts. Not all have proved successful, but where they have worked they have justified their existence. They are "responsible for dealing with questions of workmen losing work or failing to do their best."

Here is what a workman, a practical miner, has to say on this subject:

"We have found out that output, which the Coal Controller has been urging on us, is not alone cut down by absence from work; faulty management has something to do with it. Miners have to wait for timber; there are all sorts of hardships in getting to our work and back home. We have to wait for tubs, which are few and scarce and not passed round evenly. The committee can fine the men, but not the management where it falls short. But where management has played fair the output of coal and the wages of the men have increased.

"We do not have any way of getting the foreman to improve his methods, and this spoils much of the good that might be done. He does not pay for dead work, such as emptying dirt or packing it; he should pay for so many tubs. He measures ripping by going to the narrowest instead of the widest part of the level; this may mean to the man a difference of five shillings on that piece of work. Wagons are not sent round the mines according to any fair system."

Decreased Friction

"One large colliery has a canteen, and the committee has given help to manage it. Many men are called on to work overtime, and if they cannot get food they cannot be efficient. This colliery with the canteen sells a good meal and hot drinks at cost prices. I know when the winter time comes on and the output of coal depends on the surface workers sticking to their work this colliery has rest periods and hot drinks are passed out. Elsewhere the men have to knock off on account of the weather."

Among the results of placing a larger responsibility for conditions on the men, or on their chosen representatives, has been a marked decrease in those little frictions of the shop which waste the time of busy managers and take longer to settle than really important questions of policy. The experience of firms that have not hesitated to put into practice their belief in the capacity of the rank and file to deal with matters that had hitherto been entirely in the hands of management shows that a new confidence develops and that new ways suggest themselves for checking controversies before they reach a serious stage. Ideas are not lacking if the right atmosphere prevails, and these ideas make for order and advance. The fact that so-called suggestion or complaint boxes so generally fail in getting for the management a true picture of what the men have in mind proves that something is wanting, and that want is not in the men. Employees who are told that they are paid to work and not to think are turned from assets to liabilities. Works committees and, in fact, all sorts of other committees which give the men encouragement to use their heads, have succeeded in clearing away countless little obstructions and misunderstandings which in the aggregate have the result of putting up a wall between those who, to do their work as it should be done, need above everything contact and frank speech.

I was present in the yard of a well-known engine factory in the north of England when one workman was explaining to another, a newcomer, something about the conditions of that plant.

"This shop," he said, "always has one foot in the street. Three of the men who went to the boss with a kick got the sack. So we don't believe in working between meals. We want forty-four hours, but if we hold on we will do better than that because our delegate says he knows a way to get forty hours."

Three miles away from this place is a factory which takes pride in the fact that it has never had a walkout or a strike during the war. On the wall in the office of the general manager is a large framed chart showing a fairly considerable committee system. All the committees head up in a shop-steward works committee. The management and the committee keep minutes of all the meetings. Conferences are systematized and treated as a serious part of the executive program.

With a reduction of war orders the new plants built for that special purpose are shutting down. The works committee has been handling, in collaboration with the general manager, the problem of discharge of the new workers, especially the young women who were engaged for the period of the war. I was present when three hundred girls were being paid off, with a two weeks' extra wage, and they were coursing through the shops making their farewells, the foremen shouting their good wishes to them at the gates.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $2,000,000.00

In the words of a man who has watched the activities of the works committees and knows the manufacturers of England and Scotland:

"Wherever these works committees have been a success you will find the consensus of opinion is—as many a manufacturer has put it—that they have been 'the best thing that has ever happened to the place.'"

Such an opinion could not be so general if experience had not demonstrated the value of the works-committee plan or shown that it was something more than a piece of machinery and different from the old instruments for conciliation. Getting down to rock bottom, works committees mean discussion; and discussion takes time, as everybody knows. This is the theoretical objection, which now and again is thrown up. But you have only to total the minutes and the hours that are wasted by the management in plants that have no such committees or, if they have, never put in enough thought to vitalize them and make them count for something, to discover that the greater waste is under the old system. And there is this in addition: Whatever is settled through conference between management and committee has a chance of staying settled, of leading to something reasonably permanent. And this is what the Whitley people had in mind.

Whatever the scheme adopted, the essential thing is that somewhere in it a joint purpose shall be at work. Unless there be an honest intention of coöperation between the parties to the industrial bargain it would be far better to let the *laissez-faire* method run its course. The Whitley scheme is not a cast-iron scheme; it is firm only in its well-founded conviction that the handling of the problem of industrial relations is serious. No rigid program will work or be of use in all industries; indeed, it may be useless even in one if it be inflexible. There is nothing to be gained by minimizing the difficulties, and some of these difficulties are important. Be they what they may there is no excuse for inaction. The cause is big enough to call for willingness to take new ways to meet old issues. In any event the cooperating spirit is not the worst guide for industry to use.

Too Early for Big Results

As has been said, the Whitley scheme, considered in the large, has as yet hardly stood a serious test. Two or three of the general councils are doing about as well as any industrial experiment thus far attempted. No one who has watched their operation can question that they are well worth while, and deserve encouragement. Both sides to the undertaking speak well of it, and wish to see at least five years' trial before passing any final opinion. Real experiments along the line of industrial team play are so few and far between that one feels a peculiar sympathy with the Whitley developments; and all the more because the underlying idea is to build up on what already exists instead of taking out all the complicated and delicate works of the industrial machine, with the hope of making a fresh start.

Though, as stated above, more than twenty councils are already in being there will soon be thirty and over. Most of them have been formed in the past few months, during a period which cannot be said to represent normal conditions. Therefore few of the councils can be expected to be in full running order. In the main, approved by public opinion, at least by that portion of it which takes any interest in labor problems or is alive to the fact that these problems overshadow every other in importance, the Whitley, and indeed every other approach to a solution of the question of industrial relations, has its opposition. In the eyes of the industrial revolutionary the salient defect of the trade parliament and council is that they again stereotype the old relationship between employer and employed, and it is precisely that relationship which industrial revolution is out to abolish. But in point of fact the Whitley councils do not necessarily assume any such going back to pre-war relationship. That they militate against overnight industrial upheaval is true. That they point the way of reason and mutual understanding as opposed to violence and destruction is also obvious. But they by no means work against industrial evolution. On the contrary, they open up one of the very few hopeful ways thus far proposed—ways which commend themselves to thinking men in all groups concerned—for the next step to be taken. If larger share in management is gradually to pass into the hands of the managed by far the best way for it to come about will be an orderly transference of responsibility through such joint councils and committees as are set up under the Whitley scheme.

But in any case the time for that transference is not yet. Nobody with whom I have talked—and I have the views of men who have given years to the advancing of labor interests—wishes to see any wholesale or precipitate action. As they see it, any forward step taken must offer reasonable assurance of success, and not result through unforeseen disaster in setting back the progress the workers have already made

A Game of High Stakes

They believe that no experiment, however roseate its setting and its promises, is sufficiently valuable to justify a jeopardizing of labor's gains and position. More than other men these experienced leaders in trade organization, trusted by the masses whom they represent, know the cost of every forward step and what the price has been to bring about such advance as has been made. Responsibility has made them circumspect. The stake they hold is far too precious for any tampering by untried hands. These views, needless to say, though quite representative not only of the spokesmen but also of the large mass of British workers, are not shared by an energetic element who, though in the minority, are yet influential out of all proportion to our members.

Here is the real trouble: So far as actual experiments in an entirely new order of industrial control go, practically no progress has been made. The idea of the union itself, or of a group of workers collectively, undertaking definite contracts has been seriously mooted, and it is an idea full of interesting possibilities. Given an adequate technical organization there would seem to be no reason why a body of men could not in combination act in a given contract very much as a private contractor does. This combine, group or union would undertake for a given sum to deliver a given output or complete a certain piece of work, handling all those matters which fall under the general head of employment and shop management.

The only concrete instance of importance in which the experiment has been tried in England was the erection of the London headquarters of the Theosophical Society a short time before the war. At the moment when the work was to be started a serious building strike was on in London, and the building committee of the society, sympathetic with the men and at the same time anxious to get their building erected, negotiated a contract directly with the men's union.

Though the experiment met with an initial success it was not possible to give it a fair test because war broke out before the work got far.

Ordinary building operations came to a standstill through government order, and this particular structure was taken over in an unfinished condition by a government department to be completed and used for official purposes.

Altogether the actual advance toward an increased share in the control of the job is slow and fitful. Here and there beginnings have been made in distributing the load of management and supervision, as in the case of the miners who during the war made themselves responsible for reducing lost time in the pits. There were the other isolated but unimportant innovations, from which no particular moral can be drawn. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that we are on the eve of developments in the direction of increased coöperation in control. If coming events have in this case cast singularly few shadows before them we do have before us a certain amount of instructive war experience with the scheme of the Whitley councils and the works committees.

We may be certain that the principle of teamwork in management, whatever the language in which it finds expression, is not a passing thing or a fantastic dream of the visionary.

It is a principle which has taken hold of men, which invites the best brains for its incorporation into the fabric of management, and which if sanely and sincerely made the basis of relations between employer and employee holds out the biggest hope for industry.

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AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO

Automobile Insurance at Cost to Protect

Just as the progressive manufacturer is saving the substantial worth while premium return (in 32 years, it has never been less than 30%) on his Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Insurance by placing it with America's oldest, largest and strongest mutual casualty insurance company—the American Mutual—so he is pocketing this same return on his Automobile Liability Insurance by placing it with the same company.

Automobile insurance is vitally essential. No one can afford to go unprotected. Accidents happen when least expected. Court ordeals are harrowing. Juries award high damages. You invite worry, loss of time, loss of money, by "taking a chance." As the shock-absorber takes up the jolt so the American Mutual assumes your legal responsibility for accidents, whether the fault is yours or the other fellow's. We appear in court for you. We protect your purse.

And back of an American Mutual Automobile Insurance policy is the financial strength of the strongest company of its kind in America; back of it is a service which furnishes a direct representative with authority to give prompt, personal attention to any claim, and direct payment of claims.

With over 50 other mutual casualty companies in the field, the American Mutual has written 30% of the total business of all mutual casualty companies. It has returned to policyholders 40% of all dividends paid by all mutual casualty companies in the United States.

But what is of particular interest to *you* is the fact that for 32 years the American Mutual has never returned less than 30% of all premiums to policyholders. Colgate & Company, for instance, use American Mutual Protection and received a 30% dividend on their premium last year. They will be glad to answer any questions as to their satisfaction with our service. To every man owning a car, or to a company operating a number of cars, this return of 30% is certainly worth while.

By dealing direct-by-mail with the company you save agents' and brokers' commissions. Use the coupon below.

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY

245 State Street, Boston, Mass. | Branch Offices in Principal Cities | 18 East 41st Street, New York City

Return This for Further Information

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.,
No. 245 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Without obligation, send your booklet, "— less 30%," explaining how your Automobile Public Liability, Property Damage and Collision Insurance affords the owners of pleasure cars or commercial vehicles the same *mutual service and saving* as does your Workmen's Compensation and Employers' Liability Insurance.

Name_____

Address_____

Business_____

Cor. Beacon St. & Commonwealth Ave.
BOSTON

1309-1311 Cathedral Street
BALTIMORE

1530-1536 Forbes Street
PITTSBURGH

418 Washington Street
NEWARK

1240 Pennsylvania Ave., N. W.
WASHINGTON

1936 Fremont Street
SAN FRANCISCO

2745 Locust Street
ST. LOUIS

Pearl and Rice Streets
PROVIDENCE

A Permanent Service Organization

The business house that owns an Autocar Motor Truck has at its disposal all of the facilities of the Autocar service organization.

There is a factory branch owned and operated by The Autocar Company in the principal cities of the country, and from these branches spread out sub-branches and dealers.

Each Autocar service plant always maintains a complete stock of spare parts and a competent service force.

Such a complete and permanent service policy is possible because the Autocar is manufactured entirely by The Autocar Company—the responsibility for the continuous and efficient operation of an Autocar is undivided.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY

Ardmore, Pa. **Established 1897**

Autocar

1026 Atlantic Avenue
BROOKLYN

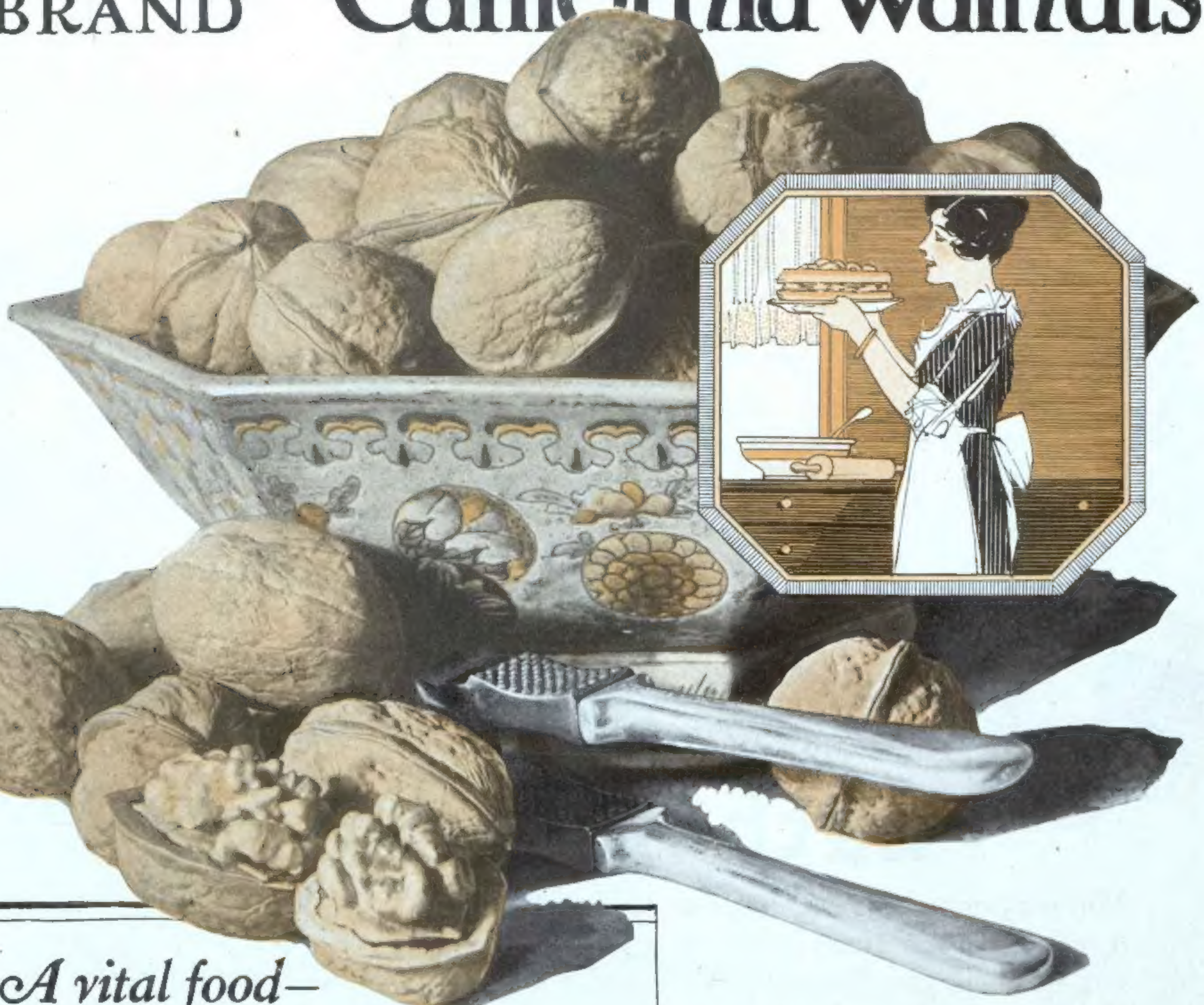
1801 S. Main Street
LOS ANGELES

913-925 W. Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

549-555 West 23d Street
NEW YORK

23d and Market Streets
PHILADELPHIA

DIAMOND BRAND California Walnuts



A vital food— not merely a dessert

Delicious in any form—always tempting—walnuts are much more than a mere appetizing embellishment to the meal. They are a highly concentrated food—rich in the principal elements of nutrition—possessing important heat and energy producing qualities—and offering the widest variety of attractive menu possibilities.

Serve walnuts often. Serve them all the year round. Serve them in a variety of ways—for their great nutritive value as well as for flavor. Always be sure to get highest walnut quality by asking your dealer for Diamond Brand California Walnuts—the brand that guarantees you the pick of California's choicest crop.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3,000 growers

The Energy Producing Food

Walnuts stand at the very head of the list as fuel producing foods. They contain an abundance of the three most necessary food elements, being composed of 63.4% fat, 16.1% carbohydrates and 16.6% protein—with very little waste. Their relation to other foods in terms of heat and energy producing units is as follows:

WALNUTS	3180 calories per lb.	Beefsteak	1090 calories per lb.
Bacon	3090 calories per lb.	Cream	881 calories per lb.
Cream Cheese	1585 calories per lb.	Eggs	695 calories per lb.
Smoked Ham	1875 calories per lb.	Mackerel	620 calories per lb.

Try These Walnut Recipes

Walnut Muffins

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped walnut meats. Sift flour, baking powder and salt; beat egg, add sugar and beat again; add butter and milk; stir all ingredients together, add nuts, bake in muffin tins in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Walnut Cookies

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped walnut meats. Cream shortening and sugar, add vanilla, milk and dry ingredients, well sifted, and walnuts. Roll thin on floured board; cut in rounds; bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Cookies made by this recipe will be crisp but not hard.

Walnut Trilby Cream

One-half pint cream, 1 cup marshmallows cut in small pieces, ½ cup walnut meats, pulp of 2 oranges, white of 1 egg. Whip cream, beat white of egg stiff and fold together lightly; add marshmallows, walnuts and orange pulp, a little powdered sugar if desired. Serve in sherbet cups with a candied cherry on top.

Look for this trade mark on the sack

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION — DIAMOND BRAND

Lather?—*Rather!*

You may not want, you may not need, a regular mountain of lather. But you can get it if you like with Williams'. You never get a thin lather, a stringy lather, or one that dries on your face. It's always billowy, creamy, soft and soothing, and it lasts until the razor gets all the way round. For 78 years Williams' has been making shaving a daily pleasure instead of an every-other-day ordeal. And the holder-top is an added convenience which you will appreciate the longer you use it. Take home a stick tonight and you'll be glad tomorrow morning.

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, *Dept. A*, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave or the bath you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc Powder. Send 4c for a trial size of the perfume you prefer—Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

THE J.B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.